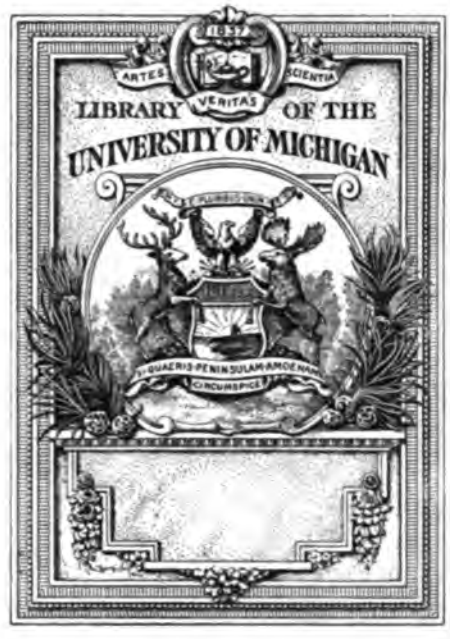

ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX.

Alden, Mrs Isabella M., 141
Amplification Sometimes Needed for Clearness, 73
Artz, Victorine Thomas, Thomas Nelson Page's English, 69
Authors, Advice to Young, Fargeon, 92; Latter-day Characteristics of, Hall, 36
Authorship, the Profession of, Burnham, 67
Barr, Amelia E., 27
Baseball Game, How to Report a, Chadwick, 82
Bayne, Charles J., 123
Beck, William J., Something More About Style, 130
Beginning a Manuscript, 122
Belin, H. E., A Pen-chat, 49
Benedict, Frank Lee, Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln, 24
Benjamin, Charles Love, 169
Bennett, Henry Holcomb, 75
Bicknell, Anna L., 55
Bolger, Thomas D., 75
Bonser, A. E., 138
Book Proofs, Need of Literary Supervision of, 53
Book Reviews, 45, 60, 94, 111, 126, 156
Branch, Anna Hempstead, 107
Bryan, Alfred Stephen, Newspaper Reading as an Aid to Literary Workers, 164, 166
Burnham, Clara Louise, The Profession of Authorship, 67
Burroughs, John, 173
Cable, George W., 139
"Cameron, Alan," 107
Capitals, The Use of, 72; The Use and Misuse of, Parsons, 21; The Usefulness of, Parsons, 70
Capital Letter, The Passing of the, Merrill, 37
Carew, Neil, 41
Carpenter, Elizabeth, 170
Carter, Elizabeth Knowlton, 41
Chadwick, Henry, How to Report a Baseball Game, 82
Chance of the New Writer, 150, 166, 182
Chance of the Unknown Writer, Hall, 148
Channing-Stetson, Grace Ellery, 184
Chase, Clyde Scott, 138
Chesnutt, Charles Waddell, 123
Clark, Helen Whitney, 170
Clark, Mary A. O., 42
Clemens, Will M., 14
Clouston, Octavia, 89
Coburn, Frederick William, The Harvard Literary Output, 81
Coffin, William James, Tennessee Dialect Again, 51
Coggins, Paschal H., 90
Cole, Pamela McArthur, Theological Terms Misapplied, 129
Colyar, Pauline Shackleford, 42
Copyright, 151
Correspondent, Our Own, Smyth 120
Crawford, F. Marion, 28
Crothers, Rev. S. M., 107
Daudet, Alphonse, 29, 78
"D. D." and "Rev.," 74
Denison, Thomas S., 139
De Weese, Truman A., 184
Dialect, Tennessee, Coffin, 51
Dialogue, to Make Natural, 40
"Dimond, Dorothea," 90
Dix, Beulah Marie, 170
"Dooley," 74
Doyle, A. Conan, 158
"Dunbar, Aldis," 123
Dutcher, Thomas William, 139
Earle, Laura H., 108
Eaton, Earle Hooker, 42
Editorial, 12, 22, 40, 52, 72, 86, 106, 122, 136, 150, 166, 182
Editorial Opinion, Expression of, in Reporting, 53
Editorial Talks with Contributors, Tarbell, 33
Edwards, Louise Betts, 42
"Egerton, George," 29
Ellsworth, Addison, 43
Elshemus, Louis M., Joaquin Miller's Notes to His Poems, 165
Exchange Editors, A Word to, MacDonald, 85
Fargeon, B. L., 92
Farquhar, Anna, 90
Fish, Williston, 90
Fiske, Elizabeth Worthington, 75
Ford, Paul Leicester, 139
Foster, W. Bert, 108
Fountain Pen, Utilizing a, 30
Frederic, Harold, 174
French, Alice, 59
Gamble, Anna Dill, 26
Garrison, Theodosia Pickering, 110
Gilbert, W. S., 78
Gilson, F. H., How Music Is Printed, 17
Glen, Catherine Young, 171
Gray, David, 76
Griffin, M. Lane, A Word to Our Lesser Poets, 50
Hadley, Lizzie M., 171
"Had Rather," 87
Hall, De Leon F., 76
Hall, Ruth, Juvenile Literature Old and New, 180; Latter-day Characteristics of Authors, 36; The Chance of the Unknown Writer, 148
Hardy, Thomas, 186
Harger, Charles Moreau, 123
Harlowe, Beatrice, 76
Harrison, Frederic, On Style in English Prose, 113
Hart, Percie W., 43
Harte, Bret, 139
Hartswick, Jennie Betts, 91
Harvard Literary Output, The, Coburn, 81
Harvard Writers, 86
Harwood, W. S., 77
Hatch, Mrs. Mary R. P., 108
Hawkins, Anthony Hope, 140
Heath, Gertrude, 124
"He don't," "It don't," 183
Helpful Hints and Suggestions, 30, 95
Hepworth, Dr., Talk with, about the New York Herald, Welsh, 163
Hill, Elsie, 184
Hollis, R. L., Corrections in Typewriting, 168
Homes, Ernest R., Literary Distortion of Geography, 134
"Hope, Anthony," 140
How Music Is Printed, Gilson, 17
Howard, Charles Bryant, 171
Howells, W. D., 93
How to Succeed as a Journalist, Taylor, 131
Humorous Writing, On, Lampton, 65
Ide, Mrs. Kate Kingsley, 43
Illustrating, Something about, Sylvester, 98
Illustrations, Pay for, 152
Indexer, Make It Easy for the, Roark, 66
Indexing the Scrapbook, Wady, 177
Irwin, Willis, 44
Jackson, Gabrielle E., 77
Jenks, Tudor, 108, 122
Johnson, Philander Chase, 91
Journalist, How to Succeed as a, Taylor, 131
Juvenile Literature Old and New, Hall, 180
Kenniston, Ida, 124
Kingsley, Florence Morse, 93
Kipling, Rudyard, 29
Klinck, Albert J., 184
Kobbé, Gustav, 14
Lampton, W. J., On Humorous Writing, 65
Leonard, Mary Hall, Revising Literature, 71
Leslie, Mrs. Frank, J. Montgomery McGovern, 178
Letter Accompanying Manuscript, 23
Library Schools, 169
Liddell, Mark H., 109
Lighton, William R., 109
Lincoln, Mrs. Jeanie Gould, Benedict, 24
Literary Articles in Periodicals, 15, 30, 47, 63, 78, 95, 111, 126, 142, 158, 174, 186
Literary Distortion of Geography, Holmes, 134
Literary Ring, 151

Liquid Glue, Recipe for, 95
Livermore, Mary A., 61
Loveman, Robert, 55
Lynde, Francis, 109
Manuscripts, Beginning of, 122; How to File Embryo, Strobridge, 145; How to Prepare, Danziger, 155
"Marvell, Ik," 57
MacBeath, Francis James, 110
McConnell, Ellicott, 125
M'Cutcheon, George Barr, 124
MacDonald, R. C., A Word to Exchange Editors, 85
McGovern, J. Montgomery, Mrs. Frank Leslie, 178
McLaren, Dr. Alexander, 140
McNeal, Mildred, 110
Merrill, Samuel, The Passing of the Capital Letter, 37
Miller, Joaquin, 156
Miller, Joaquin, Notes to Poems, Elshemus, 165
Mitchell, Donald G., 57
Moody, D. P., 57
Moore, Eva Rice, 172
Morris, Harrison S., 172
Music, How Printed, Gilson, 17
Myers, Hiram B., Honesty among Newspaper Correpondents, 179
Necrology, 16, 32, 64, 80, 96, 128, 144, 160, 176, 188
"Née," 137
News and Notes, 15, 31, 47, 63, 79, 95, 112, 127, 143, 159, 175, 187
Newspaper Correspondents, Honesty Among, Myers, 179
"Newspaper English" Defined, 52, 87, 106, 137
"Newspaper English" Edited, 13, 24, 41, 55, 74, 89, 107, 123, 138, 169, 183
Newspaper of the Future, 167
Newspaper Reading as an Aid to Literary Workers, Bryan, 164, 166
"Newspaper Style" and "Magazine Mould," 88, 152
New York Herald, How Conducted, Welsh, 163
Norris, Zoe Anderson, 110
"Not—Nor," 73
Ochiltree, John C., 56
On Style in English Prose, Harrison, 113
Page, Thomas Nelson, 186
Palmer, Francis Sterne, 44
"Pansy," 140
Parker, Clara Maynard, 27
Parsons, Eugene, The Use and Misuse of Capitals, 21; The Use of the Subjunctive, 161; The Usefulness of Capitals, 70
Pater, Walter, Style, 1
Pen and Brush, The, Tracy, 97
Pen-chat, A, Belin, 49
Personal Gossip about Authors, 15, 27, 57, 78, 92, 125, 139, 158, 173, 186
"Pianiste" and "Artiste," 89
"Pickering, Theodosia," 110
Pinero, Arthur W., 58
Poets, A Word to Our Lesser, Griffin, 50
Privately Printed Books, 23
Pronouns for Animals, 169
Publishing for the Holiday Trade, 12
Queries, 23, 41, 53, 73, 87, 137, 151, 168, 183
Randall, Herbert, 44
Reade, Charles, 186
Reed, Myrtle, 56
Reporting, Good and Bad, 136
"Rev. Brown," 54, 155
Revising Literature, Leonard, 71
Richebourg, Emile 58
Riley, James Whitcomb, 141, 186
Roark, R. N., Make It Easy for the Indexer, 66
Robertson, Harrison, 185
Rodney, George Brydges, 91
Rogers, Charles Gordon, 172
Roseboro', Viola, 124
Rossetti, Christina, 30
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 59
Ruprecht, Jenny Terrill, 125
Ruskin, John, 59
Schaver, Julia, 91
Schuler, H. A., The Passing of the Subjunctive, 146
Scrap Basket, The, 54, 74, 137 155, 183
Scrapbook, Indexing the, Wady, 177
Scull, Guy Hamilton, 15
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas, 56
Sienkiewicz, H., 141
Sketches of Writers, 24
Smith, Marion Couthouy, 92
Smyth, Robert, Our Own Correspondent, 120
Spratt, Dora E. W., 44
Stannard, Henrietta Eliza, 125
Stevenson, Frederick Boyd, 77
Stockton, Frank R., 93
Story Writing, Advice About, 40
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 141
Strobridge, Idah Meacham, How to File Embryo MSS., 145
Style, Pater, 1; Harrison, 113; Harrison Criticised, 122; Something More About, Beck, 130
Subjunctive, The Passing of the, Schuler, 146
Subjunctive, The Use of the, Parsons, 161
Succedaneum Defined, 54
Sweet, Frank H., 27
Sweet, Frank H., A Writer's Mail, 35
Sylvester, Henry H., Something About Illustrating, 98
Taaffe, William A., 45
Tarbell, Arthur W., Editorial Talks with Contributors, 33
Taylor, Charles H., How to Succeed as a Journalist, 131
Tennessee Dialect Again, Coffin, 51
Thackeray, W. M., 126
"Thanet, Octave," 59
Theological Terms Misapplied, Cole, 129, 155, 183
Thomas Nelson Page's English, Artz, 69
Thompson, Ernest Seton, 56
"Timely" Articles, Wady, 162
Title Pages, Improvements in, 22
Tracy, Marguerite, The Pen and Brush, 97
Tyler, Martha T., 185
Typewriting, Corrections in, Hollis, 168
Unknown Writer, Chance of the, Hall, 148
Use and Misuse of Words, The, 89
Wady, Clifton S., Indexing the Scrapbook, 177; "Timely" Articles, 162
Wagner, Richard, 158
Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 126
Warning to Writers, 150
Warns, Samuel M., 45
Webb, Charles Henry, 111
Webster, J. Rowe, 27
Welsh, Charles, 185
Welsh, Charles, Talk with Dr. Hepworth about the New York Herald, 163
Wheeler, James Cooper, 186
Wilde, Oscar, 15
Wilkins, Mary E., 15
Williams, Frances Swann, 78
"Winter, John Strange," 125
Woodruff, Anne H., 173
Woman's Press Congress, 41
Writer's Mail, A, Sweet, 35
Writers of the Day, 14, 26, 41, 55, 75, 89, 107, 123, 138, 169, 184

Book Reviews.

Art Idols of the Paris Salon, 47, 94
Baker, George Pierce, The Principles of Argumentation, 60
Blanchan, Neltje, Bird Neighbors, 157
Carins, William B., The Forms of Discourse, 60
Fernald, James C., Students' Edition Standard Dictionary, 45; The Spaniard in History, 157
Flandrau, Charles Macomb, Harvard Episodes, 46
Fletcher, W. I., Annual Literary Index, 157
Freese, J. W., Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge, Mass., and Nearby Towns, 60
Goldman, Henry, The Arithmachinist, 157
Harraden, A New Book of the Fairies, 111
Hempstead, Junius L., Musings of Morn, and After Many Days, 157
Ireland, Mary E., (trans.), An Obstinate Maid, 157; The Doctor's Family, 62
Leiser, Joseph, Before the Dawn, 158
Lincoln, Jeanie Gould, An Unwilling Maid, 46
Livermore, Mary A., The Story of My Life, 61
MacEwan, Elias J., Essentials of Argumentation, 157
Matthews, Brander, Aspects of Fiction, 63
Miles, Nelson A., and others, War, 126
Miller, Joaquin, Complete Poetical Works, 156
Pearson, Henry G., Freshman Composition, 62
Perry, Bliss, Abraham Lincoln, 111
Pitman, Benn, Manual of Phonography, 111
Sienkiewicz, H., The Third Woman, 111
Smith, F. Hopkinson, Gondola Days, 46
Smith, Gertrude, Ten Little Comedies, 46
Stylebook of the Chicago Society of Proofreaders, 94
Thoreau, Henry D., Walden, 45

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME XI

JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1898

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
282 WASHINGTON STREET
1898

INDEX.

Alden, Mrs Isabella M., 141
Amplification Sometimes Needed for Clearness, 73
Artz, Victorine Thomas, Thomas Nelson Page's English, 69
Authors, Advice to Young, Fargeon, 92; Latter-day Characteristics of, Hall, 36
Authorship, the Profession of, Burnham, 67
Barr, Amelia E., 27
Baseball Game, How to Report a, Chadwick, 82
Bayne, Charles J., 123
Beck, William J., Something More About Style, 130
Beginning a Manuscript, 122
Belin, H. E., A Pen-chat, 49
Benedict, Frank Lee, Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln, 24
Benjamin, Charles Love, 169
Bennett, Henry Holcomb, 75
Bicknell, Anna L., 55
Bolger, Thomas D., 75
Bonser, A. E., 138
Book Proofs, Need of Literary Supervision of, 53
Book Reviews, 45, 60, 94, 111, 126, 156
Branch, Anna Hempstead, 107
Bryan, Alfred Stephen, Newspaper Reading as an Aid to Literary Workers, 164, 166
Burnham, Clara Louise, The Profession of Authorship, 67
Burroughs, John, 173
Cable, George W., 139
"Cameron, Alan," 107
Capitals, The Use of, 72; The Use and Misuse of, Parsons, 21; The Usefulness of, Parsons, 70
Capital Letter, The Passing of the, Merrill, 37
Carew, Neil, 41
Carpenter, Elizabeth, 170
Carter, Elizabeth Knowlton, 41
Chadwick, Henry, How to Report a Baseball Game, 82
Chance of the New Writer, 150, 166, 182
Chance of the Unknown Writer, Hall, 148
Channing-Stetson, Grace Ellery, 184
Chase, Clyde Scott, 138
Chesnutt, Charles Waddell, 123
Clark, Helen Whitney, 170
Clark, Mary A. O., 42
Clemens, Will M., 14
Clouston, Octavia, 89
Coburn, Frederick William, The Harvard Literary Output, 81
Coffin, William James, Tennessee Dialect Again, 51
Coggins, Paschal H., 90
Cole, Pamela McArthur, Theological Terms Misapplied, 129
Colyar, Pauline Shackleford, 42
Copyright, 151
Correspondent, Our Own, Smyth 120
Crawford, F. Marion, 28
Crothers, Rev. S. M., 107
Daudet, Alphonse, 29, 78
"D. D." and "Rev.," 74
Denison, Thomas S., 139
De Weese, Truman A., 184
Dialect, Tennessee, Coffin, 51
Dialogue, to Make Natural, 40
"Dimond, Dorothea," 90
Dix, Beulah Marie, 170
"Dooley," 74
Doyle, A. Conan, 158
"Dunbar, Aldis," 123
Dutcher, Thomas William, 139
Earle, Laura H., 108
Eaton, Earle Hooker, 42
Editorial, 12, 22, 40, 52, 72, 86, 106, 122, 136, 150, 166, 182
Editorial Opinion, Expression of, in Reporting, 53
Editorial Talks with Contributors, Tarbell, 33
Edwards, Louise Betts, 42
"Egerton, George," 29
Ellsworth, Addison, 43
Elshemus, Louis M., Joaquin Miller's Notes to His Poems, 165
Exchange Editors, A Word to, MacDonald, 85
Fargeon, B. L., 92
Farquhar, Anna, 90
Fish, Williston, 90
Fiske, Elizabeth Worthington, 75
Ford, Paul Leicester, 139
Foster, W. Bert, 108
Fountain Pen, Utilizing a, 30
Frederic, Harold, 174
French, Alice, 59
Gamble, Anna Dill, 26
Garrison, Theodosia Pickering, 110
Gilbert, W. S., 78
Gilson, F. H., How Music Is Printed, 17
Glen, Catherine Young, 171
Gray, David, 76
Griffin, M. Lane, A Word to Our Lesser Poets, 50
Hadley, Lizzie M., 171
"Had Rather," 87
Hall, De Leon F., 76
Hall, Ruth, Juvenile Literature Old and New, 180; Latter-day Characteristics of Authors, 36; The Chance of the Unknown Writer, 148
Hardy, Thomas, 186
Harger, Charles Moreau, 123
Harlowe, Beatrice, 76
Harrison, Frederic, On Style in English Prose, 113
Hart, Percie W., 43
Harte, Bret, 139
Hartswick, Jennie Betts, 91
Harvard Literary Output, The, Coburn, 81
Harvard Writers, 86
Harwood, W. S., 77
Hatch, Mrs. Mary R. P., 108
Hawkins, Anthony Hope, 140
Heath, Gertrude, 124
"He don't," "It don't," 183
Helpful Hints and Suggestions, 30, 95
Hepworth, Dr., Talk with, about the New York Herald, Welsh, 163
Hill, Elsie, 184
Hollis, R. L., Corrections in Typewriting, 168
Homes, Ernest R., Literary Distortion of Geography, 134
"Hope, Anthony," 140
How Music Is Printed, Gilson, 17
Howard, Charles Bryant, 171
Howells, W. D., 93
How to Succeed as a Journalist, Taylor, 131
Humorous Writing, On, Lampton, 65
Ide, Mrs. Kate Kingsley, 43
Illustrating, Something about, Sylvester, 98
Illustrations, Pay for, 152
Indexer, Make It Easy for the, Roark, 66
Indexing the Scrapbook, Wady, 177
Irwin, Willis, 44
Jackson, Gabrielle E., 77
Jenks, Tudor, 108, 122
Johnson, Philander Chase, 91
Journalist, How to Succeed as a, Taylor, 131
Juvenile Literature Old and New, Hall, 180
Kenniston, Ida, 124
Kingsley, Florence Morse, 93
Kipling, Rudyard, 29
Klinck, Albert J., 184
Kobbé, Gustav, 14
Lampton, W. J., On Humorous Writing, 65
Leonard, Mary Hall, Revising Literature, 71
Leslie, Mrs. Frank, J. Montgomery McGovern, 178
Letter Accompanying Manuscript, 23
Library Schools, 169
Liddell, Mark H., 109
Lighton, William R., 109
Lincoln, Mrs. Jeanie Gould, Benedict, 24
Literary Articles in Periodicals, 15, 30, 47, 63, 78, 95, 111, 126, 142, 158, 174, 186
Literary Distortion of Geography, Holmes, 134
Literary Ring, 151

Liquid Glue, Recipe for, 95
Livermore, Mary A., 61
Loveman, Robert, 55
Lynde, Francis, 109
Manuscripts, Beginning of, 122; How to File Embryo, Strobridge, 145; How to Prepare, Danziger, 155
"Marvell, Ik," 57
MacBeath, Francis James, 110
McConnell, Ellicott, 125
M'Cutcheon, George Barr, 124
MacDonald, R. C., A Word to Exchange Editors, 85
McGovern, J. Montgomery, Mrs. Frank Leslie, 178
McLaren, Dr. Alexander, 140
McNeal, Mildred, 110
Merrill, Samuel, The Passing of the Capital Letter, 37
Miller, Joaquin, 156
Miller, Joaquin, Notes to Poems, Elshemus, 165
Mitchell, Donald G., 57
Moody, D. P., 57
Moore, Eva Rice, 172
Morris, Harrison S., 172
Music, How Printed, Gilson, 17
Myers, Hiram B., Honesty among Newspaper Correpondents, 179
Necrology, 16, 32, 64, 80, 96, 128, 144, 160, 176, 188
"Née," 137
News and Notes, 15, 31, 47, 63, 79, 95, 112, 127, 143, 159, 175, 187
Newspaper Correspondents, Honesty Among, Myers, 179
"Newspaper English" Defined, 52, 87, 106, 137
"Newspaper English" Edited, 13, 24, 41, 55, 74, 89, 107, 123, 138, 169, 183
Newspaper of the Future, 167
Newspaper Reading as an Aid to Literary Workers, Bryan, 164, 166
"Newspaper Style" and "Magazine Mould," 88, 152
New York Herald, How Conducted, Welsh, 163
Norris, Zoe Anderson, 110
"Not—Nor," 73
Ochiltree, John C., 56
On Style in English Prose, Harrison, 113
Page, Thomas Nelson, 186
Palmer, Francis Sterne, 44
"Pansy," 140
Parker, Clara Maynard, 27
Parsons, Eugene, The Use and Misuse of Capitals, 21; The Use of the Subjunctive, 161; The Usefulness of Capitals, 70
Pater, Walter, Style, 1
Pen and Brush, The, Tracy, 97
Pen-chat, A, Belin, 49
Personal Gossip about Authors, 15, 27, 57, 78, 92, 125, 139, 158, 173, 186
"Pianiste" and "Artiste," 89
"Pickering, Theodosia," 110
Pinero, Arthur W., 58
Poets, A Word to Our Lesser, Griffin, 50
Privately Printed Books, 23
Pronouns for Animals, 169
Publishing for the Holiday Trade, 12
Queries, 23 41, 53, 73, 87, 137, 151, 168, 183
Randall, Herbert, 44
Reade, Charles, 186
Reed, Myrtle, 56
Reporting, Good and Bad, 136
"Rev. Brown," 54, 155
Revising Literature, Leonard, 71
Richebourg, Emile 58
Riley, James Whitcomb, 141, 186
Roark, R. N., Make It Easy for the Indexer, 66
Robertson, Harrison, 185
Rodney, George Brydges, 91
Rogers, Charles Gordon, 172
Roseboro', Viola, 124
Rossetti, Christina, 30
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 59
Ruprecht, Jenny Terrill, 125
Ruskin, John, 59
Schayer, Julia, 91
Schuler, H. A., The Passing of the Subjunctive, 146
Scrap Basket, The, 54, 74, 137, 155, 183
Scrapbook, Indexing the, Wady, 177
Scull, Guy Hamilton, 15
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas, 56
Sienkiewicz, H., 141
Sketches of Writers, 24
Smith, Marion Couthouy, 92
Smyth, Robert, Our Own Correspondent, 120
Spratt, Dora E. W., 44
Stannard, Henrietta Eliza, 125
Stevenson, Frederick Boyd, 77
Stockton, Frank R., 93
Story Writing, Advice About, 40
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 141
Strobridge, Idah Meacham, How to File Embryo MSS., 145
Style, Pater, 1; Harrison, 113; Harrison Criticised, 122; Something More About, Beck, 130
Subjunctive, The Passing of the, Schuler, 146
Subjunctive, The Use of the, Parsons, 161
Succedaneum Defined, 54
Sweet, Frank H., 27
Sweet, Frank H., A Writer's Mail, 35
Sylvester, Henry H., Something About Illustrating, 98
Taaffe, William A., 45
Tarbell, Arthur W., Editorial Talks with Contributors, 33
Taylor, Charles H., How to Succeed as a Journalist, 131
Tennessee Dialect Again, Coffin, 51
Thackeray, W. M., 126
"Thanet, Octave," 59
Theological Terms Misapplied, Cole, 129, 155, 183
Thomas Nelson Page's English, Artz, 69
Thompson, Ernest Seton, 56
"Timely" Articles, Wady, 162
Title Pages, Improvements in, 22
Tracy, Marguerite, The Pen and Brush, 97
Tyler, Martha T., 185
Typewriting, Corrections in, Hollis, 168
Unknown Writer, Chance of the, Hall, 148
Use and Misuse of Words, The, 89
Wady, Clifton S., Indexing the Scrapbook, 177; "Timely" Articles, 162
Wagner, Richard, 158
Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 126
Warning to Writers, 150
Warns, Samuel M., 45
Webb, Charles Henry, 111
Webster, J. Rowe, 27
Welsh, Charles, 185
Welsh, Charles, Talk with Dr. Hepworth about the New York Herald, 163
Wheeler, James Cooper, 186
Wilde, Oscar, 15
Wilkins, Mary E., 15
Williams, Frances Swann, 78
"Winter, John Strange," 125
Woodruff, Anne H., 173
Woman's Press Congress, 41
Writer's Mail, A, Sweet, 35
Writers of the Day, 14, 26, 41, 55, 75, 89, 107, 123, 138, 169, 184

Book Reviews.

Art Idols of the Paris Salon, 47, 94
Baker, George Pierce, The Principles of Argumentation, 60
Blanchan, Neltje, Bird Neighbors, 157
Carins, William B., The Forms of Discourse, 60
Fernald, James C., Students' Edition Standard Dictionary, 45; The Spaniard in History, 157
Flandrau, Charles Macomb, Harvard Episodes, 46
Fletcher, W. I., Annual Literary Index, 157
Freese, J. W., Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge, Mass., and Nearby Towns, 60
Goldman, Henry, The Arithmachinist, 157
Harraden, A New Book of the Fairies, 111
Hempstead, Junius L., Musings of Morn, and After Many Days, 157
Ireland, Mary E., (trans.), An Obstinate Maid, 157; The Doctor's Family, 62
Leiser, Joseph, Before the Dawn, 158
Lincoln, Jeanie Gould, An Unwilling Maid, 46
Livermore, Mary A., The Story of My Life, 61
MacEwan, Elias J., Essentials of Argumentation, 157
Matthews, Brander, Aspects of Fiction, 63
Miles Nelson A., and others, War, 126
Miller, Joaquin, Complete Poetical Works, 156
Pearson, Henry G., Freshman Composition, 62
Perry, Bliss, Abraham Lincoln, 111
Pitman, Benn, Manual of Phonography, 111
Sienkiewicz, H., The Third Woman, 111
Smith, F Hopkinson, Gondola Days, 46
Smith, Gertrude, Ten Little Comedies, 46
Stylebook of the Chicago Society of Proofreaders, 94
Thoreau, Henry D., Walden, 45

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1898. No. 1.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

STYLE. *Walter Pater.* 1
EDITORIAL. 12
The Search for the Exact Word, 12 — Meaningless Poetry, 12 — A Mistake Made by Publishers, 12 — An Author's Ingenious Scheme. 13
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 13
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 14
Will M. Clemens, 14 — Gustav Kobbé, 14 — Guy Hamilton Scull. 15
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 15
Oscar Wilde, 15 — Mary E. Wilkins. 15
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 15
NEWS AND NOTES. 16

STYLE.

Since all progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects, it is surely the stupidest of losses to confuse things which right reason has put asunder, to lose the sense of achieved distinctions, the distinction between poetry and prose, for instance, or, to speak more exactly, between the laws and characteristic excellences of verse and prose composition. On the other hand, those who have dwelt most emphatically on the distinction between prose and verse, prose and poetry, may sometimes have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly; and this again is at least false economy, as being, in effect, the renunciation of a certain means or faculty, in a world where after all we must needs make the most of things. Critical efforts to limit art *a priori*, by anticipations regarding the natural incapacity of the material with which this or that artist works, as the sculptor with solid form, or the prose-writer with the ordinary language of men, are always liable to be discredited by the facts of artistic production; and while prose is actually found to be a colored thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor, it will be useless to protest that it can be nothing at all, except something very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends — a kind of "good round-hand"; as useless as the protest that poetry might not touch prosaic subjects as with Wordsworth, or an abstruse matter as with Browning, or treat contemporary life nobly as with Tennyson. In subordination to one essential beauty in all good literary style, in all literature as a fine art, as there are many beauties of poetry so the beauties of prose are many, and it is the business of criticism to estimate them as such; as it is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical, and quasi-prosaic excellences which that too has, or needs. To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of "Lycidas" for instance, the thought, the logical structure: — how wholesome! how delightful! as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power, not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers, there.

Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasize the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other coming with somewhat diminished effect from one whose poetry was so prosaic. In truth, his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly figured, poetic, as we say, but vitiated, all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. Setting up correctness, that humble merit of prose, as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with

an imperfect mastery of the relative pronoun. It might have been foreseen that, in the rotations of mind, the province of poetry in prose would find its assertor; and, a century after Dryden, amid very different intellectual needs, and with the need therefore of great modifications in literary form, the range of the poetic force in literature was effectively enlarged by Wordsworth. The true distinction between prose and poetry he regarded as the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty, or, say, metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose of course — you can't scan Wordsworth's prose: but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, between imaginative and unimaginative writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between "the literature of power and the literature of knowledge," in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present, or prospective, it may be, as often in oratory.

Dismissing then, under sanction of Wordsworth, that harsher opposition of poetry to prose, as savoring in fact of the arbitrary psychology of the last century, and with it the prejudice that there can be but one only beauty of prose style, I propose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose, so far as either is really imaginative — certain conditions of true art in both alike, which conditions may also contain in them the secret of the proper discrimination and guardianship of the peculiar excellences of either.

The line between fact and something quite different from external fact is, indeed, hard to draw. In Pascal, for instance, in the persuasive writers generally, how difficult to define the point where, from time to time, argument which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must consist of facts or groups of facts, becomes a pleading — a theorem no longer, but essentially an appeal to the reader to catch the writer's spirit, to think with him, if one can or will — an expression no longer of fact but of his sense of it, his peculiar intuition of a world, prospective, or discerned below the faulty conditions of the present, in either case changed somewhat from the actual world. In science, on the other hand, in history so far as it conforms to scientific rule, we have a literary domain where the imagination may be thought to be always an intruder. And as, in all science, the functions of literature reduce themselves eventually to the transcribing of fact, so all the excellences of literary form in regard to science are reducible to various kinds of painstaking; this good quality being involved in all "skilled work" whatever, in the drafting of an act of parliament, as in sewing. Yet here again, the writer's sense of fact, in history especially, and in all those complex subjects which do but lie on the borders of science, will still take the place of fact, in various degrees. Your historian, for instance, with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts presented to him must needs select, and in selecting assert something of his own humor, something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within. So Gibbon moulds his unwieldly material to a preconceived view. Livy, Tacitus, Michelet, moving full of poignant sensibility amid the records of the past, each, after his own sense, modifies — who can tell where and to what degree? — and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies, passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine* art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also, truth — truth to bare fact, there — is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within — the transcript of his sense of fact rather than the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to the writer himself. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, in the moulding of a bell or a platter for instance, wherever this sense asserts itself, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to

make it pleasing (to himself, of course, in the first instance) there, "fine" as opposed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, that is, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact — form, or color, or incident — is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power.

Such is the matter of imaginative or artistic literature — this transcript, not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety, as modified by human preference in all its infinitely varied forms. It will be good literary art not because it is brilliant or sober, or rich, or impulsive, or severe, but just in proportion as its representation of that sense, that soul-fact, is true. verse being only one department of such literature, and imaginative prose, it may be thought, being the special art of the modern world. That imaginative prose should be the special and opportune art of the modern world results from two important facts about the latter: first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable — a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraint proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature. And prose thus asserting itself as the special and privileged artistic faculty of the present day, will be, however critics may try to narrow its scope, as varied in its excellence as humanity itself reflecting on the facts of its latest experience — an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid. Its beauties will be not exclusively "pedestrian": it will exert, in due measure, all the varied charms of poetry, down to the rhythm which, as in Cicero, or Michelet, or Newman, at their best, gives its musical value to every syllable. *

The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience — the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In this self-criticism, he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes, warily, considerately, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses so lightly, so amiably. For the material in which he works is no more a creation of his own than the sculptor's marble. Product of a myriad various minds and contending tongues, compact of obscure and minute association, a language has its own abundant and often recondite laws, in the habitual and summary recognition of which scholarship consists. A writer, full of a matter he is before all things anxious to express, may think of those laws, the limitations of vocabulary, structure, and the like, as a restriction, but if a real artist, will find in them an opportunity. His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general air of sensibility, of refined usage. *Exclusiones debitæ naturæ* — the exclusions, or rejections which nature demands — we know how large a part these play, according to Bacon, in the science of nature. In a somewhat changed sense, we might say that the art of the scholar is summed up in the observance of those rejections demanded by the nature of his medium, the material he must use. Alive to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy of a lover of words, he will resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language, the facility of writers often reinforcing in this respect the work of the vulgar. He will feel the obligation not of the laws only, but of those affinities, avoidances, those mere preferences, of his language, which through the associations of literary history have become a part of its nature, prescrib-

* Mr. Saintsbury, in his "Specimens of English Prose, from Malory to Macaulay," has succeeded in tracing, through successive English prose-writers, the tradition of that severer beauty in them, of which this admirable scholar of our literature is known to be a lover. "English Prose, from Mandeville to Thackeray," more recently "chosen and edited" by a younger scholar, Mr. Arthur Galton, of New College, Oxford, a lover of our literature at once enthusiastic and discreet, aims at a more various illustration of the eloquent powers of English prose, and is a delightful companion.

ing the rejection of many a neology, many a license, many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive. His appeal, again, is to the scholar, who has great experience in literature and will show no favor to short-cuts, or hackneyed illustration, or an affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. Hence a contention, a sense of self-restraint and renunciation, having for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail, being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and therefore, indirectly, with the reader himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master.

For meanwhile, braced only by those restraints, he is really vindicating his liberty in the making of a vocabulary, an entire system of composition, for himself, his own true manner; and when we speak of the manner of a true master we mean what is essential in his art. Pedantry being only the scholarship of *le cuistre* (we have no English equivalent) he is no pedant, and does but show his intelligence of the rules of language in his freedoms with it, addition or expansion, which like the spontaneities of manner in a well-bred person will still further illustrate good taste.

The right vocabulary! Translators have not invariably seen how all-important that is in the work of translation, driving for the most part at idiom or construction; whereas, if the original be first-rate, one's first care should be with its elementary particles, Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a drawing under tracing paper, so only each word or syllable be not of false color, to change my illustration a little.

Well! That is because any writer worth translating at all has winnowed and searched through his vocabulary, is conscious of the words he would select in systematic reading of a dictionary, and still more of the words he would reject were the dictionary other than Johnson's; and doing this with his peculiar sense of the world ever in view, in search of an instrument for the adequate expression of that, he begets a vocabulary faithful to the coloring of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original. That living authority which language needs lies, in truth, in its scholars, who recognizing always that every language possesses a genius, a very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the changing thoughts of living people. Ninety years ago, for instance, great mental force, certainly, was needed by Wordsworth, to break through the consecrated poetic associations of a century, and speak the language that was his, that was to become in a measure the language of the next generation. But he did it with the tact of a scholar also. English, for a quarter of a century past, has been assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art; for half a century, the phraseology of the great German metaphysical movement of eighty years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology: and none but pedants will regret a great consequent increase of its resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie in the naturalization of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of a sensitive scholarship — in a liberal naturalization of the ideas of science too, for after all the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter to grapple with. The literary artist, therefore, will be well aware of physical science; science also attaining, in its turn, its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use: "ascertain," "communicate," "discover,"— words like these it has been part of our "business" to misuse. And still, as language was made for man, he will be no authority for correctnesses which, limiting freedom of utterance, were yet but accidents in their origin; as if one vowed not to say "its," which ought to have been in Shakspere; "his" and "hers," for inanimate objects, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like this. Racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily with those long, savorsome, Latin words, rich in "second inten-

tion." In this late day certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout!

A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. "To go preach to the first passer-by," says Montaigne, "to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor;" a thing, in fact, naturally distressing to the scholar, who will therefore ever be shy of offering uncomplimentary assistance to the reader's wit. To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skillful economy of means, *ascêsis*, that, too, has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed there will be an æsthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.

Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like "Lycidas," a perfect fiction like "Esmond," the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's "Idea of a University," has for them something of the uses of a religious "retreat." Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those "men of a finer thread" who have formed and maintain the literary ideal, everything, every component element, will have undergone exact trial, and, above all, there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part structural, or necessary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honorable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he *omits*;" and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognized by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words too are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or color or reference, is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long "brain-wave" behind it of perhaps quite alien associations.

Just there, it may be, is the detrimental tendency of the sort of scholarly attentiveness of mind I am recommending. But the true artist allows for it. He will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the "one beauty" of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," for instance, or in Stendhal's "*Le Rouge et Le Noir*," in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden: — he knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any *diversion*, literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. Jealous, if he have a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that, of the facile, the otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even assured of its congruity, he will still question its serviceableness. Is it worth while, can we afford, to attend to just that, to just that figure or literary reference, just then? — Surplusage! he will dread that as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone.

And what applies to figure or flower must be understood of all other accidental or removable ornaments of writing whatever; and not of specific ornament only, but of all that latent

color and imagery which language as such carries in it. A lover of words for their own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy, he will be on the alert not only for obviously mixed metaphors of course, but for the metaphor that is mixed in all our speech, though a rapid use may involve no cognition of it. Currently recognizing the incident, the color, the physical elements or particles in words like "absorb," "consider," "extract," to take the first that occur, he will avail himself of them, as further adding to the resources of expression. The elementary particles of language will be realized as color and light and shade through his scholarly living in the full sense of them. Still opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly, he will not treat colored glass as if it were clear; and while half the world is using figure unconsciously, will be fully aware not only of all that latent figurative texture in speech, but of the vague, lazy, half-formed personification — a rhetoric, depressing, and worse than nothing, because it has no really rhetorical motive — which plays so large a part there, and, as in the case of more ostentatious ornament, scrupulously exact of it, from syllable to syllable, its precise value.

So far I have been speaking of certain conditions of the literary art arising out of the medium or material in or upon which it works, the essential qualities of language and its aptitudes for contingent ornamentation, matters which define scholarship as science and good taste respectively. They are both subservient to a more intimate quality of good style: more intimate, as coming nearer to the artist himself. The otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other art, structure is all-important, felt, or painfully missed, everywhere? — that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigor, unfold and justify the first — a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of *later*, I shall call the necessity of *mind* in style.

An acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel (a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in closeness, and with obvious repression or economy of a fine rhetorical gift), wrote a book, of fascinating precision in a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, in each and all of its apprehensions, the unity, the strict identity with itself, of the apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. The term is right, and has its essential beauty when it becomes, in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song, or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself: — style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity of the initiatory apprehension or view. So much is true of all art, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason — insight, foresight, retrospect in simultaneous action — true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical coherency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence for instance, or in the manner, argumentative, descriptive, discursive, of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive, as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the

whole. As truly, to the lack of such architectural design, of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating, as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not organically complete. With such foresight the actual conclusion will most often get itself written out of hand before, in the more obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the world, the tight hold of which secures true *composition* and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerately, setting joint to joint, sustained by yet restraining the productive ardor, retracing the negligences of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even, that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it, leaving off, not in weariness and because he finds *himself* at an end, but in all the freshness of volition. His work now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finishes the whole up to the just proportion of that ante-penultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens, to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted, a story to be told, will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yes, of poetic literature, too; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

That is the special function of mind, in style. Mind and soul: — hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers — the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul, he reaches us, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognize it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force I mean to indicate, generally in literature, by the world *soul*. Ardent religious persuasion may exist, may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language: or, again, it may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold of them doubles its force. Religious history presents many remarkable instances in which, through no mere phrase-worship, an unconscious literary tact has, for the sensitive, laid open a privileged pathway from one to another. "The altar-fire," people say, "has touched those lips!" The Vulgate, the English Bible, the English Prayer-Book, the writings of Swedenborg, the Tracts for the Times: — there, we have instances of widely different and largely diffused phases of religious feeling in operation as soul in style. But something of the same kind acts with similar power in certain writers of quite other than theological literature, on behalf of some wholly personal and peculiar sense of theirs. Most easily illustrated by theological literature, this quality lends to profane writers a kind of religious influence. At their best, these writers become, as we say sometimes, "prophets"; such character depending on the effect not merely of their matter, but of their matter as allied to, in "electric affinity" with, peculiar

form, and working in all cases by an immediate sympathetic contact, on which account it is that it may be called soul, as opposed to mind, in style. And this, too, is a faculty of choosing and rejecting what is congruous or otherwise, with a drift toward unity — unity of atmosphere here, as there of design — soul securing color (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former vague or infinite, as the influence of a living person is practically infinite. There are some to whom nothing has any real interest, or real meaning, except as operative in a given person; and it is they who best appreciate the quality of soul in literary art. They seem to know a *person*, in a book, and make way by intuition: yet, although they thus enjoy the completeness of a personal information, it is still a characteristic of soul, in this sense of the word, that it does but suggest what can never be uttered, not as being different from, or more obscure than, what actually gets said, but as containing that plenary substance of which there is only one phase or facet in what is there expressed.

If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, records what seems to have been his one other passion — a series of letters which, with its fine casuistries, its firmly repressed anguish, its tone of harmonious gray, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions. Writing to Madame X. certainly he does display, by "taking thought" mainly, by constant and delicate pondering, as in his love for literature, a heart really moved, but still more, and as the pledge of that emotion, a loyalty to his work. Madame X., too, is a literary artist, and the best gifts he can send her are precepts of perfection in art, counsels for the effectual pursuit of that better love. In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he insists on, its solaces: he communicates secrets, reproves, encourages, with a view to that. Whether the lady was dissatisfied with such divided or indirect service, the reader is not enabled to see; but sees that, on Flaubert's part at least, a living person could be *no rival of what was, from* first to last, his leading passion, a somewhat solitary and exclusive one.

"I must scold you," he writes, "for one thing, which shocks, scandalizes me, the small concern, namely, you show for art just now. As regards glory be it so: there, I approve. But for art! — the one thing in life that is good and real — can you compare with it an earthly love? — prefer the adoration of a relative beauty to the *cultus* of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me: the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend with the beautiful a heap of alien things, the useful, the agreeable, what not? —

"The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear. —

"I am reading over again the 'Æneid,' certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety. There are phrases there which stay in one's head, by which I find myself beset, as with those musical airs which are forever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labor like a true working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away at his anvil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, for hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken p ace naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter. —

"Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting — as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful."

What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he pursued with so much fervor, with so much self-command? Let us hear a sympathetic commentator: —

"Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the *unique* word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would be-

set him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one* — one form, one mode — to express what I want to say."

The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there! — the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. In that perfect justice, over and above the many contingent and removable beauties with which beautiful style may charm us, but which it can exist without, independent of them yet dexterously availing itself of them, omnipresent in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific, indispensable, very intellectual, beauty of literature, the possibility of which constitutes it a fine art.

One seems to detect the influence of a philosophic idea there, the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation, between a relative, somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language — both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive — meeting each other with the readiness of "soul and body reunited," in Blake's rapturous design; and, in fact, Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression. —

"There are no beautiful thoughts," he would say, "without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities which really constitute it — color, extension, and the like — without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just so it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form."

All the recognized flowers, the removable ornaments of literature (including harmony and ease in reading aloud, very carefully considered by him) counted, certainly; for these too are part of the actual value of what one says. But still, after all, with Flaubert, the search, the unwearied research, was not for the smooth, or winsome, or forcible word, as such, as with false Ciceronians, but quite simply and honestly, for the word's adjustment to its meaning. The first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly. Then, if we suppose an artist, he says to the reader, — I want you to see precisely what I see. Into the mind sensitive to "form," a flood of random sounds, colors, incidents, is ever penetrating from the world without, to become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and expression of that other world it sees so steadily, within, nay, already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged, corrected, at a hundred points; and it is just there, just at those doubtful points that the function of style, as tact or taste, intervenes. The unique term will come more quickly to one than another, at one time than another, according also to the kind of matter in question. Quickness and slowness, ease and closeness alike, have nothing to do with the artistic character of the true word found at last. As there is a charm of ease, so there is also a special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention toward a due end, as so often with Flaubert himself — in the style which has been pliant, as only obstinate, durable metal can be, to the inherent perplexities and recusancy of a certain difficult thought.

If Flaubert had not told us, perhaps we should never have guessed how tardy and painful his own procedure really was, and after reading his confession may think that his almost endless hesitation had much to do with diseased nerves. Often, perhaps, the felicity supposed will be the product of a happier, a more exuberant nature than Flaubert's. Aggravated, certainly, by a morbid physical condition, that anxiety in "seeking the phrase," which gathered all the other small *ennuis* of a really quiet existence into a kind of battle, was connected with his lifelong contention against facile poetry, facile art — art, facile and flimsy; and what constitutes the true artist is not the slowness or quickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result. As with those laborers in the parable, the prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work. "You talk," he writes, odd, trying lover, to Madame X. —

"You talk of the exclusiveness of my literary tastes. That might have enabled you to divine what kind of a person I am in the matter of love.

I grow so hard to please as a literary artist, that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing another line."

"Happy," he cries, in a moment of discouragement at that patient labor, which for him, certainly, was the condition of a great success —

"Happy those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despite: my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural vigor decreases, and I afflict my soul over some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing. One would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter whatever. What Buffon said is a big blasphemy: genius is not long-continued patience. Still, there is some truth in the statement, and more than people think, especially as regards our own day. Art! art! art! bitter deception! phantom that glows with light, only to lead one on to destruction."

Again —

"I am growing so peevish about my writing. I am like a man whose ear is true but who plays falsely on the violin: his fingers refuse to reproduce precisely those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hand."

Coming slowly or quickly, when it comes, as it came with so much labor of mind, but also with so much lustre, to Gustave Flaubert, this discovery of the word will be, like all artistic success and felicity, incapable of strict analysis: effect of an intuitive condition of mind, it must be recognized by like intuition on the part of the reader, and a sort of immediate sense. In every one of those masterly sentences of Flaubert there was, below all mere contrivance, shaping and after-thought, by some happy instantaneous concourse of the various faculties of the mind with each other, the exact apprehension of what was *needed* to carry the meaning. And that it fits with absolute justice will be a judgment of immediate sense in the appreciative reader. We all feel this in what may be called inspired translation. Well! all language involves translation from inward to outward. In literature, as in all forms of art, there are the absolute and the merely relative *or accessory* beauties; and precisely in that exact proportion of the term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of style, prose or verse. All the good qualities, the beauties, of verse also, are such, only as precise expression.

In the highest as in the lowliest literature, then, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth: — truth to bare fact in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact, diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former; truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the *vraie vérité*. And what an eclectic principle this really is! employing for its one sole purpose — that absolute accordance of expression to idea — all other literary beauties and excellences whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies, and at the same time safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase," are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage: — there, is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth, and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament: here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert understood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar, but a security against the otiose, a jealous exclusion of what does not really tell toward the pursuit of relief, of life and vigor in the portraiture of one's sense. License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production will be but faith to one's own meaning. The seeming baldness of "*Le Rouge et Le Noir*" is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of "*Les Misérables*" is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty — the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. Afterthoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve to bring out

the original, initiative, generative, sense in them.

In this way, according to the well-known saying, "The style is the man," complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction; nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, justified, yet insured inalienably to him, thereby, as would have been his portrait by Raffaelle, in full consular splendor, on his ivory chair.

A relegation, you may say perhaps — a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice, of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. Not so! since there is, under the conditions supposed, for those elements of the man, for every lineament of the vision within, the one word, the one acceptable word, recognizable by the sensitive, by others "who have intelligence" in the matter, as absolutely as ever anything can be in the evanescent and delicate region of human language. The style, the manner, would be the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him. But let us hear our French guide again. —

"Styles," says Flaubert's commentator, "*Styles*, as so many peculiar moulds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole content of his ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was *Style*: that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and color. For him the *form* was the work itself. As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so, to him, the *matter*, the basis in a work of art, imposed necessarily, the unique, the just expression, the measure, the rhythm — the *form* in all its characteristics."

If the style be the man, in all the color and intensity of a veritable apprehension, it will be in a real sense "impersonal."

I said, thinking of books like Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*," that prose literature was the characteristic art of the nineteenth century, as others, thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have assigned that place to music. Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art; the art of literature presenting to the imagination, through the intelligence, a range of interests as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said is to bring literature, too, under those conditions, by conformity to which music takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then, literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

Good art, but not necessarily great art; the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on the matter. Thackeray's "Esmond," surely, is greater art than "Vanity Fair," by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as "The Divine Comedy," "Paradise Lost," "*Les Misérables*," "The English Bible," are great art. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art; — then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul — that color and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure, it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life.

1888. Walter Pater.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. JANUARY, 1898. NO. 1.

In compliance with many requests, THE WRITER reprints in full this month Walter Pater's essay on "Style"—an interesting companion paper to the essay on "Style in Literature," by Robert Louis Stevenson, which was printed in full in THE WRITER for November, 1896.

***

The search for the unique word has busied many writers besides Flaubert. A glimpse of Wordsworth's painstaking labor is given by this entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's journal: "William has come back tired. He has spent all the day in thinking of an adjective for the cuckoo."

***

Professor Lounsbury of Yale justly condemns a good many magazine versifiers when he says: "Poetry has failed of its mission when its language, like that of diplomacy, is used to conceal thought." A poem that does not disclose its meaning at the first reading is not a good poem, even though a famous name be signed to it.

***

Advice to all writers: Write less, think more.

***

A literary interview with F. Marion Crawford, published in the *Boston Post*, gives the interesting information that Mr. Crawford likes a cold room, and never wore flannels until he became married, when Mrs. Crawford, fearful for his health, forced him to put some on. Thanks to the literary interviewer, the world is slowly but surely penetrating the inmost mysteries of the secret of literary success.

***

Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the author of "The Barn Stormers," who is working now at three other serial stories, besides collecting data for a realistic study to be called "The Newspaper Girl," says that her average output is 30,000 words a week, and her "record," 40,000. Fatal facility!

***

Are publishers wise in concentrating their efforts on the holiday trade, as they have been doing more and more in recent years? During November and December hundreds of new books have been put upon the market, and the natural result has been that many good books have failed to get adequate attention, either from reviewers or from the public. As soon as the holiday rush is over, the flood of new books will practically cease until the early spring, when another lesser flood will be poured out from the presses. After that publishers will send forth few books until the fall, when another holiday outpouring of new books may be expected.

***

It would seem to be self-evident that publishers would gain more by issuing books at short intervals regularly throughout the year than they can by crowding all the publishing business of the twelvemonth into a few short weeks. Reviewers then could give due attention to all the new books that are published,

and many books that are overlooked by the reading public now would get the notice that they frequently deserve. The publishing business now is conducted as the Indian in the pathless woods used to regulate his meals — gorging himself at intervals, instead of eating regularly and with moderation.

* * *

A new kind of "missing word" contest has been evolved by an ingenious author, residing in Nashville, Tenn., whose muse apparently balked, when called upon to inspire a Christmas poem, until a week before the holiday. The author realized that it was then too late to exchange his poem, in the ordinary way, for cash with which to buy presents for the coming Christmas, and yet he could not abide the thought of waiting for some other Christmas. So the "missing word" contest was devised. The belated poet had his poem neatly printed in slip form, twelve stanzas in all, but — mark the shrewdness of him, now! — with the eleventh stanza given thus: —

There they lay, a —— ——
"They's —— ——, but how'll he tell?
I just won't cover —— ——, that'll show
They was the —— —— Baby Belle."

Then he had printed also the following circular, copies of which he mailed, with one of the poem slips enclosed in each, to innumerable newspapers: —

F. A. GOODLETT,
217 N. SUMMER ST.
NASHVILLE, TENN., December 19, 1897.

Dear Sirs:

We take the liberty of submitting to you a piece which, we trust, may prove suitable for your Christmas issue. If it meets with your requirements, and you desire the privilege of using it, we are willing that you yourselves name the price of its value to you.

The climax occurs in the 11th verse and is, we think, a surprise, and quite a pleasing one.

You will notice, in this verse, two words are omitted in each line; if you desire to use the piece, kindly advise by wire or letter, enclosing check, or authorizing me to draw on you, stating the amount, and I will wire or write, as you direct, the omitted words. The piece is complete without the last verse, which may be omitted if your taste so directs.

Hoping to hear from you favorably and at once,

I am truly yours,
F. A. GOODLETT.

P. S. Regret not having been able to offer above to you sooner, and in a different manner, but it has just been written.
F. A. G.

Even the most casual observer will see at once the merits of Mr. Goodlett's scheme. He has completely baffled the unscrupulous editor, who, disregarding the copyright warning at the bottom of the slip, might basely use the poem without observing the formality of remunerating the author. The editor of THE WRITER has read the poem carefully, and he will defy any editor, however unscrupulous, to supply the missing words without consulting the author "by wire or letter," enclosing a check or authorizing a draft as evidence of his good faith. While apparently putting himself in the hands of editors as regards the amount of remuneration, moreover, Mr. Goodlett practically controls the financial situation, for if an editor should put an unsatisfactory price upon the poem — say, twenty-five cents, for instance — the author has only to drop the telegram scornfully in his waste-basket and positively refuse to telegraph the missing words. How skillfully, too, is the curiosity of editors aroused! There is the climax, right in those four lines, a surprise, and quite a pleasing one, and no editor alive can guess it! The natural impulse of every editor addressed was, of course, to telegraph immediately, authorizing draft to any reasonable amount, and beseeching Mr. Goodlett to telegraph the missing words "collect," without delay. Singularly enough, editors everywhere seem to have restained this impulse with absolute unanimity, for, excepting in the slip, the editor of THE WRITER has not seen the poem anywhere in print.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The idea only exists by virtue of the form. — *Translation of Flaubert, in Walter Pater's "Essay on Style."*	The idea exists only by virtue of the form.
A curious series of letters. — *Walter Pater's "Essay on Style."*	A strange series of letters.
I propose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art. — *Walter Pater's "Essay on Style."*	I purpose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art.
Mr. E. V. Smalley, the general secretary of the Sound Money League of the United States, is one of those who is not deceived or disheartened by the loud shouting of the silverites over the election returns. — *Editorial in Boston Transcript.*	E. V. Smalley, the general secretary of the Sound Money League of the United States, is one of those who are not deceived or disheartened by the loud shouting of the silverites over the election returns.

In this connection it may be stated that of $275,000 of uncollected premiums at the date of this examination (June 30) over eighty per cent. of the same had been paid prior to September 10 last. — *Official Report of Isaac Vanderpool, Chief Examiner of the N. Y. Insurance Department.*

In connection with this it may be said that of $275,000 of premiums uncollected at the date of this examination (June 30) more than eighty per cent. had been paid before September 10.

We would like to believe. — *Editorial in Boston Transcript.*

We should like to believe.

Secretary Long asks $800,000 to prevent deficit in his department this fiscal year.

Attorney general asks postponement of Kansas Pacific sale. — *Boston Transcript.*

Secretary Long asks for $800,000 to prevent deficit in his department this fiscal year.

Attorney general asks for postponement of Kansas Pacific sale.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Will M. Clemens, whose literary work is just now attracting more than usual attention, was born at Paris, Stark county, Ohio, January 16, 1860. He is a lineal descendant of Rev. James Montgomery, the English poet. For twenty years he has been a newspaper man, employed in the large cities, and as a reporter has visited nearly every State in the Union. Recently he

WILL M. CLEMENS.

has taken up his residence at Fairmount Park, Hackensack, N. J., to devote himself wholly to literature. His "Life and Works of Mark Twain," first published in 1892, is now in its twelfth edition. In 1882 he published "Famous Funny Phellows," a review of American humorous literature, and in 1897 another book, entitled "Sixty and Six." A volume of verses by Mr. Clemens will be published in Boston early in 1898, under the title "Songs of Tomorrow," and he has three books of short stories now in press, "Days of Evil," "Lessons in Love," and "Downie Dodd and Other Tales." Mr. Clemens has always been an active contributor to magazines, and has himself founded and edited a number of periodicals, including *Literary Life*, *Vanity Fair*, *Library and Studio*, *Chips*, and the *Poster*. He is now doing a great deal of work for the magazines. The *Century* will soon publish one of his articles, which is entitled "Four Centuries of Hands," but which has no connection with palmistry. The *Peterson Magazine* will publish during 1898, as a serial, "The Life and Times of John Brown," by Mr. Clemens, who has for years been looked on as an authority on John Brown literature.

Gustav Kobbé, whose article on "The Dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann" in the December *Forum* gives a complete idea of everything of importance which that leader among modern German dramatists has produced, writes on a great variety of topics. From his father, who was a German, he inherits a strong love for music and drama. His first maternal ancestor to settle in this country was a Spanish sea captain whose vessel was lost early in the century in the "Race," off New London. Probably heredity from this remote ancestor accounts for Mr. Kobbé's passionate love of the sea. Mr. Kobbé's writings show these varied tendencies. In the June *Century* he opened the "Heroes of Peace" series with "Heroism in the Lighthouse Service," in the July *Forum* he had an article on Johannes Brahms, in *Harper's Weekly* for July 31 an amusing golf story, entitled "Col Bogie," with full front-page illustration, and in the August *St. Nicholas* a descriptive article "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere." Among Mr. Kobbé's most widely read articles have been "Life on the South Shoals Lightship" and "Life on Minot's Ledge," both published in the *Century*. The *London Daily Telegraph* reprinted the former in full; while his diver's story, "Life under Water," in *Scribner's*, was translated and printed in the Paris *Figaro*. Mr. Kobbé's published books include "Wag-

ner's Life and Works" and "My Rosary and Other Poems." Lovers of imaginative fiction will perhaps recall his story, "My God-daughter," published in the *Cosmopolitan* about two years ago. Mr. Kobbé was born in New York in 1857. He went to school in Germany from 1867-1872, graduated from Columbia College, N. Y., in '77, and from the Columbia Law School in '79. He resides in Morristown, N. J.

Guy Hamilton Scull, author of the vivid sketches, "Within the Walls" and "A Man and the Sea," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August and September, is a member of the present senior class at Harvard College. He comes from Boston, and has been prominent during his college course both in athletic and literary circles. He has rowed in his class crew and played on his class football eleven, and recently he has been elected class day poet. He is an editor of the *Harvard Advocate*, and at the Junior dinner last year he read the poem for the class toast. He is a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Signet, the O. K., the Hasty Pudding Club, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the A. D. Club.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Wilde. — Oscar Wilde is living in Paris under the name of Sebastian Melnotte. He has a host of friends and boon companions, and seems to be very happy since his release from prison. He spent the summer at Dieppe, with his friend Aubrey Beardsley, who is dying with consumption. Monsieur Melnotte spends his time in the Latin quarter, and is busily at work writing. He has a play already completed, which he outlined and partially wrote while in confinement. He generally takes his meals at the famous and ancient Cafe Procop, which has been the rendezvous of the student element for over a hundred years. — *Leslie's Weekly.*

Wilkins. — Mary E. Wilkins works systematically — at least, intends to do so. She usually writes 1,000 words a day. The ease with which she does this varies. Sometimes it takes but forty minutes, but that is rare. Often when she is finishing a story she writes much more than 10,000 words. Her experience, however, has convinced her that it is not well to do more than that if she expects to do good work always.

She is very susceptible to surroundings. There are houses where she cannot write at all, though in her own home she writes in any of the rooms she occupies, according to her fancy, and there are desks in all of them. She takes little vacations of a day or two every once in a while, so that she may resume her work with fresh energy.

The main idea of a story is invariably clearly defined in her mind before she begins to write upon it, but the details of its development never come until pen and paper meet. As to where she "gets her subjects," they are suggested by the merest hints in the characters and acts of people. An incident told of her unselfishness or of suffering or self-denial, if it appeal to her sensibility, frequently results in a story; one does not know when one may be contributing to the Wilkins gallery of character. — *E. M. Stanford, in New England Home Magazine.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

LITERARY PARIS TWENTY YEARS AGO. T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THREE CONTEMPORARY GERMAN DRAMATISTS (Ernst von Wildenbruch, Hermann Sudermann, Gerhart Hauptmann). J. Firman Coan. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

TENNYSON AS THE INTERPRETING GENIUS OF THE 19TH CENTURY. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harpers'* (38 c.) for January.

THE RELATION OF THE DRAMA TO LITERATURE. Brander Matthews. *Forum* (38 c.) for January.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. With portrait. *Book News* (8 c.) for January.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS. With Portraits. *Outlook*, magazine number (13 c.), for January.

A FRENCH LITERARY CIRCLE. Aline Gorren. Illustrated. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

SECOND CHILDHOOD IN LITERATURE. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

SCENES FROM HUXLEY'S HOME LIFE. With portrait and autographs. Leonard Huxley. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF WOMAN. Professor Fabian Franklin. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

FROISSART. Emily Stone Whiteley. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for January.

E. C. STEDMAN. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for January.

OLD-TIME MAGAZINES. George Newell Lovejoy. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL ("Ik Marvel"). With portrait. John Northern Hilliard. *Midland Monthly* (13 c.) for January.

HOW THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS ARE REPORTED. Edward V. Murphy. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for December 2.

THE TREATMENT OF DISSENT IN ENGLISH FICTION. Reprinted from *London Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 4.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Hannah Lynch. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 4.

THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD. A. M. Stoddart. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 11.

MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS. Reprinted from *Athenæum* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 11.

TENNYSON. Agnes Grace Weld. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 18.

THE ITALIAN NOVELS OF MARION CRAWFORD. "Ouida" Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 18.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS SEEN THROUGH HIS LETTERS. Charles Fisher. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 25.

AN APPRECIATION OF PROFESSOR PALGRAVE. J. Charton Collins. Reprinted from *Saturday Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for December 25.

FICTION AND HISTORY. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for December 2.

THE PICTORIAL SIDE OF BOOKMAKING. Henry Wysham Lanier. *Independent* (13 c.) for December 9.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. Professor A. Guyot Cameron. *Independent* (13 c.) for December 30.

THE FUTURE OF NOVEL WRITING. Walter Besant. *Independent* (13 c.) for December 30.

THE CHARACTER OF WHITTIER. Jane A. Stewart. *Zion's Herald* (13 c.) for December 15.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS. John White Chadwick. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for December 16.

THE QUESTION OF CHEAP BOOKS. *Nation* (13 c.) for December 23.

DAUDET. With portrait. Edgar Saltus. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. J. F. Cowan, of Pittsburg, has joined the staff of the *Christian Endeavor World* (Boston).

Music, Song, and Story is a new monthly magazine published by S. W. Simpson, 70 Fifth avenue, New York.

Outdoor Life (Denver) is a new magazine of recreation. J. A. McGuire is the editor, and J. A. Ricker is the manager.

The *Hypnotic Magazine* (Chicago) changes its name in its January number to the *Journal of Medical Hypnotism.*

The *New England Editor* (North Adams) is the *Massachusetts Editor*, re-named. It is a very useful paper.

The *Christian Leader*, the *Universalist*, and the *Gospel Banner* have been united in the *Universalist Leader* (Boston).

The *Christian Register* (Boston) has changed to the folio form, and has absorbed the *Unitarian* and *Old and New.* Rev. George Batchelor is now the editor, and the paper has a $50,000 endowment fund.

The *Christian Advocate* (New York) appears in new quarto form, with forty-eight pages.

With its Christmas issue the *Churchman* (New York) closed its fifty-third year. During 1897 it gave to its readers 2,680 pages, with more than twice as much reading matter as is contained in the largest standard magazines, and more than 800 illustrations, including portraits. It has issued thirty musical compositions, and has printed original articles by more than 300 writers.

The *Critic* for December 18 began a new series of "Authors at Home," the first subject being Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott.

In the January Magazine Number of the *Outlook* begins the series of papers by Edward Everett Hale on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." These papers will constitute the leading feature of the *Outlook* for 1898, and will be illustrated by many scores of pictures, including not a few portraits of famous American authors never before printed.

The Goncourt Circle of French literary men is depicted in the January *Scribner's* by Miss Aline Gorren, and portraits are reproduced from the fly-leaves of books in the Goncourt library and never before published.

Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins died at Bronxville, N. Y., December 5, aged fifty years.

Alphonse Daudet died in Paris, December 16, aged fifty-seven.

W. J. Linton died at New Haven, December 29, aged eighty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

HOW MUSIC IS PRINTED. *F. H. Gilson.* 17
THE USE AND MISUSE OF CAPITALS. *Eugene Parsons.* 21
EDITORIAL. 22
The Most Popular New York Novelist, 22 — Improvements in Title Pages, 22 — What Is an Edition? . . 23
QUERIES. 23
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 24
SKETCHES OF WRITERS. 24
XV. — Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln. *Frank Lee Benedict* 24
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 26
Anna Dill Gamble, 26 — Clara Maynard Parker, 27 — Frank H. Sweet, 27 — J. Rowe Webster. 27
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 27
Amelia E. Barr, 27 — F. Marion Crawford, 28 — Alphonse Daudet, 29 — George Egerton, 29 — Rudyard Kipling, 29 — Christina Rosetti. 30
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 30
Utilizing a Fountain Pen. 30
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 30
NEWS AND NOTES. 31

HOW MUSIC IS PRINTED.

There are two methods in common use for producing printed music, the typographic and the engraved-lithographic.

The typographic process employs type representing clefs, notes, lines, etc., which are combined to form the desired representation. From the type a mould is made, in which a shell of copper is formed by means of electricity. The copper shell is backed up with metal, producing a relief plate, from which the music is printed on steam presses similar to those employed on ordinary book work.

The engraved-lithographic process consists in first engraving the staves on a piece of polished metal; on these the notes and other signs are punched. Greasy ink is rolled in, and the blank surface of the plate is wiped clean. Then paper is pressed on, and the result is a printed page. This fresh impression is transferred to a lithographic stone, leaving the print on the stone. After being treated chemically, the stone is placed in a steam press. It is first wet, and then inked. The ink will not adhere to the wet stone, but does adhere to the print. When paper is pressed on, the printed music is the result.

Printing by hand directly from the engraved plate is still practiced to a small extent.

Music books, such as hymn-and-tune books, gospel-hymn books, school-music books, etc., are invariably printed by the typographic process; for by this method the accompanying words are represented much better, and the large editions used are produced much cheaper.

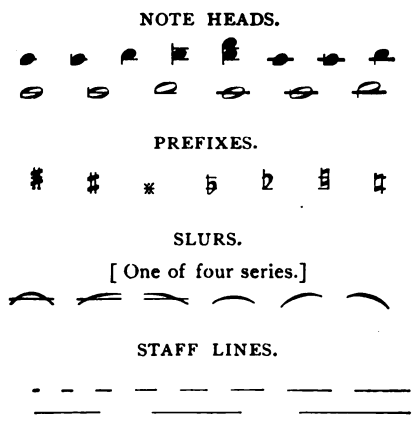
Sheet music is generally printed by the engraved-lithographic method, which is well adapted to instrumental music, and economical when only a small edition is wanted.

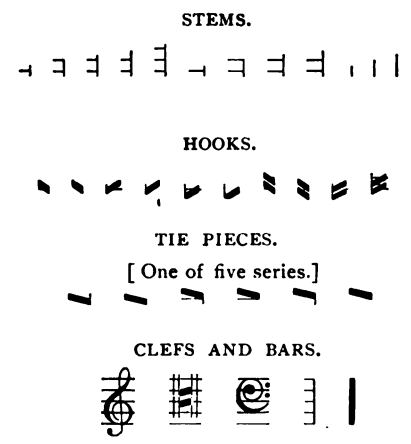
Up to about the beginning of the present century all music books were printed from the type, for the art of stereotyping, which was invented about 1725, did not begin to come into general use until 1810, and was first introduced in America about 1813. Stereotyping gave a great impetus to the printing of books of all kinds, for after the discovery of the process it was no longer necessary to go to the expense of resetting a book when a second edition was wanted, or to keep the type standing. Electrotyping, which was introduced about 1840, has now superseded stereotyping.

A font of music type to-day consists of about four hundred different characters. Below are given some of the characters used, as they appear separately. The horizontal lines on the characters, when combined with the separate horizontal lines, form the staff.

The placing together, or "setting up," of

music type in page form is somewhat like the putting together of a puzzle. It requires peculiar skill and judgment, and a knowledge of the rudiments of music is indispensable.



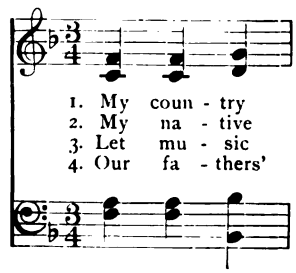


Before setting up a piece of music the compositor makes an estimate of the amount that will go into a line, and of the number of lines that will go on a page.

The horizontal lines cast on the characters, with the lines used between them, form five continuous lines across the page, thus making the staff; and by a skillful use of the various characters and combinations the desired representation is attained.

Figure 1 represents a measure in type. Figure 2 shows the type separated.

FIGURE 1.



The heavy black marks seen at the top and bottom of the staff represent the quads brought up type high to show where they are placed.

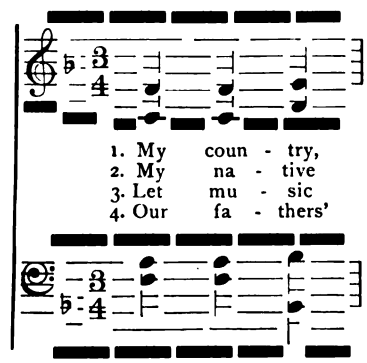
These quads are used to fill in between the characters out of the staff, and never appear on the printed page. In the composition of the average music page, a large number of the pieces used are quads.

As will be seen by examining Fig. 2, ninety-five pieces of music type were required to set Fig. 1.

If words are to be used, the parts of the verses that are to be sung with this line are now added. These verses are set in the same manner as in ordinary reading matter, with the exception that the words are spaced so that each syllable comes beneath the note to which it is to be sung.

When all the type is set, it is "locked up" in an iron frame, or "chase." By this means the numerous pieces of type are held together in a compact mass, thus producing a page of music in type.

FIGURE 2.



A rough print or "proof" of the page is now taken, and this is given to a proofreader. The proof is compared with the copy, and any departure therefrom is marked, as well as any mistakes in the mechanical construction; but this proofreader does not attempt to correct errors in harmony which may exist in the copy.

As soon as the page is corrected, other proofs are taken and submitted to the composer, who rectifies any error that may have been made in the preparation of the copy.

When the page of music has been corrected, it is ready for electrotyping. The electrotype process consists first in taking a mould of the plate in wax. A delicate film of black lead (plumbago) is formed on the mould, in order to conduct electricity; the mould is then put into a solution of sulphate of copper, and a current of electricity from a dynamo is kept constantly passing through the solution for two or three hours, which causes a deposit of copper on the mould. When this deposit is sufficiently thick, the "shell" of copper is removed from the mould and placed face downward on a level surface, and molten metal is poured on, to give the plate thickness and strength. The plate is then shaved to an even thickness and made ready for the press.

Errors which may have been overlooked in the type proof are corrected in the plates by setting anew the faulty portion of the page, making an electrotype from the type, cutting out the wrong part, and soldering in the new. In the case of single notes or letters, a small hole is cut into the plate, and the proper piece of type is soldered in.

As regards the preparation of copy for the music printer, it is immaterial what its size and shape may be, but it is desirable that all the sheets shall be of uniform size.

Reprint copy may be pasted on sheets of the size taken as a standard. Manuscript copy should be written legibly in *ink*, and on only one side of the paper. In setting music type it is necessary to "count off the copy," i. e., by means of figures penciled in between the notes, to indicate the amount of space necessary to make the tune fill complete lines. These penciled figures need to be changed until the line counts up correctly; hence the necessity of having manuscript in ink, which will not be erased.

In preparing copy for Sunday-school books the words should be written beneath the notes to which they are to be sung, or attached to the sheet containing the music. The same plan is to be pursued in hymn-and-tune books, where each hymn has a separate tune.

When the book is to be divided into topics, the name of the topic should be written at the top of each piece of copy; but the order in which the pieces are to appear within the topic should be left with the printer. It is desirable to have the pages filled with the proper amount of matter, so that they shall appear neither too crowded nor too open; at the same time, the right-hand page should complete a piece, so as to avoid turning the leaf while singing. Very few compilers have sufficient knowledge of the possibilities or limitations of type to do this.

The music typographer usually sends to the composer four proofs: first, an original and duplicate type proof; and second, an original and duplicate final proof. The composer marks on the original type proof such corrections as are necessary, and returns it. The duplicate type proof is retained for the purpose of index making, or for such other use as the composer cares to make of it.

Music proof-reading has to be done with especial care. A study of the accompanying fac-simile of a page of corrected proof will give a fair idea of music proof-marking.

The heavy black lines which appear on the proof around the page are the guard lines, placed there for the protection of the face of the plate during the process of manufacture; they are trimmed off before the book is printed. The rules which connect the braces are trimmed to proper size; it is needless, therefore, for the composer to mark these

In correcting proof canceled errors are connected by lines with corrections noted in the margin.

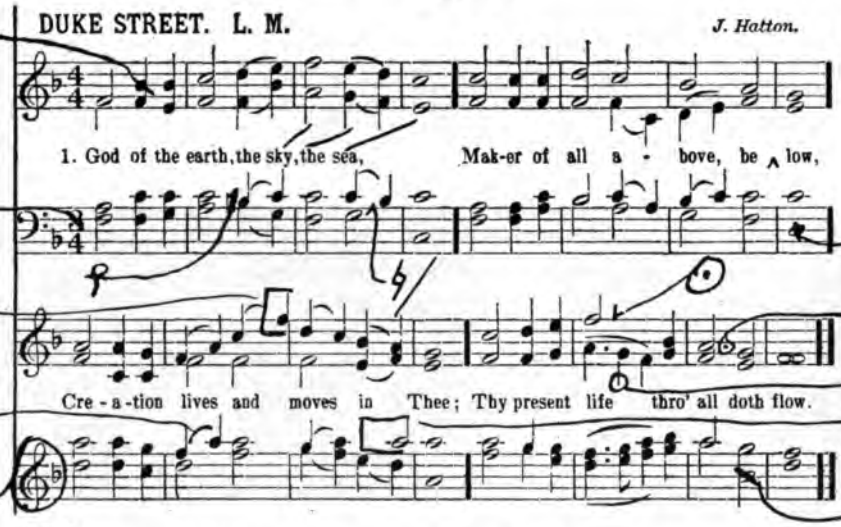
Notes are indicated by their position on the staff, not by their names, A, B, C, etc.

The value of notes is indicated by a fraction.

Slurs are drawn in, and indicated by the word "slur."

Selected Hymns.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *J. Hatton.*



132 *God of All.*

1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in Thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

2 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In ev'ry flow'r beneath our feet,
And e'en thee still rock's mossy stains.

3 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quick'ning air:
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy pow'r; Thy law is there.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

133 *A Joyful Song.*

1 Sing to The Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong;
To Him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, rest for and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

3 For life of changeful, earthly bliss,
For life in heav'n's unfading day,
Sing to our God, and say He is
Himself, our Guide, Life, Light, and Way.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.

134 *God is Everywhere.*

1 Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heav'ns above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heav'ns Thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that ~~when~~ Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since Thou, their God, art ev'rywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Sir John Bowring.

WH EL 4653P 14

Dots are circled, like periods in ordinary proof-reading, to give them prominence.

Notes are moved to the right or left by the usual sign employed in letter-press proof-reading.

The placing of words to their proper notes is indicated with clearness by connecting lines.

Full explanations of the marks of letter-press proof-reading are to be found in the back of most dictionaries.

F. H. Gilson.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF CAPITALS.

In the good old days of journalism before the war, perhaps Horace Greeley and others dealt out capital letters with a too lavish hand. Then Enlightenment, Industry, Progress, etc., greeted the eye on the printed page. To capitalize these words apparently added to their importance. Now, the tendency is toward economy of capitals, even where they might be useful. It is rather amusing and confusing to find such woeful lack of uniformity in newspaper and printing offices.

The *Chicago Record* in 1897 published a series of lessons, entitled "A Course in Correct English and Correspondence," and in one of them some directions are given as to capital letters. According to these, one should begin with a capital "every important word in a phrase used as a name or title." This seems to be a safe rule to follow, but editors and reporters disregard it every day. Perhaps none are more flagrant offenders in this respect than those of the paper from which these words are taken. Almost every day one may find in the *Chicago Record* names and titles like the following: "The dark continent," "the united kingdom," "the ottoman empire." These terms are proper nouns, and should be written the Dark Continent, the United Kingdom, the Ottoman Empire.

Another objectionable practice is that of dropping the capital in the last word of a name; as, Westminster abbey, Haymarket square, Fort Dearborn national bank, etc. In these expressions all the words make up the name, and one might as well drop the capital in the first word as in the last; thus, fort Dearborn, the hotel Royal, etc. By a strange inconsistency, the *Record* speaks of the "University of Denver" and "Harvard university," "New York city" and "Dawson City," "the city of London" and "the steamship City of Boston." If "Young Men's Christian association" be allowable, then it should say Y. M. C. a.

There is an obvious propriety in writing Church and State with capitals. The Church of England and the Church of Rome are names of religious organizations; so are the terms Methodist, Presbyterian, etc.

The best usage in such matters can be learned by consulting the literary periodicals of the day, such as the *Critic*, the *Nation*, or the *Dial*. In the pages of the *Critic* I found the following phrases or titles (not at the beginning of sentences): "the Alpine Club," "Trinity Church," "Fanueil Hall," "Bunker Hill Monument," "the American Philosophical Society," "Pratt Institute." From the *Nation* I culled these: "Niagara Falls," "the Seventh Regiment," "Lincoln Cathedral," "Bering Sea," "the Monroe Doctrine," "Brookline Public Library." From the *Dial* these are taken: "the Northwest Fur Company," "the Arctic Ocean," "the British Islands," "the White House," "the Suez Canal."

The same rules of capitalization prevail among the editors of such works as Johnson's Cyclopedia and the Century Dictionary.

Of course, no one writer can do much toward effecting a reformation along these lines, but each one can contribute something toward the desired end. *Eugene Parsons.*

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY, 1898. NO. 2.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Literature says: "Edgar Fawcett, perhaps the most popular of New York novelists, is wintering in London." Besides "wintering" in London, Mr. Fawcett must have been springing into supreme popularity, while others have been falling, without people's knowing it, if the characterization of him by *Literature* is just. What would Mr. Howells, or Richard Harding Davis, or Paul Leicester Ford, or F. Hopkinson Smith, or J. A. Mitchell, or even Brander Matthews, say to that?

***

Literature, by the way, speaks of "Miss M. Elliot Seawell, who has attained considerable reputation in America as a writer upon naval subjects." The name "Molly," which Miss Seawell puts on her title pages, was evidently too frivolous for *Literature's* British gravity.

***

The article, "How Music Is Printed," in this number of THE WRITER, is by the head of the F. H. Gilson Company, of Boston, the leading music printers of America.

***

The English Publishers' Association will take action at its annual meeting in March on the report of its committee on title pages, which has unanimously made these recommendations: —

(1) DATE.

(*a*) That the title page of every book should bear the date of the year of publication, *i.e.*, of the year in which the impression, or the reissue, of which it forms a part, was first put on the market.

(*b*) That when stock is reissued in a new form the title page should bear the date of the new issue, and each copy should be described as a "reissue," either on the title page or in a bibliographical note.

(*c*) That the date at which a book was last revised should be indicated either on the title page or in a bibliographical note.

(2) BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

That the bibliographical note should, when possible, be printed on the back of the title page in order that it may not be separated therefrom in binding.

(3) IMPRESSION, EDITION, REISSUE.

That for bibliographical purposes definite meanings should be attached to these words when used on a title page, and the following are recommended: —

Impression. — A number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new *impression*, to distinguish it from an *edition* as defined below.

Edition. — An impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset.

Reissue. — A republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market.

(4) LOCALIZATION.

When the circulation of an impression of a book is limited by agreement to a particular area, that

each copy of that impression should bear a conspicuous notice to that effect.

Book buyers and readers would be greatly benefited if these rules were followed by all publishers. It is to be feared, however, that in the United States publishers will not consent to give up their present use of the word "edition." There is a general haziness surrounding the word "edition" now, from which the publisher gains more or less advantage. The popular understanding is, perhaps, that the line "Tenth edition" on a title page means that the publisher has printed 10,000 copies of the book. As a matter of fact some publishers put a new edition number on the title page whenever they have a number of copies bound. For instance, a publisher has 1,000 copies of a book printed, of which he binds two hundred, leaving the rest in sheets. The two hundred bound copies he calls the "first edition." When they are disposed of, he has another hundred copies bound. The title page of these copies is marked "Second edition"—and so on. Other publishers again, less scrupulous, are accused of using on the title page the line "Second edition," "Third edition," and so on, when the first sheets of the book are printed. In that case "edition," of course, means absolutely nothing. The phrase "Tenth thousand" is less ambiguous, and is used now by the best publishers.

***

Speaking of title pages, by the way, it would be a convenience to book buyers if publishers would put on every title page the price of the book. The figures need not be large, and they could be put where they would not be conspicuous. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) What is good form in writing a letter accompanying a manuscript—a letter to the editor offering him the article, yet asking for pay?

(2.) Can I legitimately sell an article to an editor if previously some editor has published it, but without paying for it?

(3.) When a magazine says, "Put your price on it,"—how is one to know what price?

(4.) How many words usually are calculated to fill a column? Are articles usually numbered as to words? K. L. S.

[(1.) The letter accompanying a manuscript sent to an editor should be brief and to the point. Here is a good enough form: —

323 Washington Street,
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Jan. 1, 1900.

Editor the Century:

Dear Sir—I enclose a MS. entitled "Why Frogs Dislike Small Boys." If you can use it, please send check. If not, kindly return, in stamped envelope enclosed.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Edna Lyall.

The Writer Publishing Company sells simple printed forms for addressing editors, at seventy-five cents a hundred.

(2.) A manuscript once published cannot be sold afterward, excepting in very exceptional cases.

(3.) If an author does not know the value of his product, he must either ask expert advice or tell the editor that the usual rate of the publication for such matter will be satisfactory.

(4.) A newspaper column contains from 1,500 to 2,000 words. It is a good idea for a writer to note at the top of the first page of each manuscript the approximate number of words that it contains—for instance: "About 1,500 words."—W. H. H.]

I notice in the advertisements of some publishing firms such lines as, "Special attention is given to books that are privately printed." I do not understand what object there would be in printing books privately. Is there a sufficient number of books privately printed to make it pay large publishers to attend to such work? Can it be that there are some wealthy people of literary tastes who publish for pure love of it, and bestow their books upon public libraries and educational institutions?

Did Queen Victoria and the Queen of Roumania publish their books without accepting any remuneration? What was the object in their publication? Was it not, in effect, to say to the world, "You see we are smart enough to write a book"? And what was the use or benefit of Mr. Astor's romance? Was it not published for the purpose above mentioned, or did he bestow the income from the book upon charity? There was no use, by the way, for him to write for "sweet charity's sake."

Is it customary for writers who bear the expense of publication (or for writers who do not) to send copies of their books to the large public libraries, say, to about fifty of them? If so, do those who read between the lines be-

lieve that this is done to benefit the libraries, or as an advertisement of the writers?

J. M. W.

[A good many books are "privately printed" in this country every year. A good many more are "published" at the expense of the authors. The object of the authors, in either case, is to get into print. Privately printed books are generally distributed as presentation copies among the friends of the writers, and among libraries. Books that are published at the expense of the author are offered for sale, as other books are, or circulated by the author as he sees fit. It has been several months now since the editor of THE WRITER has had any confidential letters from Queen Victoria or the Queen of Roumania, or even Mr. Astor. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Nobody would do that but she herself. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Guardian Angel."*	Nobody but her would do that.
No writer has painted such wonderful pen pictures of the varying phenomena of mountains. — *Professor Pattee's "History of American Literature."*	No other writer has painted such wonderful pen pictures of the varying phenomena of mountains.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XV. — MRS. JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN.

During the closing year of the Civil War a new aspirant for literary honors was introduced to the readers of the *Home Journal* by N. P. Willis, than whom no writer was ever more ready to offer praise and encouragement to promising beginners. In this instance the poems were those of a very young girl, many of them inspired by the patriotic enthusiasm which fired all loyal hearts in those stormy days, and all fresh, dainty, full of pretty fancies, but still more interesting from the promise displayed than from their actual merit, considerable as that was.

Early in the 'seventies these and other fugitive pieces were collected in a volume styled "A Chaplet of Leaves, by Jeanie G." This signature had been chosen by Mr. Willis, and the letter in which he announced the fact to the author was so characteristic and complimentary that it is worth quoting in full, even to the italics: —

"The 'Sumter' poem is exceedingly fine, and I only wonder how you can write so much without a blemish. It requires no touch — even of punctuation.

"But you ought to have a signature, and I have ventured to put a handle to your renown by making you known to the world as 'Jeanie G.' It sounds 'trippingly on the tongue,' and I hope it will serve to connect your poems — for *you are destined to be famous.*

"Let me pay my respects to you if you ever come near Idlewild, write to me when you can, and believe me,

"Yours gratefully and sincerely,

"N. P. WILLIS."

A couple of years later the young lady gave "Marjorie's Quest" to the world, and on the title page her name for the first time appeared in print — Miss Jeanie T. Gould. The book gained the speedy and wide popularity it so thoroughly deserved, a popularity that has lasted far beyond the ordinary period of a novel's success. More than two decades have elapsed since the publication of "Marjorie's Quest," yet it commands still a liberal annual sale in this country and in England.

From that time Miss Gould became a favorite contributor to various of the leading magazines and newspapers, and, like almost every youthful author of that period, took her place as one of the writers for Charles J. Peterson. America never produced a better or more discerning critic, or one more quick to recognize talent, than the clever writer, fine scholar, and noble-hearted man who founded and for so many years made *Peterson's Magazine* a pleasure and benefit to countless households throughout the length and breadth of the land. The pen-name, "Daisy Ventnor," which Miss Gould adopted for her short stories, soon became well known, and the grace and brilliancy of her tales caused them to be extensively copied and warmly praised. During this time she wrote numerous poems, also. Various of her lyrics were set to music, and the most admired of them, "Tender and True," still keeps its hold on public favor.

Miss Gould was another of the many instances of inherited talent, being the granddaughter of Judge Gould of the Litchfield Law School, and the daughter of the late Judge George Gould, of Troy, N. Y., whose name is

still fresh in men's minds as one of the most eminent among our legal authorities and one of the most upright, just, and clear-sighted among the men who have done honor to the American bench.

In 1877 Miss Gould married Dr. N. S. Lincoln, of Washington, a man who had for years stood at the head of his profession, and whose reputation has continued to grow and strengthen with the lapse of years. Her husband's position and her own tact, grace, and cleverness soon made Mrs. Lincoln a social power in our fascinating capital. No city in any country can boast a coterie of society leaders more brilliant and cultivated, more appreciative and elegant than Washington, and among these charming women Mrs. Lincoln stands prominently forth.

Cynics may affect to count social leadership lightly, but it means a great deal to every thinking person, and the lives of women who attain it are as important in their influence on society as those of dominating statesmen on the political aspect of their era. Such women are well typified in a poem of Mrs. Lincoln's, "A Woman of Fashion," written as a tribute to a friend who had suffered severe criticism by one of her own sex, of the order that affects to despise the frivolities of a worldly life. The poem is too long for quotation, but the following extracts give a fair idea of its tone and intention: —

"Born with the gifts of beauty, tact, and wit,
That charm of manner, ease of speech, and grace
Which, nature-given, no art can counterfeit,
But all unconscious takes the highest place,

"She gives, when asked, a kindly judgment based
On knowledge of the world she studies well;
Condones a sister's error in the struggling race,
Because she knows temptation's subtile spell.

. . . . . .

"You deem her brightness and her gaiety of heart,
But froth and bubble to the goblet's brim;
You never gauge the force that lies apart
Which makes her life one glad thanksgiving hymn.

"Then pause, for over fashion's daily mart
There travel souls like these, serene and high;
Beyond the reach of sister-woman's dart,
They garner treasure from God's golden sky."

Mrs. Lincoln continued to contribute to magazines and newspapers, but did not publish another book until 1884. "Her Washington Season" was written in the attractive form of letters, and commanded a wide sale. It is especially worth reading because of the truthfulness of the descriptions of Washington society, in contradistinction to the absurd

MRS. JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN

ignorance, or willful misrepresentation, on the part of most story writers who have attempted the task.

A few years ago Mrs. Lincoln edited a Woman's Edition of the *Washington Times*, was liberally supported by the best women writers of the country, and produced a very brilliant number, the proceeds of which were devoted to the Washington Home for Incurables. The issue was so admirable that it received a tribute that no similar Woman's Edition has ever attained, long and appreciative reviews from the *New York Sun*, *World*, and other leading dailies. On several occasions Mrs. Lincoln has taken a theatre, secured the best professional and amateur talent for a performance in aid of some charity, and has never failed to fill the house and realize a liberal sum after the payment of the large expenses.

In 1896 Mrs. Lincoln produced another book, entitled "A Genuine Girl." The tale was written at the request of her publishers,

Houghton & Mifflin, who were desirous of having some of the prominent characters of "Marjorie's Quest" carried into another novel. No proof more decisive could have been afforded of the long-continued popularity of that first book, and in connection with this subject it is permissible to give an instance which came under the present writer's observation. A copy of "Marjorie" was lying on the table of an English lady in Florence, Italy, when she received a visit from the daughter of the governor-general of Australia. The guest greeted the volume as an old friend, saying: "During several winters I used to read twice a week to a class of blind girls in Melbourne, and whenever I consulted their tastes in the choice of a book they invariably answered: 'Oh, let us have 'Marjorie's Quest.'"

The reception of "A Genuine Girl" verified the correctness of the publishers' judgment. The work is in no sense a sequel to the preceding novel, but Marjorie and several other old friends are introduced, and make as delightful acquaintances as in their more youthful days. The incidents are varied and natural, and certain of the situations are exceedingly dramatic. Recently Mrs. Lincoln has brought out still another book, "An Unwilling Maid," which is in many respects a marked advance on her previous stories. The scene is laid in the closing years of the Revolutionary War, and varies between Litchfield, Conn., and New York during its occupation by the British forces. The fault of many romancers in treating of by-gone days is that, in their endeavor to be literal and exact, the dialogue becomes ponderous from long, involved sentences and odd-sounding expletives that strike the modern ear as strained and unnatural. "An Unwilling Maid" is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the era, but the conversations are always bright and sparkling, while possessing a certain quaintness that preserves the desired illusion without ever growing labored or obtrusively noticeable. The plot is well conceived, and is true to history. The picture of invested New York is very vivid, and the incidents are selected with much skill.

The portrait of Mrs. Lincoln which accompanies this paper is an excellent likeness, and the genial, entertaining dialogue of her books affords a good example of their author's conversational powers. Mrs. Lincoln's generosity and warm-heartedness are too well known for comment to be needed, and her weekly receptions have been for years among Washington's pleasantest social gatherings, where one always encounters a throng of the best representatives of social, diplomatic, and artistic talent.

As a society leader Mrs. Lincoln is at the zenith of success, but there is abundant proof that as a writer, good as her work is, she has allowed herself to be hampered by the fact that her stories were expected to appeal particularly to the young, although her extreme naturalness, pathos, and humor render her a favorite with fiction lovers of every age. It is plain that she possesses a talent for construction and a strong dramatic bent to which the scope of her published novels has not afforded full expression. So generally is this opinion recognized that she has received definite proposals from several famous actors to write them plays, and there is every reason to believe that she would succeed in that most difficult line of literary creation.

The newspapers have already announced that Mrs. Lincoln is now engaged on a more ambitious and extended work, in the shape of an historical romance, which will deal with certain interesting and hitherto untouched episodes of our war for independence. The book will be eagerly awaited by her hosts of admirers, and it is safe to predict that its merit will place this popular author on a still higher plane of literary success, enviable as that reputation already is. *Frank Lee Benedict.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Anna Dill Gamble, author of the story, "The House of the Lighted Windows" in *Short Stories* for January, is a daughter of William Gamble, who built up the Mission Press in Shanghai, China. He was called later by the Japanese government to introduce his system of printing into Japan. Yale College recognized his services in the East by making him an A. M. Miss Gamble's mother was of old

Pennsylvania colonial stock. She herself was born in Paris, France, in 1877, but has lived most of her life in Pennsylvania. She was educated at the Collegiate Institute in York, and has been greatly helped by the encouragement of her mother and the criticisms of her older brother, who is at present one of the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* at Princeton University. "The House of the Lighted Windows" is Miss Gamble's first published work, although the *Youth's Companion* has accepted a story of hers which has not yet appeared.

Clara Maynard Parker, author of the story, "Margrave, Bachelor" in *Harper's Magazine* for January, is a Pennsylvanian by birth, but has lived in New York for several years. Until recently her published work had been confined to children's stories and to incidental essays and unsigned articles in various Philadelphia and New York newspapers. It is only lately that she has begun to publish over her own name. Mrs. Parker intends shortly to publish in book form a collection of essays, some of which have already appeared in various periodicals, and some of which have not been published elsewhere.

Frank H. Sweet, author of the story, "Christmas Eve at Bilger's," in *Lippincott's* for January, devotes his whole time to authorship, and says that pecuniarily he finds it worth more to him than any ordinary profession would be. His experience is a sufficient answer to the question often asked, whether it is possible for a writer to make a living by creative work. The story in *Lippincott's* was one of five articles by Mr. Sweet accepted recently by the same magazine, another of which, quite a long story, is in type for early use. Mr. Sweet recently had a letter from the *Ladies' Home Journal* asking him to submit some stories, and he has also done considerable ordered work, in the story line, for several Sunday school papers. During the past few months he has had short stories accepted by *Short Stories* and the *Independent*, and articles, and stories, and verse by quite a good many of the juvenile, agricultural, and religious papers. He has also had work appear in the *New England Magazine*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Munsey's*, *St. Nicholas*, *Godey's*, and many other publications. He has now in view a novel, the material for which he gathered on the east and south coast of Florida last winter. Mr. Sweet has no settled place of residence. Part of his time is spent in Rhode Island with his own relatives, part in Virginia with his wife's relatives, and the winters usually in traveling through various parts of the South.

J. Rowe Webster, who wrote the story, "Johnny and the Giant," in *St. Nicholas* for January, is a Harvard A. B., of the Class of '93. In 1895 and 1896 he did some post-graduate work at Harvard, for the most part in English. At present he is a private tutor, in an old Massachusetts town, with leisure to read and write, of which he is taking due advantage. "Johnny and the Giant" is his first published story. "If any work of mine shall ever make a moper smile," says Mr. Webster, "I shall be more than content."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Barr. — According to a writer in *Success*, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr draws an income of $20,000 a year from her writings. In this article she tells a story of her struggles and successes as follows: —

"Fortunately, I had parents who understood the value of Biblical and imaginative literature in the formation of intellect. The men and women whom I knew first and best were those of the Hebrew world. Sitting before the nursery fire, while the snow fell softly and ceaselessly, and all the mountains round were white and the streets of the little English town choked with drifts, I could see the camels and the caravans of the Ishmaelitish merchants passing through the hot, sandy desert. I could see Hagar weeping under the palm, and the waters of the Red Sea standing up like a wall. Miriam clashing the timbrels, and Deborah singing under the oak, and Ruth gleaning in the wheatfields of Bethlehem, were as real to me as were the women of my own home. Before I was six years old, I had been with Christian to the Celestial City, and had watched with Crusoe

the mysterious footprint on the sand, and the advent of the savages. Then came the wonders of afrites and genii, and all the marvels and miracles of the Arabian tales. These were the mind-builders, and though schools and teachers and text-books did much afterward, I can never, nor will, forget the glorious company of men and women from the sacred world, and that marvelous company of caliphs, and kings, and princesses from Wonderland and Fairyland that expanded my whole nature and fitted me for the future miracles of nature and science, and all the marvelous people of the poet's realm.

"For eighteen years I was amassing facts and fancies, developing a crude intelligence, waiting for the vitalization of the heart. Then Love, the supreme teacher, came; and his first lesson was renunciation. I was to give up father and mother, home and kindred, friends and country, and follow where he would lead me, into a land strange and far off. Child-bearing and child-losing — the limitations and delights of frontier life — the intimate society of such great and individual men as Sam Houston, and the men who fought with him — the intense feelings induced by war, its uncertainties and possibilities, and the awful abiding in that Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the pestilence that walked in darkness, and the sickness that destroyed at noonday,— all these events, with their inevitable 'asides,' were instrumental in the education and preparation of the seventeen years of my married life."

It was after the death of her husband that Mrs. Barr, who was left under the necessity of earning her living, began to devote her attention to the writing of the many popular novels that now bear her name. — *Baltimore News.*

Crawford. — Marion Crawford's library in his Sorrento home is not a workroom, but the place where the author's books are kept in careful order, those he needs at any time being carried up to his study, and brought down again when no longer wanted. There are about five thousand volumes, very largely books of reference and classics. Besides the books the library contains only a writing table, three or four chairs, and a bronze bust of Mr. Crawford's uncle, the late Samuel Ward.

Mr. Crawford's study or workroom at Villa Crawford is on the top of the house, by the tower, and opens upon a flat roof, after the Italian fashion. There are windows on three sides, as it is often important to be able to shut out the sun without losing too much light; the walls are simply white-washed, and the floor is of green and white tiles. In the middle there is a very large table, with a shelf at the back on which stand in a row a number of engravings and etchings. A small revolving book-case full of books of reference has its place close to his hand, and his writing-chair is of the most ordinary American pattern.

The effect of the room as a whole is severe and simple, but the view from its windows is most beautiful and varied. To the south lie olive-clad hills, with white houses dotted here and there among orange groves, and with the craggy mass of Monte Sant' Angelo, rising higher than Vesuvius itself, for a background; westward one looks over Sant' Angelo and the neighboring townships, and to the northeast, across the shining bay, the curved white line of Naples stretches far along the shore, while Vesuvius broods fatefully over the villages at its feet.

Mr. Crawford is an early riser, being usually at his writing-table between six and seven o'clock. If it is winter, he lights his own fire, and in any season begins the day, like most people who have lived much in southern countries, with a small cup of black coffee and a pipe. About nine o'clock he goes down stairs to spend an hour with his wife and children, and then returns to his study and works uninterruptedly until luncheon, which in summer is an early dinner. In warm weather the household goes to sleep immediately after this meal, to re-assemble toward five o'clock; but the author often works straight through this time, always, however, giving the late afternoon and evening to his family. On Sundays, after early church, parents and children go off in a boat to some one of the many lovely spots which are to be found among the rocks along the shore, taking with them fire-wood, a kettle, and all that is necessary for a "macaronata," or macaroni picnic. The sailors do the cooking, while the children look on or go in swimming with their

father, and when the simple feast is over the rest of the afternoon is spent in sailing over the bay, perhaps as far as Capri if the breeze holds.

The impression, quite generally entertained, that Mr. Crawford throws off one book after another as fast as he can write them down is based upon a misapprehension of his method of working. For months, or even for several years, a subject is constantly in his mind, and he spares no study to improve his rendering of it. Travelers in Arabia, for instance, have commended the "local color" of his "Khaled," which, however, is quite as much due to patient reading as to imagination, for he has never been there. The actual writing of his stories is done quickly, partly because few authors have had such large experience of all the mechanical work connected with literature. From early manhood he has been entirely dependent on his own resources, and during his two years' editorship of an Indian newspaper he practically wrote it all every day, correcting the proof into the bargain. After his return to America, and before writing "Mr. Isaacs," he supported himself by any literary work he could get. The man so often called "a born story-teller" is also a careful student, especially reverent of the precious inheritance of our language, and some of his works are now used as class-books for the study of modern English literature throughout this country, a fact which may easily escape the knowledge of the novel-reading public which owes him so much pleasure. — *William Bond, in The Critic.*

Daudet. — Daudet flung himself into the life of Paris with the passionate enthusiasm that might be expected of a young Gascon with a nature so sensitive and so luxuriant. He grew up in his literary work with the Goncourt brothers, Turgéneff, Flaubert, and Zola. The same classic ideals of perfection in form, to be achieved by vast industry and by what Stevenson declared was "sweating blood," that made the significance of Flaubert, controlled Daudet in his slightest effort. His plan of work was to jot in his note-book every impression, incident, or thought that seemed to him likely to become worthy of literary exploitation, and to refer to this mine of material when the moment of creation arrived. He wrote rather slowly, with his pen, except his plays, which were dictated, and revised and re-revised with interminable patience and care. With Flaubert such a method produced but little over and above his perfection of form and style. Daudet, tingling to the tips of his fingers with rich and vivacious life, was never for a moment in danger of succumbing to the fascination of mere form, which has made Flaubert seem arid to most readers. No human passion, sorrow, joy, could fail to find a responsive chord in Daudet's nature.

Though, as has been said, Daudet was not a rapid writer, and spent a great amount of time in the most painstaking revision, he was able to concentrate his attention so closely upon any effort immediately before him that the bibliography we have appended to these notes on his life shows a very considerable output. When he had once applied himself to a story, or a poem, or a play, he stopped for nothing — fearful that the working rhythm might be interrupted. Sometimes he worked for eighteen hours on a stretch, broken only by short intervals for meals; and after these he immediately returned to his work, on the ground, as he said, that the drowsiness which accompanies digestion would overtake him if he waited even a few moments. Doubtless it would have been better for Daudet and for the world if he had allowed somewhat more drowsiness and digestion in his life. For he broke down when he should have been just coming into his prime, and for more than ten years had been invalided with rheumatism and its complications. — *Review of Reviews for February.*

"George Egerton." — "George Egerton" is a careful observer of life on her own account. Her method is to arrange the story in her mind beforehand, completely and in detail, the actual writing taking her the shortest possible time. — *Literature.*

Kipling. — Rudyard Kipling has established a reputation as a wanderer, it apparently being impossible for him to reside in one place for any great length of time. Starting with a residence in India, it was not a great many years before he moved to England. Then he came to America, locating in Brattleboro, Vt., but recently gave up his home there, and settled in Rottingdean, England. Now it is reported that very

shortly he will remove with his family to Cape Town, Africa, where he has taken a house. But Mr. Kipling's frequent removals may not be the result of fickleness so much as deliberate intention to become familiar with the people of different countries. No other man has written so prolifically of so many diverse subjects, but he always shows that his knowledge is more than superficial. If other authors were to follow his studious example and write in a less haphazard manner, the literary results would be much improved. — *Troy Times.*

Rosetti. — Of Christina Rosetti's literary habits her brother William says: "Christina's habits of composition were eminently of a spontaneous kind. I question whether she ever once deliberated with herself whether or not she would write something or other, and then, having thought out a subject, proceeded to treat it in regular spells of work. Instead of this, something impelled her feelings, or 'came into her head,' and her hand obeyed the dictation. I suppose she scribbled the lines off rapidly enough, and afterward took whatever amount of pains she deemed requisite for keeping them right in form and expression — for she was quite conscious that a poem demands to be good in execution as well as genuine in impulse; but (strange as it may seem to say so of a sister, who, up to the year 1876, was almost constantly in the same house with me) I cannot remember ever seeing her in the act of composition. (I take no count here of the bouts-rimés sonnets of 1848.) She consulted nobody, and solicited no advice, though it is true that with regard to her published volumes — or at any rate the first two of them — my brother volunteered to point out what seemed well adapted for insertion, and what the reverse, and he found her a very willing recipient of his monitions."

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Utilizing a Fountain Pen. — I have a fountain pen that I discarded long ago because it was so jealous in preserving all the ink that I trustingly confided to it. In other words, it was continually getting clogged, so that it would n't write. Recently I have begun using it again, without filling it, simply dipping it in the inkstand as I would any ordinary pen. I have no trouble with it now whatever, and I find I can write with it, with one dipping, a good many more words than I can with an ordinary pen. As a self-feeding pen it is a failure. As a reservoir pen it is a great success.

A. R. L.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ALPHONSE DAUDET. With portrait. Adolphe Cohn. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. With frontispiece portrait and other illustrations. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

THE TRAVELING LIBRARY — A BOON FOR COUNTRY READERS. Illustrated. W. B. Shaw. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

THE NAMES IN BALZAC'S BOOKS. Henry Haynie. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

A REMINISCENCE OF CARLYLE. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR: THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY. With portrait. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "AULD LANG SYNE." With a portrait of Burns, and a fac-simile of the manuscript. Cuyler Reynolds. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

RUSKIN AS AN OXFORD LECTURER. With frontispiece portrait. James Manning Bruce. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

THE BOOKBINDER'S ART. With reproductions of designs. Arthur L. Marlow. *Pall Mall Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MIND. David Starr Jordan. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for February.

THE OTHER SIDE OF LETTERS. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) or February.

SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN. — III. Theodore F. WOLFE. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

A LITERARY SUCCESS (Sketch). Willis Irwin. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE. — I. George Du Maurier. Illustrated. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

FICTION OLD AND NEW. — THE COMPARATIVE LITERATURE SOCIETY. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for February.

BOOK-MAKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES. G. F. Ferris. *Harper's Round Table* (13 c.) for February.

MRS. OLIPHANT AND HER RIVALS. By an old personal friend. Reprinted from *Scottish Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 1.

BLACKWOODIANA. Herbert Maxwell. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 8.

HEINRICH HEINE: A CENTURY RETROSPECT. Edward Dowden. Reprinted from *Cosmopolis* in *Living Age* (18c.) for January 15.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY. St. George Mivart. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 22.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Living Age* for January 22.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE. David Anderson. Reprinted from *Scottish Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for January 29.

W. J. LINTON. R. H. Stoddard. *Critic* (13 c.) for January 8

MARION CRAWFORD AT SORRENTO. William Bond. *Critic* (13 c.) for January 15.

LEWIS CARROLL. A. I. du Pont Coleman. *Critic* (13 c.) for January 22.

MRS. MARY COWDEN-CLARKE. "W. J. R." *Critic* (13 c.) for January 22.

WHITTIER'S BOY LOVE. Mary C. Crawford. *Boston Transcript* (13 c.) for January 13.

JOHN MUIR AT HOME. Emma Shaw Colcleugh. *Boston Transcript* for January 22.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Herbert Spencer, who is suffering from heart trouble, has been removed from London to Brighton.

Leon Daudet is at work upon a biography of his father.

The assertion is made that for the last twenty years Alphonse Daudet never made less than $20,000 a year from his work.

"Rachel Penn," author of "A Son of Israel," is Mrs. Willard, the wife of the actor.

"Helen Blackmar Maxwell" is Mrs. A. S. Barker.

E. L. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly," is Mrs. Voynich.

J. F. Willard, a young American, better known in literature as "Josiah Flynt," who has made a reputation by his studies from life of tramp life, vagabondage, and criminal characteristics in several countries, has started from Berlin (where his mother resides) on an interesting expedition. He studies, by residing among them, the life and views and vices of the classes before mentioned in Russia, both European and Asiatic, and means to penetrate as far as Samarkand.

B. O. Flower, of Boston, has started a monthly magazine, entitled the *Family Messenger*.

Johnson Brigham, editor of the *Midland Monthly* (Des Moines), has been appointed state librarian of Iowa. His new duties will not interfere with his editorial work.

John Lane, of "The Bodley Head," is soon to visit New York. Before his return to England he will marry Mrs. Anna Eichberg King.

The real name of Francisque Sarcey, the distinguished Parisian critic, is François. He has for fifty years used the less common name exclusively till the other day, when he went to enter his son's name in the army list. Although the pseudonym of a writer is considered valid in France for all commercial purposes, official papers in the army have to be signed with the real name.

The *Publishers' Weekly* learns that Mark Twain has paid off three-fourths of the indebtedness of C. L. Webster & Co., the publishing firm of which he was a member. The creditors offered to settle on a fifty-per-cent. basis. Twenty-eight per cent. was realized from the assets. Presently Mr. Clemens brought the payment up to fifty per cent., and not long ago he paid twenty-five per cent. more. He is quoted as saying that it will be three years before he can publish another book.

A Guild of Catholic Authors was organized January 17 at 120 West Fifty-ninth street, New York. It is to be a national affair, and its aim will be to place within the reach of the young writers the experience of the older and successful Catholic authors, to make suggestions about a choice of literary work, and to promote the cultivation of the Catholic spirit in every department of letters. Miss Marian Brunowe is the corresponding secretary.

A. E. Keet, formerly editor of the *Forum*, has become the manager in the United States of the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Current History, the quarterly review edited by Alfred S. Johnson and heretofore published at Buffalo, will hereafter be published at Boston by the New England Publishing Company.

Having outgrown its old quarters, the *Critic* (New York) has taken the entire top floor of the Kennedy Building, and its address will hereafter be 289 Fourth avenue.

The *Idler* has just been bought by J. M. Dent & Co. H. G. Bromhead will probably succeed Mr. Jerome as editor.

Judge, *Leslie's Weekly*, and *Demorest's Family Magazine* have been consolidated. The papers will hereafter all be published by a new corporation known as the Arkell Publishing Company, of which W. J. Arkell is president. An English edition of *Judge* is to be brought out in London. Victor Gillam of the *Judge* staff will be in charge of the foreign cartoon department there.

Garden and Forest has ceased publication.

Fire wrecked the editorial, composing, art-photographic, and plate departments of the *Illustrated American* (New York) January 14. The loss to the Illustrated American Company was $20,000. De Grenville, Seymour, & Co. are the publishers. The fire, it is said, has prevented the carrying out of a co-operative, scheme under which the employees of the publication were, after this month, to share in its profits or losses. Hereafter the paper will be edited in its new offices, in the Metropolis Building, in Fifth avenue.

A prize of $2,000 in gold will be awarded two years hence by the American Philosophical Society for the best manuscript submitted before May 1, 1899, on the subject: "The development of the law, as illustrated by the decisions relating to the police power of the State." The essay shall not contain more than 100,000 words, excluding notes. Such notes, if any, should be kept separate as an appendix. The essays must be addressed to Frederick Fraley, president of the society, 104 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

According to the *Publishers' Weekly* there were 4,171 new books published in the United States during 1897, as compared with 5,189 in 1896 and 5,469 in 1895. Fiction led with 713 titles, law was second with 474, and theology third with 447. In England 7,926 books were published in 1897 — 1,353 more than in 1896. Fiction increased from 1,654 to 1,960; theology, from 503 to 594; educational works, from 529 to 692; and books dealing with political and social economy, trade, and commerce, from 247 to 531.

Schedules of Robert H. Merriam, president and treasurer of the Merriam Company, show liabilities of $65,552; contingent liabilities, 9,444; nominal and actual assets, $2.33 in cash.

The topics for discussion at the International Congress of Press Women in Washington February 18 and 19 are: Practical Journalistic Work, Moral and Educational Value of Journalism, The Graduation of the Newspaper Hack, The National Magazine, The Illustrator's Rank in Journalism, Can Journalism be Taught? The Outcome of Press Congresses. Newspaper writers, authors, and illustrators are invited to attend. The secretary of the Congress committee is May Whitney Emerson, 228 New Jersey avenue, Southeast, Washington.

Harper's Magazine for February contains the first of two papers by George du Maurier on "Social Pictorial Satire," in which the writer discusses the caricaturists, John Leech and Charles Keene, as well as his own experience as illustrator.

The frontispiece of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for February is a striking portrait of Alphonse Daudet. Four pages of text give an excellent summing-up of the vital elements in the great French writer's career, and a convenient list of his works is appended. The same number has an interesting illustrated article on "The Traveling Library — A Boon for American Country Readers."

Colonel Higginson's entertaining reminiscences in the February *Atlantic* embrace his experiences for many years as a platform speaker, both in private and public life.

The *Critic* for January 22 gives in full Zola's address at the grave of Daudet. The original manuscript is reproduced in both French and English, the translation being by Theodore Stanton, whose striking description of Daudet's funeral appeared in the *Critic* for January 8. The last page of the manuscript is given in facsimile. The *Critic's* account of the life and writings of Daudet appeared December 25.

Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke died at Genoa January 13, aged eighty-eight.

Rev. Charles H. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") died January 14, aged sixty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, MARCH, 1898. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS: PAGE

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS. XIX. — By the Editor of the *National Magazine*. *Arthur W. Tarbell*. 33
A WRITER'S MAIL. *Frank H. Sweet*. 35
LATTER-DAY CHARACTERISTICS OF AUTHORS. *Ruth Hall*. 36
THE PASSING OF THE CAPITAL LETTER. *Samuel Merrill*. 37
EDITORIAL. 40
Realism in Writing Dialogue, 40 — Women Writers in the United States, 40 — Herbert Spencer on Cod-liver Oil. 41
QUERIES. 41
WOMAN'S PRESS CONGRESS. 41
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 41
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 41
Elizabeth Knowlton Carter, 41 — Neil Carew, 41 — Mary A. O. Clark, 42 — Pauline Shackleford Colyar, 42 — Earle Hooker Eaton, 42 — Louise Betts Edwards, 42 — Percie W. Hart. 43 — Addison Ellsworth, 43 — Mrs. Kate Kingsley Ide, 43 — Willis Irwin, 44 — Francis Sterne Palmer, 44 — Herbert Randall, 44 — Dora E. W. Spratt, 44 — William A. Taaffe, 45 — Samuel M. Warns. 45
BOOK REVIEWS. 45
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 47
NEWS AND NOTES. 47

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

XIX. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

I have been asked to say, through the medium of THE WRITER, the few editorial guide-words toward helping a manuscript pass muster, that, were it possible for present or prospective contributors to the *National Magazine* to drop in upon me sometime at my office, — provided of course, it were not my busy day, — I should be glad to address to them direct. It is very probable that on that occasion I might talk for hours, or on this occasion might write for pages, and still not bring the reader one step nearer success; for, when everything else is said and done, the fact still remains that there is no royal road to acceptance, and that of all advice in the world that which comes pretty near counting for the least is advice to literary workers. Ninety-nine suggestions I might give that would seemingly cover the entire field toward making an article available, and yet a writer might turn upon me with a hundreth one of his own and win the day. I may say that he would beyond question win the day, for an editor, of all men, likes to be surprised with things rare and good.

In seeming contradiction to my non-belief in advice, I would beg to offer what follows as the few suggestions that may help. I do this primarily because it is what I was asked to do, and again because in every thousand shots there is the chance of one hitting the bull's-eye, and if any of these arrows of mine should bring to ground as game even one manuscript of worth, the cost of the throw will have been justified.

As the *National* is still a young proposition and one of the comparatively new magazines in the field, its avenues of approach give easier access than those of the older and more conservative publications. Its standard of acceptance is not so high, and its range of matter is much broader; nor is it as yet groove-bound by any one particular policy, penchant, or prejudice. It is from first to last, according to its name, a national magazine, reflecting, as best it can, that which in our national life is significant in interest and worthy of permanence. Subjects timely, original, unique, and specialized, or interestingly descriptive, that are of value in their material and effective in their treatment, are, broadly speaking, the kind of articles the *National* wants. To be more specific, they must be so written as to speak to "every man

in the manner wherein he is born"; in other words, to be popular. They must "talk" themselves. They must possess the force, vigor, interest, conclusiveness, and completeness that make at once both an immediate and a lasting impression on the reader, and leave him with the feeling that he has in a nutshell all that for ordinary human purposes, and for the time being, is worth knowing of the topic. In these days of hurry there must be quick service in periodical literature, as in all other kinds of business. One's mind must be fed as expeditiously as one's body, or as one's taste is for pleasure and travel.

Above and beyond all this, contributions must be supplemented by good illustrations, illustrations that lend particular atmosphere and strength of their own to the text, that picture to the eye at a glance a vast deal of the story which the writer has tried to get in words, and that represent in their tones of light and shade all that is characteristic, and in a way distinctive, of the theme in hand. For illustrations in this glance-and-pass-on age are seemingly the *sine qua non* of a taking readable magazine article.

For a descriptive illustrated article the treatment employed by Julian Ralph and Richard Harding Davis appeals most forcibly to the reader. Both of these writers use dialogue, local coloring, humor, incident, and the aspects of their subject are at once characteristic and picturesque to a most effective degree. They discard entirely the old-fashioned guide-book method where the writer gives you in detail the distance between two points, the length and time necessary for the journey and the different modes of conveyance, the dimensions and architecture of the buildings, and all the rest of that categorical stuff so tedious to the reader. The successful descriptive article is such because its writer, in traveling, has had his eyes very wide open to the things which really made the place what it was, and to the scenes and situations that are not commonplace, but special, not dry or devoid of coloring, but full of spirit and interest, not in value alone to the man who lives on the spot, but attractive to every reader the world over. Such descriptive articles for the *National* should be between two thousand and five thousand words in length, and should in every case be accompanied by a dozen or so perfect print photographs for illustrative requirements.

In addition to the above we are always ready, yes, eager, to consider short stories about three thousand or four thousand words long. I am well aware that there has never been a time compared to the prolific present when short stories so literally deluged the magazine offices, but the much-to-be-regretted fact still remains that the shortage in quality is as great as ever. So intent is the search for the really good — proclaim-it-from-the-house-top — short story that I am inclined to believe there is not a live editor in the country who would not postpone his date of issue a week, were he certain that by so doing he would capture a bit of fiction that would be a revelation to his readers. For such a publication as the *National Magazine* the short stories submitted must never be merely sensational, and must never take any unfitting license with either language or life. What we want are stories with possible plots, cleverly manipulated: stories that preserve the right balance between dialogue and description, and the characters and environments of which breathe an atmosphere of reality: stories above all that are saturated with a purpose, but saturated so artistically and so unobtrusively that you would fail to discover in them, even with a microscope, the slightest trace of a moral.

In the "'Twixt Smiles and Tears" department of the *National Magazine* there is offered an opportunity for a writer to try his hand at a less pretentious class of fiction. Here sketches, storiettes, verses, pastels, and fragments of a humorous and pathetic nature find their place. Brevity and the art of the impressionist count for much. It is true that "smiles" are apt to predominate in manuscripts of this nature sent to us, but it must be remembered that the influence of the "tears" lasts longer.

By way of a restriction, I wish to add that from the very nature of its class the *National* does not find readily acceptable argumentative contributions, essays, addresses, articles on political, social, religious, or literary subjects, anything in fact that is apt to appeal more

directly to the specialist than to the average magazine reader.

As to our patience and tolerance in reading and carefully considering anything writers may wish to submit, I would beg to say, as a last word, that it is infinite.

Arthur W. Tarbell.

BOSTON, Mass.

A WRITER'S MAIL.

To those who write, the incoming mail is a thing of importance, for not only does it bring the announcement of successes and failures, but likewise many curious and interesting greetings from the audience unconsciously reached. Sometimes when I read a letter of this kind, ludicrous perhaps, or perhaps delightful from the frank interest which the questions imply in something written, I wonder what the mail of a famous personage must be — surely a very Golconda of curiosities and epistolary gems.

Many periodicals, like the *Independent*, have a custom of appending the writer's address to an article, and this courtesy in a way is an intimation that readers who desire further light are at liberty to obtain it by personal letters.

I can understand how these letters might be a burden, how a busy writer might even throw them into the waste-basket unanswered; and yet I doubt not that if they were suddenly withdrawn, even the busy writer would feel aggrieved. Some of them may be troublesome, perhaps impossible, to answer; but in compensation there are many that are veritable prizes, introductions, as it were, to real friends of whom the writer has never heard, and whom he would be loth to lose sight of, now that they are known. They connect him with his work even more than the letters of the editors themselves, for they are unsolicited testimonials that his articles have been read, and with interest.

Recently I had a letter from a man in a northern county of New England asking me about farms in Exeter, R. I., the condition of fences, taxes, crops, prospects of earning a living, etc. As I have never been inside the township of Exeter, my knowledge of the subject is at best vague. I suppose this correspondent saw my name appended to some farm article, and, as Rhode Island is a small state, concluded I was familiar with all its minutest details. During the past week I have received a letter from a man in Nebraska, asking me to find him "a Woman from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, well build and shaped, a German Lady and a Catholic," but intimating that if I could not find a German Catholic, a German Lutheran or Irish Catholic would do. The letter concluded with the statement that the writer's "motive is honesty through this World."

It was not easy to answer this correspondent, for he was evidently sincere and very much in earnest. His writing indicated that a pen was a strange and formidable weapon; and the labored work and corrections made me see, in imagination, a lonely ranch and a middle-aged man doing his own farm work and housekeeping, but longing for some one to join him as a companion and helper. Doubtless a woman was a creature almost unknown in his vicinity, and very likely the East was to him a favored land that was over-supplied with such treasures. Although I was not operating a matrimonial bureau, it was with real regret that I wrote him of my inability to meet his case. During the past few months I have had several articles in Western farm papers, and doubtless this aspirant for a home saw my address appended to one of them, and, from my geographical position, concluded I would be a good agent for his purpose.

Other correspondents have asked me what

to do for a living, to act as agent for something they wanted to sell, to find congenial homes and attention for invalids who were almost without money, to do things impossible and inconsequential, and sometimes things ridiculous; but, on the other hand, there are letters — and fortunately these are the most numerous — which it is a positive pleasure to read and answer; letters of inquiry about places, about journeys made, or to be made. A great many of these have come to me from my articles in the *Independent* about Florida, from persons who contemplate going there another year, and who want as much positive and direct information as possible; persons who went this season, and who wrote for a few more details before starting; persons who would like to go, or who are interested in how other people go. It is such letters as these that compensate for the perplexing ones, and make a writer glad to have his address printed conspicuously at the end of an article as an open invitation for all to write to him who will. *Frank H. Sweet.*

PEACE DALE, R. I.

LATTER-DAY CHARACTERISTICS OF AUTHORS.

This is a time of exquisite literary style and tact. No author of repute would allow his characters to talk in the stilted, artificial fashion often fallen into fifty years ago by writers upon whom, in many respects, it were hopeless to try to improve. Sentiment takes the place of sentimentality, delicate suggestion of prosiness, and light satire — generally — of heavy-handed fun. Yet it is all done so gracefully, with such apparent ease, that one might call this the age of careful carelessness.

It is not altogether so. There is a careless carefulness about it, too. The trifles are set forth with elaboration. There is a deal of what David Christie Murray calls "notebook literature," and yet the want of thoroughness — that tremendous need of our day — shows itself everywhere. There is constantly noticeable a laziness that "lets it go," that does not verify, that quotes at second-hand, or from a treacherous memory.

A recent essay of Colonel Higginson's speaks of Miss Austen's saying a visit should consist of the Rest day, the Dresst day, and the Presst day. In fact, Miss Perrier was the author of the phrase. Tom Hall, in a slight magazine sketch, the other day, made a character borrow Swinburne to re-read his lines on "lazy, laughing, languid Jenny." I hope he found them. Dean Hole's "Little Tour in America" quotes "See the conquering hero, himself, comes," and the *New York Herald* of December 3, 1894, as saying "Chicago Aldermen were Buncombed." Anna Katherine Green's "Dr. Izzard" alludes to Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." Mark Twain's use of Yankee dialect in the supposititious translation from an old French manuscript of his "Joan of Arc" is another case in point. In many ways the story is astonishingly faithful: in its whole tone it is as hopelessly American, Western, modern, as a cowboy.

I might extend these random examples from hundreds of sources. I shall, however, call on but one more author. Miss Repplier is so charming in her pleasant essays that it is almost captious to complain of her shortcomings. Yet a very little reading on one's own account will suffice to show that some of her many quotations are not obtained from the authors themselves at the moment of writing. In her latest book she asserts that Hazlitt's devotion to Napoleon was based solely upon the latter's knowledge of Richardson. Those acquainted with Hazlitt's life and literature will see how absurd this statement is. So, at the allusion, also in "Varia," to the strictness in which the brothers and sisters of Elizabeth Fry were reared, the reader of "The Gurneys of Earlham" will smile, remembering the freedom of

that happy family under the easy-going neglect of older sisters little more than children themselves.

When there really is, now-a-days, such hard work spent in structure and expression, one wonders that "the genius for taking pains" goes no further. When all is said, this is an indolent day. Three-fourths of our food is brought to us cooked and preserved, ready for almost instant use. Three-fourths of our intellectual pabulum is in the same "prepared" form, in brief paragraphs or short stories which seem all that our minds wish to grasp. The end-of-the-century reader is like a child whose meat is cut up for him on his plate. Unhappily, the caterer is as reluctant to toil as the partaker. He wishes to do only the pleasant part. The writer will not drudge at serving, any more than the reader will in the being served. Tact is at a premium, just now, in all directions. It keeps our literature from many evils. But it is not so strong as the modern *laisser faire*. That rules. *Ruth Hall.*

CATSKILL, N. Y.

THE PASSING OF THE CAPITAL LETTER.

"Style," that bugbear of every publishing house, that intangible and unobtainable supplement of the dictionary and grammar, has no more puzzling department than that relating to the use of capitals. A few rules, brief, easily compiled and easily understood, will dispose of the subject of abbreviations, the use of numerals, spelling, and compounding, and with less precision they will determine the subject of punctuation, but capitalizing will still be a field for uncertainty and difference of opinion.

In the good old days, a century ago, when writers of English capitalized every noun, there was little chance for controversy. Dictionaries were less numerous and less exacting then than now, and "style" had not become the club which the proofreader, inexorable and inaccessible, hurls with fiendish glee at the head of the writer.

The user of modern English writes "the German government," and explains that he capitalizes German because it is a "proper" adjective, and writes government with a lower-case initial because it is a "common" noun. The German translator transposes the capitals, writing "*die deutsche Regierung*." In doing so he calls attention to the rule of his language that all nouns must be capitalized, and all adjectives written in lower case. The German rule is certainly simple, and forestalls all discussion. It is, moreover, a rule of the language, and not a rule of one publishing house merely, which may differ from the corresponding rule of another publishing house across the street. It is substantially the survival of an old system, which has been abandoned in the English, French, Spanish, Italian, and many other languages.

With the abandonment of the ancient rule our troubles began. Disputes arose as to what constituted a proper noun, as to what cases of personification warranted the capitalization of the personified word, and so on indefinitely. Then, while the book publishers used capitals freely, some of the newspapers, in the feverish haste incident to the business, went to the other extreme, to save where possible the need for the compositor to reach to the upper case for a character which could be found in the lower case. Most writers, unfortunately, are left to acquire rules on this subject by observing the practice followed in such books and periodicals as they read, and it is not strange that they become confused, in view of the lack of uniformity between the different printing establishments.

Since the introduction of the linotype machine, which is used in most daily newspaper offices and in many book and magazine establishments, one objection to "upper-case" letters is removed, for on the linotype keyboard

it is as easy to strike a capital as a small letter.

A contributor to the February WRITER commends the *Critic*, the *Nation*, and the *Dial* for their practice in the use of capitals, citing the following instances: "The Alpine Club," "Trinity Church," "Faneuil Hall," "Bunker Hill Monument," "American Philosophical Society," "Niagara Falls," "the Seventh Regiment," "the Monroe Doctrine," "Arctic Ocean," "the British Islands," etc. Proof-readers in many offices will endorse the usage as here indicated; nevertheless, it is believed that the tendency, as influenced by the newspapers, is to use capitals with much less freedom.

If capitals are to be used as quoted above, many words will be given undue typographical prominence. The word "club" in the names of a thousand and one minor social organizations would be treated as if it were a proper noun, whereas it is only a generic word, and as common a common noun when preceded by the name of the organization as it is in the phrase "a club member." "Alpine Club," "Faneuil Hall," "Arctic Ocean," would necessitate capitalizing Club, Hall, Ocean, River, Mountain, Street, Bank, and so on, wherever these words are preceded by the name of the club, hall, etc. There are thousands of halls: the name of the particular one, the distinguishing word, is Faneuil, and this, logically, is all that should be capitalized.

There are many hills, therefore capitalize Bunker if you mean Bunker hill; there are many monuments, therefore capitalize Bunker Hill if you mean Bunker Hill monument; there are many associations, therefore capitalize Bunker Hill Monument if you mean Bunker Hill Monument association.

Among all the societies in this country there is one which is known as the American Philosophical society; there are hundreds of insursurance companies, and one in particular is called the Boston Fire and Marine insurance company. The hypercritical man may say there are other fire and marine insurance companies, therefore we should capitalize only Boston. It is very true. Perhaps we shall come to that by and by.

From time immemorial such expressions as the following have been capitalized: Magna Charta, the Reformation, Middle Ages, the Revolution, the Father of His Country, Declaration of Independence, Bill of Rights, the Constitution, the Rebellion, Southern Confederacy, the Grand Old Man, the Dark Continent, the United Kingdom. Newspapers of the present day are breaking away from tradition, and in many cases, as in that of the *Boston Globe*, are printing all these words with lower-case initials. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. To capitalize them is a deference to ancient custom; it singles them out from minor events, and persons, and state papers, in recognition of their historical importance. On the other hand, if these are to be capitalized, where shall a line be drawn? In the gradually diminishing scale of importance, where shall we begin with lower-case initials? If all writers were agreed on the question of importance, there would be little objection to writing these words as printed above, but there is a sad lack of agreement in the case of similar expressions. The only rule having sufficient precision for the every-day uses of a busy newspaper office is one providing for the use of the least possible number of capitals.

For the sake of precise rules which shall be free from exceptions, many newspapers find it convenient to begin other classes of words with small letters. One reader, seeing "the state of New York," objects that the word state is of sufficient importance to be capitalized.

"Would you capitalize 'the State of Rhode Island'?" we will ask him.

"Certainly," he would reply, with confidence "following the analogy of 'the State of New York.'"

"How about 'the town of Rehoboth'?"

"Oh, that's different! a mere town is of comparatively little importance."

"Say, then, 'city of Boston'?"

"Well, I suppose 'city' should be lower-case, if 'town' is."

"But," we tell him, "the city of Boston is of more importance in respect of population and wealth than the state of Rhode Island!"

He would probably attempt to dispose of the question with the remark that "there is an ob-

vious propriety in writing Church and State with capitals," but he would leave the question really unsettled.

Common nouns should be capitalized when they become proper nouns, and similarly proper nouns, when they become common nouns or adjectives, should be written in lower case. This rule will be criticised in some of its applications, and it is often a difficult one to follow. The guillotine took the name of its inventor, a Paris physician. At this day no one would think of writing the word with a capital "G." The gatling gun is also the invention of a physician, and the word is in sufficiently common use to warrant a small initial. On the western frontier men are often armed with winchesters, the word being locally as much a common noun as "guillotine." Whether in the East "winchester" should be treated as a common noun, and if so, whether the names of other firearms should be similarly written, may be a mooted question.

Other expressions following this rule, as used in some newspapers of the present day, may be illustrated as follows: —

A leghorn bonnet.

A plaster of paris canary bird; london purple and prussian blue; greek fire; dover's powders; bright's disease

The compositor should set b ussels and wilton carpet in lower case roman.

It was bound in half russia.

The house has a french roof.

A mecca for disappointed politicians.

He sat in a pullman car smoking a havana.

His christian name is James.

She had held the offices of pomona and ceres in the Patrons of Husbandry.

A bunch of catherine mermet roses.

Three plymouth rock chickens, fed on indian corn.

In a pickwickian sense.

Some of these uses of lower-case initials may be open to question, and other instances might be cited in which lower-case initials might be used with equal propriety. It is difficult in some cases to determine when a proper noun becomes common, but it is certain that in many cases there is such a tendency. Captain Boycott, an Irish land agent, less than two decades ago, gave his name to a certain method of coercion. To-day boycott is a familiar common noun in half a dozen languages.

Illustrations under the rules for capitalizing in force in the office of the *Boston Globe* are given below: —

The 55th congress; general assembly; house of commons; U. S. supreme court; state house; treasury department; League island navy yard.

New York custom house; the chamber of commerce.

The common and the public garden.

Palmer house; National theater.

Harvard university and the institute of Technology; Immanuel church; the church of England.

Maine Central railroad company; the First national bank.

The district of Columbia; the southern states; Ottawa river; river St. Lawrence; the gulf of Mexico; cape Cod; the White mountains; Fifth av.

Co. B, 2d regiment, M. V. M.

The democratic party; an anarchist.

The president summoned the secretary of war; President McKinley; the prince of Wales visited the queen; Queen Victoria and the czar.

It would be well if the English language were susceptible of the same precision in the use of capitals as the German; at the same time it is not necessary that the styles in use in book and newspaper offices shall agree, any more than that the literary and commercial styles of capitalizing shall agree.

The contributor to the February WRITER concluded with the sentiment: "Of course, no one writer can do much toward effecting a reformation along these lines, but each one can contribute something toward the desired end."

The present writer will conclude with the assertion that it is utterly immaterial, so far as effecting a reformation is concerned, what use any writer makes of capital letters: the "style" of the office where his matter is printed will determine all questions of capitalization. For this reason it would be useless to lay down a code of rules in a magazine article like the present. All writers should, however, conform in preparing their copy as closely as possible to the rules of the office to which it is intended to submit it, and these rules are generally ascertainable only by reading publications issued from that office.

Samuel Merrill.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. MARCH, 1898. NO. 3.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The skillful story-teller is the one who tells things just as they happened, or would have happened. To be natural, as every skilled novelist knows, is the very finest art. In dialogue especially, truth to life is of supreme importance. Now and then you hear it said of a man: "He talks like a book." The saying implies that books generally do not talk like men, and perhaps they should not in narrative or in description, but when they are reporting what men have said, or would have said, they ought to be brought as near as possible to nature.

* * *

It is an excellent plan for a story writer to read his dialogue aloud, after he has written it, giving to each sentence as far as possible, the expression that would be given to it by the speaker. In doing this, if he has written impossible sentences, as many writers do, he is likely to discover them. There is no reason why characters in books should not be made to talk exactly as they would in life. It is defective art to make them use language that would not be natural to them. The *Youth's Companion* tells of a Boston girl who came home from her first lesson in bicycle riding and remarked:—

"The man said that I had made most satisfactory progress for a novice."

"Why, did he really say that?" was the surprised query.

"Well, no," answered the Boston young woman, after a moment's reflection; "what he did say was: 'You do fust-rate for a new beginner!'"

A friend of the poet Bryant chanced to be alone in his study when a cabinetmaker brought home a chair that had been altered. When Mr. Bryant returned, he asked:—

"Miss Robbins, what did the man say about my chair?"

"He said," answered the visitor, "that the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted."

"What a fine fellow!" said Mr. Bryant, laughing. "I never heard him talk like that. Were those his exact words?"

"Well, he said: 'It joggles just right!'" repeated Miss Robbins.

* * *

In a reference to the International Congress of Press Women held at Washington last month, the statement has been made that altogether the women writers of the United States, includ-

ing publishers, editors, reporters, and translators, count up to more than 20,000. Whew!

* * *

"I think it probable," said Herbert Spencer recently, "that if you were to ask ninety-nine people out of one hundred whether they would rather take a spoonful of cod-liver oil daily or read a chapter of my book daily, they would express a preference for the cod-liver oil." In saying this, however, Mr. Spencer is probably wrong. As a matter of fact, most of the people to whom such a question should be put would say they would prefer to read the chapter — but it would be an awful lie! Human nature is prone to say pleasant things, and to avoid solid reading. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

Can any reader of THE WRITER tell me where I can find an old poem, author unknown, which I saw once in a newspaper, and which was entitled "The Ride Around the Parapet"? The first stanza is: —

She said: "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,"
The Lady Eleonora von Allyne.
She said: "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,"
And till summer time was over
As a huntress and a rover
Did she couch upon the desert and the plain
Did the Lady Eleonora,
Lovely Lady Eleanora von Allyne.

NEW YORK, N. Y. E. A. A.

WOMAN'S PRESS CONGRESS.

The Woman's National Press Association has just closed a successful two-days' congress, where have been given papers and talks by such well-known writers as Hamlin Garland, Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Hallen E. Day, of St. Louis, Miss Anne V. Calbertson, of Ohio, Mary S. Lockwood, Hannah B. Sperry, Frances G. French, and May Whitney Emerson, of Washington, Mrs. Senator Fry, of Maine, and a host of others. Letters of congratulation were read from John Brisben Walker, Stanley Waterloo, Albert Shaw, and others; a poem from Kate Tannatt Woods, of Salem, was dedicated to this first Congress of Press Women, and was received with applause. Annual congresses are to follow, and by invitation of the librarian of congress, John Russell Young, will be held in one of the beautiful rooms of the new library building. Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood is the president of the congress for the ensuing year, and Hannah B. Sperry is the recording secretary.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

A day or two after one of them told me that they wandered about the greater part of the night. — *Thoreau's "Walden."*	A day or two afterward one of them told me that they wandered around the greater part of the night.
Rev. Brown is installed.— *Peoria Herald.*	Rev Mr. Brown is installed.
By the explosion 258 were killed, including two officers, and ninety-six were saved. — *Boston Morning Star.*	By the explosion 258 were killed, including two officers. Ninety-six of those on board were saved.
All the region is buried under immense snowdrifts, varying from eight inches to two feet —*Boston Herald.*	All the region is buried under snowdrifts, varying from eight inches to two feet.
Can it be possible? — *Boston Herald Editorial.*	Is it possible?
The document is not dated, an omission very common in Spain, and which was made conspicuous in this country in the now famous letter of Señor Depuy de Lome to Señor Canalejas. —*New York Sun.*	The document is not dated, an omission which is very common in Spain, and which was made conspicuous in this country in the now famous letter of Señor Dupuy de Lome to Señor Canalejas.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Elizabeth Knowlton Carter, author of the story, "Canuck and Raoul," in *Lippincott's* for January, is a Canadian girl, and all her childhood was spent in the Eastern townships of Quebec. For the last six years she has lived mainly in New Jersey. Her first story, "Miss Dinglee's Picture," appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, and so far her work has appeared only in that journal and in *Lippincott's*, with the exception of a little newspaper writing.

Neil Carew, whose story, "A Scientific Courtship," in *Short Stories* for February, is built upon the conceit that a watch can be influenced by the nervous temperament and made to run fast or slow according to the elation or depression of its wearer, is at present sorrowfully meditating upon the subject of coincidences. Ever since the story appeared in print the

author's watch has been absolutely untrustworthy, and Pegasus rests while the young aspirant comes down from the clouds and tries to decide the important question — to buy a Waterbury or not to buy a Waterbury?

Mary A. O. Clark wrote the story, "How Two Januaries Made a June," which was printed in the February *Century*, for a "Magazine Social," and after reading it there was urged to offer it to some of the magazines. She finally mailed the story to the *Century*, and the editor at once accepted it. Miss Clark has from a little girl written more or less, simply because it was a pleasure to her to write, but it never occurred to her to try to have her articles published, excepting two or three historical sketches printed in the Cleveland papers. Her *Century* story, however, shows talent that cannot remain neglected, and it will be strange if more of her work hereafter does not find its way into print.

Pauline Shackleford Colyar, whose story, "Drulindy's Choice," appeared in the February number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, is a scion of a prominent and intellectual Southern family. She was born and reared on a cotton plantation in lower Mississippi. When sixteen years old she graduated at Fairmount College, Tennessee, and soon afterward married Louis Sinclair Colyar, one of the most successful iron manufacturers of Tennessee. Since her marriage Mrs. Colyar has made Chattanooga her home. Her short stories, which have appeared in many of the magazines of the East, treat either of plantation life, or of the the mountain "Crackers," with both of which subjects she is thoroughly familiar. It is this faithful delineation of character, combined with touches of local color, which lends such a charm to all she writes. Mrs. Colyar expects to publish soon a book of her short stories, entitled "Echoes from the Old Plantation."

Earle Hooker Eaton, whose poem, "Two St. Valentine Days," was one of the features of the "In Lighter Vein" department of the February *Century*, is the editor of the humorous pages of the American Press Association, New York. He is a native of Olean, New York, and is thirty-two years old. "I began reading law at eighteen," he said recently, "and was admitted to the bar three years later. During that time I learned to sit with my feet on top of a desk and still remember that form of legal procedure. I mention it particularly because it is about the only form of legal procedure that I do remember. The law was not to my liking, and after a few months of practice I became city editor of the *Olean Herald*. The newspaper business was congenial, and in 1889 I became night telegraph editor of the American Press Association, and have since been in that concern's employ. I have been ambitious in a literary way since my early 'teens, but fear I have made little headway. I began writing novels and wrote three. I am now writing jokes. For four years I have been contributing humorous verses, jokes, and humorous sketches to various periodicals — '*Puck*, *Truth*, *Life*, and all the comic papers,' as the train boy would say. The *New York World* and *New York Journal* have published a great deal of my humorous matter, and I have also contributed to *Harper's Bazar*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Century*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications. My chief literary pride is that I am the brother of Fred L. Eaton, who won a $1,000 prize in the *Youth's Companion's* short-story competition in 1889. It may interest literary beginners to learn that his story was the first he had ever submitted anywhere for publication."

Louise Betts Edwards, author of the poem, "A Reminder," in *Harper's Magazine* for January, is a Philadelphian by birth, breeding, instinct, conviction, and, she is happy to say, by residence. "Though I have written things I regarded as poetry and stories from the time I was allowed to play with ink," she says, "I never had any expectation of making my livelihood that way, but was educated for a kindergarten teacher, and only accepted an editorial position on a small but bright household journal because it was offered to me and kindergartens were not. While there I began a series of articles in the line which I have always felt was my true one and am always intending to

resume — on the care and training, and more particularly, the inward thoughts, experiences, and trials of childhood, which I remembered pretty well, being at that time so young that when I went to report a 'Country Week' outing I was taken by one of the agents for one of the children, and sternly asked, 'Where is your tag?' more to my enjoyment than his. The articles, however, were generally believed to be written by the mother of a large family of children, and many confidences were poured into my ears. I have served my apprenticeship at newspaper work, being for three years a regular contributor to the *Philadelphia Press*, and other papers, but am now devoting myself wholly to magazine work. My first story, 'Step-Brothers to Dives,' was published in *Harper's* four years ago; my first published poem, 'The Hypocrite,' in the *Travelers' Record*, whose editor, Forrest Morgan, was most generous and encouraging to young writers; and since then I have contributed prose and verse regularly to the *Travelers' Record*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Illustrated American*, the *Black Cat*, and other periodicals. If I ever get time, I shall neglect story-writing for verse, which I feel is more my work in life."

Percie W. Hart, who wrote "A Story of the Sea," in the *Chautauquan* for February, has had a varied experience in military, mercantile, nautical, and other matters, which has, of course, materially helped him in his literary work. He was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, his father being the late Abraham W. Hart, of George's Island. One of his ancestors (John Hart) signed the Declaration of Independence, although the members of the particular branch of the family to which Mr. Hart belongs were United Empire Loyalists, and their possessions at Hartford, Conn. (named after the family), were confiscated. "A Story of the Sea" is one of Mr. Hart's Nova Scotia stories, of which a number have been published by the Bacheller Syndicate, the *Canadian Magazine*, the *Penny Magazine*, *Whims*, the *Illustrated American*, etc. The greater part of Mr. Hart's American short-story work has hitherto been syndicated. "The Last Battle of the World" in the *Illustrated American* last year, created considerable comment, including criticisms and comments from high naval officers. Mr. Hart's stories of old Dutch New York (published in *Book News*, the *Pocket Magazine*, and other periodicals) have had many readers, and his Cuban story, "Two Rebels and a Broker," in the February number of *Fashions*, is bringing him new friends. He is now at work on a series of short tales, "Stories of New York Streets," for the *New York Journal*. Six or seven of these have already appeared. Verse and humor written by Mr. Hart have appeared in *Life*, *Puck*, *Truth*, *Collier's Weekly*, the *National Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Addison Ellsworth, who contributed the paper, "Our Winter Birds," to the *Home Magazine* (Binghamton) for February, while pursuing his regular occupation as a printer, has found time no devote to the study of Natural History, and to write occasionally upon such subjects as are of most interest to him. Among the most important of these contributions are "Entomological Notes" in the *New England Homestead*, a few years ago; "The Praying Mantis," in *Science News;* "Butterflies," in *Panorama*, an educational publication; "Flowers of All Nations" and "Our Winter Birds," in the *Home Magazine;* and "Half Hours with the Butterflies," a special bulletin published by the Binghamton Academy of Science. Mr. Ellsworth is now working on another magazine article, "Our Nation's Song Birds," and a more presumptuous work on "Instinct and Reason in Animals," which he hopes to publish in book form.

Mrs. Kate Kingsley Ide, author of the paper on "The Primary Social Settlement," in *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for February, has been for seventeen years a resident of Milwaukee, where her husband, Rev. George H. Ide, is pastor of the Grand-avenue Congregational church, the largest Congregational church, probably, in the State. Her early childhood home (and birthplace) was on "Sunset Hill" in Sugar Hill, N. H., a spot that has become famous of late years, through the summer hotels there and the magnificent view of

nineteen of the White and Franconia mountains. Her girlhood was lived in northern Vermont, where she was married, at Newport, on Lake Memphremagog. Her more important schooldays were spent at Derby (Vt.) Academy and Mt. Holyoke Seminary. For three years she was teacher in the High School at St. Johnsbury, Vt., and at Hopkinton, Mass. Mrs. Ide has written for twenty years, more or less, leaflets, articles, and editorials, for various papers, causes, and people, but most regularly for the *Chicago Advance*, for which she now writes a monthly article on some practical topic. In 1894, while in Europe, she was weekly foreign correspondent of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. Just now Mrs. Ide is preparing an article for the press on a civic topic that touches the home at many points, and a new lecture for the Wisconsin State Federation of Women's Clubs. "I do covet the 'best gifts,'" she says, "that I may be helpful to people, especially home-makers of both sexes. Whatever I do in the future in a literary way will be to help magnify the importance of right and true living in the family, by means of close observation, thought, and study of the family and its more immediate radiations into society."

Willis Irwin, author of the skit, "A Literary Success," in *Lippincott's* for February, is a Kentuckian by birth and a lawyer by trade. He has written some short stories, which have appeared in good places, a few lyric poems, and is the author of "The Tales of Moorzork," which *Judge* publishes from time to time. Mr. Irwin's taste lies in the direction of the dramatic, and he spends his spare time on the platform in the West and South, giving his one-act one-character plays, and, he says, "as a relief from that, lecturing on the emotions in literature and art, and telling the people that they could all be good speakers, or actors, or singers, if they would study the mechanics of emotions, and leave elocution alone."

Francis Sterne Palmer, author of the poem, "Forgiveness," in *Harper's Magazine* for January, began to write twelve years ago, while at Harvard, where he was class poet, and since then he has published verses, or stories, or sketches in many magazines. Most of his literary work has had to do with the Adirondacks, where he was born, and where for many years he spent much time. His work has been published chiefly in the Harpers' periodicals and in the *Outlook;* he has also contributed to the *Century*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Outing*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Independent*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Life*, and other periodicals. He is now in the Federal service at the New York custom house, where he is an acting deputy collector.

Herbert Randall, whose illustrated poem, "The Year's Repose," in the January number of the *New England Magazine*, is one of many which he has contributed to that periodical, is a native of Eastern Massachusetts. He was born in the country, some thirty miles from Boston, and there his early years were spent. To this fact may be attributed the intense love for nature and the evidence of a close observation of her varying moods which appear in his poems. Mr. Randall is a business man whose interests are in Ann Arbor, Mich., and New Haven, Conn., the latter city being his place of residence. He has found time, however, for considerable literary work, and for the past few years his poems have been appearing in several Eastern publications. Besides the illustrated poems already referred to, his verses for children have frequently found their way into the pages of the *Outlook*. Mr. Randall contributes also to the *Boston Transcript* and the *Connecticut Quarterly*, the latter having recently published "The Wreck of the Fleet-Wing," a long, descriptive poem. Mr. Randall has received so much encouragement since he began writing for publication that there is no reason why he may not continue to pursue more seriously what was originally taken up as an avocation.

Dora E. W. Spratt, author of the paper, "How They Live on Nothing a Year," in *Lippincott's* for February, resides with her husband and one little daughter in Philadelphia, where the most important things she has written have been published. She was born in Burmah, Farther India, where her parents, Rev. and Mrs. George P. Watrous, were missionaries. Most of her

immediate ancestors were New Englanders, but most of her life has been spent in Pennsylvania. She was educated at Bucknell University, Pennsylvania, where her husband, Orlando W. Spratt, was also a graduate, and at Binghamton Ladies' College. Mrs. Spratt has written two books for young people, "Daylight; or, A Daughter's Duty," and "Through the Bush," a story for boys about New South Wales. By request of the publishers she compiled a wedding gift book, called "Married Life," and in 1896 she published a holiday gift book, entitled "Christmas Week at Bigler's Mill." Since that story was published, Mrs. Spratt has been doing more work for the periodicals. In May, 1897, *Lippincott's* published "Earning a Living in China," which was commended in the *Review of Reviews*. Though Mrs. Spratt writes for several papers and magazines, the greater part of her work for periodicals thus far has been popular science articles for young people.

William A. Taaffe, author of "A Remarkable Story," in *Short Stories* for January, has written a number of short stories that have appeared in the *San Francisco Argonaut* in the last few years. One of them, "The Demon Violin," was copied bodily by *Figaro*, of London, without credit, and was reproduced in New York by *Current Literature*, credit being given to *Figaro*, until the *Argonaut* established the story's authorship. Mr. Taaffe wrote in 1886 a summer novel entitled "Not His Daughter," which was published under the pen-name "Will Herbert," by Peterson of Philadelphia. He has written California letters for the *Baltimore American*, and is also the author of a play, a comedy constructed for the S. R. Stockwell Company of the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, which was accepted, but not produced, owing to the financial failure of the company. Mr. Taaffe, who is about forty years of age, was a lawyer in Baltimore up to 1889, but has since been on the Pacific Coast in mercantile business.

Samuel M. Warns, author of the essay on "Odors" in *Lippincott's* for February, lives in Baltimore, and until recently his work has consisted of local sketches for the newspapers, semi-technical articles for the syndicates, and contributions to the cycling press. The essay on "Odors" was the first matter he had ever sent directly to the magazines, but since then he has had several articles accepted in other quarters. In addition to original work Mr. Warns has made a number of translations from the French and German.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WALDEN. By Henry D. Thoreau. Holiday Edition. Illustrated. Two volumes. 522 pp. Cloth, in box, $5.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1897.

These two exquisite volumes are companions to those of the holiday edition of Thoreau's "Cape Cod," issued by the same publishers in 1896. They are beautiful examples of the perfection of modern book-making. Binding, paper, and typography are all in perfect taste, and the charm of the text is enhanced by the beauty of its presentation. Instead of the water-color sketches that adorned "Cape Cod," this edition of "Walden" has many fine photogravure illustrations, including four portraits of Thoreau, and portraits of A. Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, besides pictures of Thoreau's birthplace, his house at Walden, the furniture used in the Walden house, Lake Walden from the house, the house in which Thoreau died, and exquisite views of the old Marlborough road, Walden Pond in summer and winter, pines set out by Thoreau, Concord river from Nashawtuc Hill, Pleasant Meadow, and other scenes made familiar by Thoreau's descriptions. Of the charm of the text it is not necessary to speak at length. Thoreau is appreciated at his true value now, if he was not in his life-time, and those who have accompanied him in his wanderings through woods and fields must feel grateful to the publishers who are bringing out his books year by year in a uniform edition consistent with their merit.

STUDENTS' EDITION OF A STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Abridged from the Standard Dictionary of the English Language, by James C. Fernald, editor; Francis A. March, LL.D., consulting editor; John W. Palmer, M.D., Francis A. March, Jr., Ph.D., William R. Cochrane, Emma Fiske Roberts, M.A., Frank H. Vizetelly, associate editors. 915 pp. Cloth sides, leather back, $2.00. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1897.

This students' edition of the Standard Dictionary contains 62,284 words and phrases defined, against 36,059 in Webster's Academic Dictionary, and 35,773 in Worcester's New Academic Dictionary — the two books with which it is most naturally compared. The value of a dictionary, to be sure, is not be estimated

by the number of new words that have been crowded into it, but the English language is constantly growing; and a good many of the new words have permanent value, so that in that respect the largest and latest dictionary is the best. On the other hand, a dictionary for handy reference ought not to be heavy or cumbersome, as it may be if it gives too many little-used or unestablished words. The Standard Dictionary is perhaps too liberal in this respect. The type, and paper, and binding of the abridged edition, however, are well chosen, and the work has many notable merits. The 1,225 illustrations are excellent, and the 100-page appendix contains much valuable information, including a 43 page list of proper names in Bibliography, Bibliology, Biography, Fiction, Geography, History, and Mythology, together with Pen-names, Praenomens, etc., in one alphabetical order.

GONDOLA DAYS. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated. 205 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1897.

F. Hopkinson Smith is an artist with words as well as with the brush, and his pen pictures are as vivid as his canvases. He is in love with Venice, too, and he writes with all the ardent interest of a lover. "Gondola Days" differs widely from the ordinary book of travels. It is alive with the spirit of Venetian life, and the reader feels almost that he knows the city from personal experience. To writers the book may be commended as furnishing many examples of fine description that are not fine writing. Take, for instance, this picture of a Venetian sunset:—

"This beautiful bride of the sea is loveliest when bright skies bend tenderly over her, when white mists fall softly around her and lagoons around her feet are sheets of burnished silver; when the red oleanders thrust their blossoms exultingly above the low, crumbling walls; when the air is steeped, permeated, soaked through and through with floods of sunlight — quivering, brilliant, radiant; sunlight that blazes out from a sky of pearl and opal and sapphire; sunlight that drenches every old palace with liquid amber, kissing every molding awake and soothing every shadow to sleep; sunlight that caresses and does not scorch, that dazzles and does not blind, that illumines, irradiates, makes glorious every sail and tower and dome from the instant the great god of the East shakes the dripping waters of the Adriatic from his face until he sinks behind the purple hills of Padua. Oh, this drift back square in the face of the royal sun attended by all the pomp and glory of a departing day! What shall be said of this reveling, rioting, dominant god of the West, clothed in purple and fine gold; strewing his path with rose leaves thrown broadcast on azure fields; rolling on beds of violet; saturated, steeped, drunken in color; every steeple, tower, and dome ablaze; the whole world on tiptoe, kissing its hands good-night! Suddenly, a delicate violet light fails about you; the lines of palaces grow purple; the water is dulled to a soft gray, broken by long, undulating waves of blue; the hulls of the fishing boats become inky black, their listless sails deepening in the falling shadows. Only the little cupola high up on the dome of the Redentore still burns pink and gold. Then it fades and is gone. The day is done."

A better bit of word-painting it would be hard to find; and there are many passages equal to it in "Gondola Days."

HARVARD EPISODES. By Charles Macomb Flandreau. 339 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1897.

In the dedication of his book to "W. A." Mr. Flandreau says: "I have written about a little corner of a very great place; but one that we knew well, and together." If he knows only the Harvard that is pictured in his book, he might far better have stayed away from college. His characters are not representative Harvard men, and unless things at the college have changed completely within the last twenty years, his book gives a wholly false idea of college life at Cambridge. The characters are sharply drawn, and the book possesses considerable literary merit, but it is unjust to Harvard, and the vulgar coarseness of the language and the sentiments put in the mouths of the characters is not creditable to the author. In the whole book there is not one of the frank, open-hearted, manly fellows, well-born and well-reared, of whom there are so many at the college, and among whom must be sought the typical Harvard man — for there is such a thing, in spite of Mr. Flandreau's denial. It is a pity that a young man who has spent four years at Harvard should have seen so little of the real college, and that his undeniable literary talent should not have been in some way put to better use.

TEN LITTLE COMEDIES. By Gertrude Smith. Illustrated. 256 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1897.

These entertaining stories for children by the author of the Arabella and Araminta stories are tales of the troubles of ten little girls whose tears are turned into smiles before the story-teller's work is finished. Some of them are likely to move the reader to smiles and tears together — for instance, the story of "An Imaginative Little Girl," which has a touchingly pathetic incident. The author has not forgotten her own childhood, and her stories are natural and filled with the spirit of child life Children will be charmed with them, and grown people, too, will find them entertaining.

AN UNWILLING MAID. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Illustrated. 263 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1897.

Mrs. Lincoln's "An Unwilling Maid" was well characterized by Mr. Benedict in his sketch

of the author which was printed in the February WRITER. It is a fascinating story for girls, and one, too, which it will benefit any girl to read. The publishers have issued it in most attractive form, with the daintiest of bindings, and illustrations that, like the story, fitly represent the Revolutionary era.

ART IDOLS OF THE PARIS SALON. Vol IV., No. 13. Six plates, in paper portfolio, $1.00. Chicago. The White City Art Company. 1898.

Those who admire the nude in art cannot fail to be pleased with these fine half-tone reproductions of famous paintings. The plates are 13 x 17 inches in size, and the delicacy of the work makes them practically the same as photographs. The subjects in this number are: "Andromeda," by Carolus Duran; "Etoile du Matin," by Serendat de Belzim; "Diana," by A. Chaûtron; "Psyche et l'Amour," by Bougereau; "The Toilet," by P. Tillier; and "La Source," by E. Deully.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GLISMONT. By Edda Lythwyn. 348 pp. Cloth Chicago: H J. Smith & Simon. 1897.

LENTEN VERSES. By Franklyn W. Lee. 16 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Rush City, Minn.: Franklyn W. Lee. 1897.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

LITERARY NOMENCLATURE. F. Foster. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

R. H. STODDARD. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for March.

THE AUTHOR OF "TITUS, A COMRADE OF THE CROSS" (Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley). With portrait. Laura M. F. Lake. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE. — II. Illustrated. George Du Maurier. *Harper's* (38 c.) for March.

STYLE IN LITERATURE — SIENKIEWICZ. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for March.

REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT LECTURERS. With pictures of Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), E. H. Chapin, and John B. Gough. Joel Benton. *Harper's* (38 c.) for March.

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Tudor Jenks. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for March.

TENNYSON'S LIFE — WHEN POETS DISAGREE. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

ENGLISH AS AGAINST FRENCH LITERATURE. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

WOMEN COMPOSERS. Rupert Hughes. With eight portraits. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

LITERATURE AND THE COLLEGES. Henry A. Beers. *Bachelor of Arts* (28 c.) for February.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK. *Bachelor of Arts* (28 c.) for February.

JOURNALISM AS A VOCATION. Chester S. Lord. *Woman's World* (13 c.) for February.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH: A SKETCH. T. Arnold. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 5.

BURNS. Charles Whitley. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 19.

ON LEISURE, GENIUS, BOOKS, AND READING. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from *Chambers' Journal* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 19.

LEWIS CARROLL. Reprinted from *Spectator* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 26.

WALT WHITMAN'S UNIVERSALISM. Rev. Ashley A. Smith. *Universalist Leader* (13 c.) for February 12.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Rudyard Kipling expects to spend four months in South Africa. He will be accompanied by his father, J. Lockwood Kipling.

Mrs Hugh Fraser is a sister of Marion Crawford.

"Walter Lecky" is Rev. Father McDermott, a parish priest of Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Rev. John B. Devins, for many years connected with the *New York Tribune*, has become one of the editors of the *New York Observer*.

Mr. Gladstone has invented an excellent thing for the library — half screen, half bookcase. It is described as holding "the maximum of books in the minimum of space." It is made of light wood enamelled white, has shelves in front for holding four hundred books, and the back is covered with tapestry like an ordinary screen. It is easily movable and is exceedingly useful in limited quarters.

Henrik Ibsen, who was born at Skien, March 20, 1829, is to have his seventieth birthday duly celebrated in Berlin. On that occasion a complete translation of his works in German is to be published. Genealogists say that Ibsen is by no means a typical Norseman, but is of Danish, German, and Scotch blood intermingled.

General Lew Wallace has announced that at his death his study will become the property of the city of Crawfordsville, Ind., for a public library. The building has just been completed at a cost of $40,000, and this spring will be surrounded by an artificial lake.

The *Athenæum* tells the origin of the pen-name of Lewis Carroll. Mr. Dodgson, it seems, first translated his Christian name, Charles Lutwidge, into Latin — Carolus Ludovicus — and then by a devious course translated them back again, and, inverting them, produced Lewis Carroll.

"Beatrice Whitby" is the pen-name of Mrs. Philip Hicks.

The *Newspaper Magazine* (New York) is a new periodical, made up of interesting reading reprinted from newspapers. It is edited by Deshler Welch.

Music, Art, and Drama will be the name of a new paper that will appear in New York, October 1. It will be edited by John C. Freund, who will be supported by many of the writers who were with him when he conducted the *Musical and Dramatic Times*, *Music and Drama*, and the *American Musician*, from 1875 to 1890. During the last five years Mr. Freund has been occupied with the conduct of *Music Trades*.

The *New Review*, in its weekly form, is to be edited by Percy Hurd, one of the younger journalists of London. Mr. Hurd is the editor of the *Canadian Gazette*. Mr. Henley is to write a good deal of literary criticism for the new journal.

The *Yellow Book* — originally called the *Yellow Kid* — (New York) has been discontinued. *Ainslee's Magazine*, a wholly new publication, is announced by the same publishers, Howard, Ainslee, & Co., of New York.

The annual meeting of the National Editorial Association will be held September 6–9 at Denver.

Of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, during 1897, 8,183,113 copies were printed. The magazine consumes 3,434,362 pounds of paper in a year, and 30,902 pounds of ink. It runs twenty-eight presses. It printed $498,325 worth of advertising during 1897. The editors received 9,290 manuscripts and fewer than one per cent. were accepted. The magazine employs twenty-two staff editors. Altogether, 24,648 letters were answered in the year by the editors of the correspondence columns. In a single day the *publishers* have received 18,000 subscriptions.

Collier's Weekly (New York) has recently been much improved in typographical appearance, and has almost doubled its quota of illustrations.

The S. S. McClure Company (New York) offers three cash prizes — $300, $200, and $100 — to the writers of the three best short stories submitted before June 1. No restriction is placed on the character or style of the stories, except that they must be wholesome, bright, and original.

The *National Magazine* (Boston) offers a prize of $100 for the best article of 2,000 words on "Odd Scenes and Incidents of a Bicycle Tour" submitted by a subscriber before October 15. The editor desires to have manuscripts sent in as early as possible.

Short Stories (New York) is offering monthly prizes for original anecdotes.

The *International Review*, published at La-Crosse, Wis., is something like the *Literary Digest*.

"Ossip Schubin," who has been writing "The Grand Maximum" in the *International Magazine* (Chicago), is the pseudonym of Aloysia Kirschner, an Austrian author. Born in Prague, she has traveled extensively, and her works have won for her much popularity.

A life of de Maupassant is in preparation, a joint work of French and English collaborators — M. Hugues Rebell and Mr. R. H. Sherard. The work is to be critical as well as biographical, and will include many of de Maupassant's letters. French and English versions will be published simultaneously.

William Waldorf Astor will contribute an article to an early number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* on John Jacob Astor.

Mrs. J. B. Montgomery-M'Govern has a timely article in the February *Arena* on "An Important Phase of Gutter Journalism: Faking."

The article by F. Foster on "Literary Nomenclature," in *Lippincott's* for March, deals chiefly with the titles of novels.

Emil Richebourg, who has recently died, was one of the most popular story writers in France, his novels in the *Petit Journal* having an enormous circulation among the common people.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, APRIL, 1898. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

A PEN-CHAT. *H. E. Belin.* 49
A WORD TO OUR LESSER POETS. *M. Lane Griffin.* . . 50
TENNESSEE DIALECT AGAIN. *William James Coffin.* . 51
EDITORIAL. 52
Warning to Writers, 52 — "Newspaper English," 52 — Need of Critical Supervision of Book Proofs, 52 — Notes. 53
QUERIES. 53
THE SCRAP BASKET. 54
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 55
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 55
Anna L. Bicknell, 55 — Robert Loveman, 55 — John C. Ochiltree, 56 — Myrtle Reed, 56 — Anne Douglas Sedgwick, 56 — Ernest Seton Thompson. 56
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 57
Donald G. Mitchell, 57 — Rev. D. P. Moody, 57 — Arthur Wing Pinero, 58 — Emile Richebourg, 58 — John Ruskin, 59 — Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 59 — "Octave Thanet." 59
BOOK REVIEWS. 60
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 63
NEWS AND NOTES. 63

A PEN-CHAT.

There is nothing like writing for testing the extent and accuracy of one's knowledge!

You go jogging along through the world under the pleasing impression that, without conceit, you may regard yourself as a fairly well-informed person. It may be you even venture, in a modest way, to plume yourself on your acquirements. Then, some day, you happen to pick up a paper, and see a list of "puzzle-questions" standing like Edna Lyall's "goody-girls," "all in a row," and when you essay to answer the questions and secure the prize, you discover to your own amazement that you cannot answer a single one!

Or perhaps you get into a discussion with a friend. You have always held strong opinions on the subject in point, and you are eager to express them. You will sit down at once, and write an article that must carry conviction to his mind. But lo! when you take up your pen, the opinions that you fancied were such clear, distinct, well-defined entities have vanished into thin air, or, at best, have resolved themselves into vague, nebulous impressions, impossible to put into shape!

So much by way of exordium. First, then, when beginning to write, it is a good rule to lay down for one's self, never to say something when one has nothing to say. How singular, when one thinks of it, are these ebbs and flows in mental activity. How invariably, though at entirely irregular and uncertain intervals, they succeed each other. Sometimes thoughts come rushing through the brain like a flood, and the mind is as full of ideas as a pomegranate is of seeds, each separate idea clamoring for expression, and demanding to be clothed in its own special garb. And then, for weeks, or even months, all is an intellectual blank, and the mind seems as barren and arid as the desert of Sahara!

Are physical conditions responsible for these alternations of fertility and sterility? The question is an interesting one; but whatever the cause may be, I suspect the fluctuations themselves are intended by nature to preserve the mental equilibrium. Though, were one allowed a choice, I think most of us would prefer never to be quite so brimming-over with ideas, and never so utterly empty of them.

Secondly, when the writing-mood is on, it is better not to stop to consider matter that suggests itself, but to put down everything that comes into the mind, if pertinent to the subject. In other words, it is not wise to attempt to compose and to revise at the same time. As soon as all one's ideas are committed to paper

however, the manuscript should be consigned to the "Cooling-Mould" (mine is in the shape of a large brown envelope), where it should remain at least a week. At the end of the allotted time the article should be taken out, and what was written in hot blood should be read over critically.

Sometimes the result of this process is that the manuscript will at once be relegated to the waste-basket; but if it escape this ignominious fate, it should first be thoroughly revised and corrected, and then neatly and legibly copied for exportation to the literary market.

It does occasionally happen that a manuscript, condemned on its first removal from the "mould," if returned for a second period of "cooling," will, at the expiration of this double term of probation, be adjudged worthy of revision; but this is a very exceptional case. Generally speaking, the "cooling-mould" is a discoverer of defects, rather than of merits, in a manuscript; hence its value.

In conclusion, I would say that so far as the average scribbler is concerned, the three "essentials" to success are: Infinite patience, indomitable perseverance, and — unlimited postage stamps! *H. E. Belin.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.

A WORD TO OUR LESSER POETS.

If it does not seem entirely too presumptuous for one who never aspires to poetry to dare venture a word derogatory to poets, I beg leave to suggest a little and protest a little to and against the majority of "lesser lights" who have access to the vast press of the day.

When we declare a marked improvement and advance in all things as the nineteenth century approaches its close, can we truthfully include our poetry? It has kept pace with — passed — most things in multiplicity, but is not that all that can be said of it? Is the average a bit better than the average of that given in the closing years of the last century — or as good?

Nearly every monthly, weekly, daily paper published now gives space in each of its numbers to one or more "poems," yet let a lover of genuine poetry start out to fill his scrap-book with the true gems among the litter and he will find they appear almost as rarely as jewels on a sand-bar.

It would seem that, in these days of advanced thought and education, every verse maker, no matter how modest his pretensions, would strive at least to avoid the glaring errors of his predecessors, such as the forced rhyme, the useless word squeezed in to make a rhyme, or the line twisted and distorted so that the reader has continually forced into his mind the conviction that a certain word was dragged from its proper place in the middle and forced in at the end of a line, for absolutely no other reason than to rhyme with a word at the end of another line. More than two-thirds of our poets commit these blunders continually. It actually looks as if they have not yet learned to appreciate the fact of having the whole English language at their beck and call, else why should they feel compelled to cling to such time-worn terminations as "her face so fair," "the water so wide," and thousands of others of a kind? Why in the name of harmony and common sense can not they say, "her fair face," "the wide water," if they must expatiate on such thread-bare subjects? It is no excuse at all to say: "But we are obliged to have the rhyme and *must* do these things to get it." As well might the architect contend his right to run crooked lines, and put mud cakes in his stone structure because his building material gave out. Is it possible that there are no words in the whole English language that will rhyme with "her fair face," or "the wide water," that there must be this complete upheaval — words turned heels-over-head and driven out of their proper places by the little usurper "so," which has as much right there as a weavel in good grain?

Every word in a verse, no matter how simple

the subject, should be an essential part of the whole. Every line should flow easily, smoothly into the following line; the reader should not have to use the slightest effort to make it do so. The true born poet will search for the words he needs, or make them, but he will have them. He will labor long and hard over the minutest detail, but he will leave no evidence of the labor — no rough places or patches in his finished work: it will flow through the mind of the reader like a strain of perfect music, suggesting nothing of the effort and difficulty which attended its creation and perfecting.

He who is unwilling to take infinite pains with his work, to spend unlimited time in quest of one essential word (deeming it well spent if he finds it), is not a poet; and in justice to the few who are, and to himself, and in pity for the readers who love poetry, he ought to turn his attention to prose or manual labor, for he has in reality just about as much conception of real poetry as the little negro girl who, being forced to acknowledge her inability to read, said in eager extenuation of her ignorance: "Well, any way, I knows tother kine er readin' fum po'try, caze ev'y time I sees hit I knows po'try by hits shape."

M. Lane Griffin.

GREENVILLE, Miss.

TENNESSEE DIALECT AGAIN.

I have just read in the November number of THE WRITER the article entitled "The Injustice of Some Dialect," by Rev. W. C. Gray, reprinted from the *Interior*, and if it is not digging up too old a bone, I should like to call attention to a few facts in connection with this subject.

Dr. Gray charges Charles Egbert Craddock with manufacturing a dialect for the mountaineers of Tennessee. He claims that they speak "the only pure English there is," and incidentally makes the paradoxical statement that he never heard English, the genuine article, spoken by any man not a Scotch-Irishman or some one to whom he had taught the language.

I have lived in Tennessee nearly all of my life, and have made many trips into both the Smoky mountains and the Cumberland mountains.

The dialect of the mountaineers of the Smokies has been faithfully portrayed by Miss Murfree. I cannot imagine with what types Dr. Gray came in contact, but he certainly did not encounter the true Tennessee mountaineer. If he wishes to do so in the interest of philology, let him read Miss Murfree's book, "In the Tennessee Mountains." She has caught the peculiarities of the mountaineers' dialect and personality in a wonderful manner.

The Tennessee mountaineers are almost a distinct race of men. Their dialect and characteristics differ materially from the inhabitants of the lowlands, and to say that they have not a dialect peculiar to themselves seems to indicate that Dr. Gray is either deaf or very unobservant. In fact, their dialect is such a patois that one almost requires an interpreter on one's first journey among them.

However, with all their peculiarities and illiteracy, unfortunately too common, they are a fine race of men, and Miss Murfree has not injured them in delineating their characters as she has done.

I feel that some reparation is due Miss Murfree in return for Dr. Gray's manifestly unjust charge. It is very unfortunate that a man like Dr. Gray, with the slight knowledge gained from a single trip among these mountains, should take it upon himself to correct, or rather question the correctness of, the writings of a woman who has lived for years among these people and made a study of their dialect.

Since the dialect was so familiar to Dr. Gray that he did not notice its peculiarities, the question now comes up, "Whar was he raised?"

William James Coffin.

MIDDLEBOROUGH, Ky.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. APRIL, 1898. NO. 4.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Writers may be sure that a concern that says in its circular "Manuscripts criticized, revised, corrected and the same sold to best advantage," is not competent to revise any manuscript, since the spelling, punctuation, and rhetoric of its own announcement prove its inefficiency. Writers will do well, also, to be shy about joining any "Union" that asks for a five-dollar membership fee in advance, and offers in return to examine the manuscripts of members, give them letters of criticism and advice, and make personal replies to their letters of inquiry, all without additional charge, and to sell their manuscripts, charging a commission of only five per cent. of the price received, to say nothing of giving them a monthly magazine for nothing. It is absolutely impossible for anybody to conduct a permanent business on such terms, unless the conductors of it are practical philanthropists, and rich.

***

THE WRITER explained a long time ago that in using the caption, "Newspaper English Edited," it does not mean to cast any reflections on the English generally used in newspapers. "Newspaper English" has come to be a term signifying careless or incorrect English, and it is found in books and magazines as well as in the daily newspapers. THE WRITER would prefer to take its examples of "Newspaper English," to be edited, from magazines and books as much as possible, and the editor will feel grateful to readers who will send him such examples, with the name of the author and the title of the book or the name of the magazine from which the quotation is made, attached to each. If the quotation is from a magazine article, the title of the article also should be given. Errors in newspapers are excusable, considering the eternal hurry in all newspaper offices, but in magazines and books "newspaper English" is less pardonable.

***

A writer in a recent number of the *Nation*, by the way, calls attention to the need of better critical supervision of books in process of publication, not by proof-readers, who seem to him to be as accurate and efficient as they could be expected to be for the small wages they receive, but by revisers of accurate and comprehensive scholarship, who are competent to detect errors which a proofreader might be excused for letting pass unnoticed. "Sometimes," he says, "a word is displaced by another of similar appearance, as 'laws' for

'lands,' 'divided' for derived,' 'national' for natural,' 'Edwin Burke' for 'Edmund Burke,' 'yield' for 'wield,' 'impart' for 'import,' 'arisen' for 'risen'—all of which are found in an excellent book on French politics issued by one of our best publishers. 'Shown' for 'shone,' and 'affect' for 'effect,' are good specimens of this variety. Sometimes it is the misplacing of words which makes confusion. Sometimes it is the omission of a word which does the mischief. I could give several sentences where the word 'not' has been omitted. In a recent reprint of a valuable historical work the word 'which' has been omitted from one passage, 'but' from another, and 'than' from a third."

***

"Sometimes," he goes on, "no doubt errors are chargeable to the author or translator himself, or, rather, to the pernicious practice of requiring the final revision of proofs to be done by the author. He is just the one who ought *not* to do this, because he cannot possibly know the exact limits of his own knowledge. A competent reviser is quite likely to detect errors in fact as well as in word which have escaped the author's notice. Translators, especially, need constant supervision."

***

There can be no question that the *Nation's* correspondent is right in what he says, and that the evil he has noted needs correction. A competent reviser might render great service to literature. The irritating "as thoughs" of Richard Harding Davis would all be changed to "as ifs," the writers of the Scotch school would be made to use "shall" and "will" correctly, and solecisms would be as rare in books as turned s's are to-day. Let us have the literary reviser, by all means. His salary need not be excessive. The right figure for a thoroughly competent man would be about $50,000 a year, and his expenses.

***

The successful author cannot be regarded as an object of pity, however it may be with the army of the unsuccessful. According to the publishers of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, 'Hugh Wynne," the book has sold at the rate of 300 copies a day since its publication.

***

Congratulations to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who will be seventy-six years young Sunday, April 3.

***

"When in Christiania," says a "literary note," "Björnstjerne Björnson frequents a hotel." That is very much better than sleeping in a barn.

***

In an article in *Harper's Magazine* for March Joel Benton incidentally refers to Horace Greeley's handwriting as being phenomenally and preternaturally atrocious." Mr. Benton's own handwriting, as all editors know, rivals that of Joaquin Miller in point of legibility and beauty—a sort of dialect handwriting, so to speak.

***

Fiona Macleod in *Literature* rhymes "desolate" with "golden gate"—something, certainly, that nobody ever did before.

***

The two longest words in English are disproportionableness and establishmentarianism. Space writers should make a mental note of them, and try to get them in as frequently as possible.

***

How to write short stories—Stop writing before they get to be long ones. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

One of the rules given to reporters is that no editorial opinion should be expressed in a news paragraph. Suppose a reporter, after describing a defect in a sidewalk, should write: "A sign of warning should be placed there." Is that an expression of editorial opinion? F. S.

[Yes, because it expresses the opinion of the reporter on the subject. He can get around the difficulty by writing: "It is the general opinion that a sign of warning should be put there,"

which on the face of it is merely a statement of fact, although in reality no one but the reporter may have noted the need of the warning sign. — W. H. H.]

In an article about a library, not long ago, I saw the word "succedaneum." The dictionary says "succedaneum" means "a substitute." Does the word have any technical meaning?

N. S.

[Technically, a succedaneum is a wooden book made to fill a gap in a library. — W. H. H.]

In the March WRITER I find, under the heading, "Newspaper English Edited," this:

Rev. Brown is installed.— *Peoria Herald.*	Rev. Mr. Brown is installed.

What I want to ask is this: Would you say, "Dr. Mr. Brown," "Colonel Mr. Jones," "Professor Mr. Smith"? It seems to me, barring custom, there must be as good reasons for the latter as for the former. And also would you say, "Rev. Dr. Mr. Brown," and if not, why not? It seems to me the fault lies in the omission so often by newspaper writers of the initials or given names of titled persons when writing about them. Even "Rev. Mr. Brown" does not designate him from any other reverend gentleman by the name of Brown. My idea is that the initials or names should always be used after the title — in writing, I mean, of course. I think the fault gains hold on writers from the practice of speaking, as in speaking the titles only are the almost universal usage.

Sam. G. Sloane.

[It may be advantageous sometimes to use a man's given name, or his initials, together with his title, in speaking or writing about him, but where the given name is not essential to identify him, it may as well be omitted. In a village paper, for instance, there is no earthly need to write "Rev. Theophilus Adoniram Judson Higgins, D.D.," every time the local minister is referred to, if he is the only Rev. Mr. Higgins, or Rev. Dr. Higgins, in the place. It is the American habit to use given names freely, especially in speaking of public men. There is something rotund and impressive about "James G. Blaine" or "William J. Bryan" that seems to make the full name more pleasing to the American political speaker or editorial writer than "Mr. Blaine" or "Mr. Bryan" would be, and common people follow the example set them in editorial columns and on the platform. Whether initials or given names are used or not, however, the use of "Rev." without "Mr." cannot be justified. All authorities agree that "Rev. Brown" is vulgar and objectionable. There is no analogy between "Rev. Brown" and "Colonel Jones," since "Reverend" is an adjective and "Colonel" is a noun. Such titles as "Colonel" and "Professor" take the place of "Mr.," or may be said to include it, just as the university degree of "Ph. D." includes and carries with it the degree of "A. M." "Colonel Mr. Brown" would be an absurdity, but "Rev. Mr. Brown" means something more than "Mr. Brown," the ministerial suggestion being added by the adjective prefix "Rev." Some authorities say that in speaking of a doctor of divinity it is not necessary to use "Rev." with "Dr.," and that it is sufficient to say, for example, "Dr. George C. Lorimer." The rule of THE WRITER, however, is to use "Rev." with "Dr." in such cases, the theory being that "Rev." is useful in distinguishing reverend doctors from the doctors who give you pills and pretend they know just what the matter with you is. In THE WRITER it may not be necessary to say anything more than "Dr. Hale," in speaking of the author of "The Man without a Country," but in a village newspaper, if the village has a regular practitioner named Hale, the editor may not be rightly understood if he writes: "Dr. Hale said last week," etc. When the title "D. D." is used at the end of a man's name, "Rev." is not necessary before it, although usage sanctions the use of both titles. "George C. Lorimer, D. D." is right, but "Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D." is not wrong, although the degree of "D. D." includes or carries with it the title "Rev." As the readers of THE WRITER know, the practice of the magazine is to use as few titles as possible. The WRITER proofreader has instructions, for instance, to mark out "Mr." before initials as a typographical error. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In the first French book which I took up after writing the article in THE WRITER for March I find: *Un titre bien espagnol; l'honneur castillan; don Carlos; les carlistes.* The

American newspapers which go to the extreme in the matter of lower-case initials go to no such extreme as this, but no one criticises the French practice, for readers of French are used to it. In other words, it is not a question of principle, but of habit. *Samuel Merrill.*

BOSTON, Mass.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Sigsbee don't want reporters. — *Atlanta Constitution.*	Sigsbee does n't want reporters.
The poem requested by "G." — *New York Tribune.*	The poem asked for by "G."
No doubt there may still be others which are equally as good. — *Life.*	No doubt there are others equally good.
Over 1,500 persons viewed the body. — *New York Times.*	More than 1,500 persons viewed the body.
The latest motor carriage accident seems to have been due to precipitate haste in jumping from it rather than from any fault of the vehicle itself. And this haste accounts for most carriage accidents. — *Boston Herald.*	The latest motor carriage accident seems to have been due to precipitate haste in jumping f om the carriage rather than from any fault of the vehicle itself. And this haste accounts for most carriage accidents.
Here is a list of the regular toasts drank on this occasion. — *Philip Hale, in Boston Journal.*	Here is a list of the regular toasts drunk on this occasion.
The patient said he was stopping at the Hotel Marlborough. — *New York Sun.*	The patient said he was staying at the Hotel Marlborough.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Anna L. Bicknell, whose paper, "French Wives and Mothers," in the January *Century*, has attracted much notice, is, properly speaking, an Englishwoman, although her mother was the daughter of Daniel Strobel, of Charleston, S. C., who for many years filled the post of United States consul at Bordeaux, France. There her mother met her father, an English gentleman, W. George Bicknell, and they were married at the British embassy, Paris. Their daughter was born at Bordeaux, and has spent the greater part of her life in France, where she still habitually resides. Her father was educated in the prospect of enjoying a handsome fortune (a portion of his family was French and belonged to the best French society and the Legitimist political party), but unexpected reverses having fallen on him, making it desirable for his eldest daughter to leave home, and thus lighten the burden of the education of her brothers, she was offered the position of court governess to the daughters of the Duc de Tascher de la Pagerie, a cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III. She remained for nine years at the Tuileries, and retained great intimacy with the principal members of the Imperial court. She has published her recollections under the title, "Life in the Tuileries during the Second Empire." At the time when she left the palace a serious accident had caused injuries which confined her to a sofa for several years. To beguile the time she was induced to try to use her pen, and began in the French language (as familiar to her as her own) by contributing to French periodicals. When Mr. Murray, the celebrated London publisher, began the magazine which bore his name, he offered to her the Paris correspondence, of which she took charge during the several years when the magazine was published. She also sent contributions to *Harper's Magazine* and the *Century*. Her most important venture, however, was "Life in the Tuileries," which came out in 1895, and was followed in the present year by the "Story of Marie Antoinette." The article on "French Wives and Mothers" was written at the request of the editor of the *Century*, everything belonging to French life being perfectly familiar to her and having formed part of her own l fe, while her English education left her the impartiality of an independent spectator and the judgment of a cool observer.

Robert Loveman, author of the poem, "Last Night," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for February, has lived in Dalton, Ga., since early infancy, excepting three years — from 1890 to 1893 — spent in Tuskaloosa, Ala. He was born in Cleveland, O., April 11, 1864. In 1890 Burton, of Tuskaloosa, brought out a little volume of his verses, and in 1896 an attractive book, "Poems, by Robert Loveman," was published by the Lippincott Company. The latter volume has been well received by the reviewers, and has had a satisfactory sale. Mr. Loveman

expects to spend the coming summer abroad, returning to New York in November.

John C. Ochiltree, who contributed the story, "A Holiday Episode," to *Harper's Magazine* for January, is the managing editor of the *Dayton* (O.) *Evening Press*. He was born in Indiana and received a very meagre common-school education, but taught school for ten years. His first experience as an editor was at Connersville, Ind., where he had charge of the *Weekly Times* from 1880 to 1884. In 1884 he bought the *Indianapolis Saturday Herald*, a literary paper, which he conducted for two years. His work on this paper gave him an extensive acquaintance with literary people in Indiana and adjoining states, and in 1885 he assisted in the organization of the Western Association of Writers. Since 1886 Mr. Ochiltree has been actively engaged on different newspapers. He has been in his present position since December, 1895. During his journalistic career he has given considerable attention to literature. He has had many poems and short stories published, and recently he has won several literary prizes. He expects to issue a volume of poems and sketches soon.

Myrtle Reed, author of the poem, "You Will Forget," in the *Bookman* for March, is a young Chicago girl, and made her literary bow with a story published in *Munsey's Magazine* in February of 1896. Verses followed in October, and since then she has followed both lines of work. Van Vechten & Ellis are getting out a little volume of her verses, entitled "Threads of Gray and Gold," and another little book, entitled "Love Letters of a Musician," is soon to appear. Miss Reed has written a novel, and a play, which is a dramatization of the novel. The novel was written in three weeks and three days, and the play in ten days of ten or twelve hours each. Speaking of the novel, Miss Reed says: "When a person does 72,000 words of typewriting in three weeks' time, it's apt to be pretty bad." She is a believer, however, in the efficacy of hard work. "I had a talk with Mary Hartwell Catherwood recently," she says, "and she told me of a trapeze performer who was teaching his child to perform on the bar. The child fell several times, and was nervous and afraid. Finally the father said: 'If you throw your heart over the bar, the rest of you will follow.' I told Mrs. Catherwood that my heart had been over the bar for some time, and she said if that were so, I need not worry about the results. I feel in thorough sympathy with the old darkey who said: 'If a fellow gwine work jes' as hard as he can foh fohty years, w'y somepin's jes' natcherally 'bleedged to occur.' It may be the insane asylum, and it may be the work I want to do, but I am going to keep at it and see what will 'occur.'"

Anne Douglas Sedgwick, who wrote the amusing sketch, "The Snoring Beauty," which was printed as the introductory story of the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine* for February, is an American by birth, but has spent her life in London and Paris. She wrote "The Snoring Beauty" some years ago. A novel by her, "The Dull Miss Archinard," will be published this spring, by the Scribners in America and by Heinemann in London, and a short story, "Miss Jones and the Masterpiece," will be printed soon in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Ernest Seton Thompson, who contributed the sketch, "Silverspot," to *Scribner's* for February, first began to be known as a naturalist in 1883, when he published a series of papers on the zoölogy of Manitoba. These were eventually gathered together, extended, and published in book form, — "The Birds of Manitoba" and "The Mammals of Manitoba," — one result being the appointment of Mr. Thompson as government naturalist for the province he had so closely studied. He was born, by the way, on the northeast coast of England, but when he was in the early twenties crossed the ocean, and for three years lived with his brother in a log shanty on the Plains of the Assiniboine. Much of the time there was devoted to zoölogical expeditions, extending into the surrounding country for several hundred miles. The illustrations that he made for his published papers were so excellent that the Century Company brought him to New York to make drawings of animals and birds for the Century

Dictionary. On this work he was engaged until 1890, when he went to Europe to pursue his studies in art. During his life in the West Mr. Thompson had been noted as a wolf hunter, and all the drawings and pictures that he exhibited in the Paris salons, nearly a score, were wolf subjects. Returning to America, he spent four months in a great wolf hunt in the Currumpaw region of New Mexico. The story of his adventures in pursuit of Wolf Lobo and his pack is told in "The King of Currumpaw," which was printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for November, 1894, and which was the first of a series of ten wild animal stories, of which "Silverspot" is the second. These stories are to appear ultimately in book-form. Returning to Paris to resume his art studies, Mr. Thompson realized the need of a work on the anatomy of animals, for the benefit of painters, and set about collecting and completing studies from his own dissections. "Art Anatomy of Animals," published by the Macmillan Company in a royal quarto volume, with 100 pages of text accompanying fifty superb plates, treating of some fifty of the animals and birds of chief interest to artists, was the result of four years of hard work by Mr. Thompson, and is wholly his own from cover to cover. It is a monumental work. While at work on the text, in Paris, Mr. Thompson met Miss Grace Gallatin, an American girl, like himself an art student and a writer. Their marriage took place in New York in June, 1896. Among Mr. Thompson's recent works is a series of seventy-five drawings made to illustrate Frank M. Chapman's "Bird Life." One of his most important undertakings is a series of seventy-five plates of American quadrupeds for "Four-footed Animals," — the text by Mabel Osgood Wright, — which the Macmillans have now in press. His drawings are well known to readers of the leading magazines.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mitchell. — "Ik Marvell's" house at Edgewood is an old-fashioned, two-stories-and-a-half affair, back from the road-way, and screened by elms, oaks, and shrubbery. Built on a knoll directly west of New Haven, Conn., it commands a wide and beautiful landscape view. It is approached by several roads. The main entrance is under a heavy wooded arch, near which is a summer-house, where the Sage of Edgewood usually spends the pleasant afternoons, and where most of his writing is done.

Edgewood is a most retired spot, an ideal place for a man to round out the years of a well-spent life, surrounded by his books, his garden, and his trees.

"Ik Marvel" is well down the sunset slope, but he is in perfect physical and mental health. He says he owes his spendid physical condition to his love for out-door exercise. No one who has read his books needs an explanation of his mental health. His favorite recreation is wood-chopping, in which predilection he resembles Gladstone. In the fall of the year he shoulders a stout axe, and trudging off to his forest, he swings the implement with a vigor that a man half his years might envy.

He is out of place in this anæmic age.

In the summer months he works in the garden. He loves nature as did Thoreau. In height he is a little above the average, with a tendency to stoutness. His shoulders are broad and his movements are quick and elastic. The face is gentle in expression, the eyes are blue, — that peculiar blue that you sometimes see mirrored in a placid lake, — and his hair and beard are of softest white.

Mr. Mitchell believes in early rising, in which he differs from the views advanced by Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley. He rises at five o'clock, winter and summer, and breakfast is served at 6.30. There is no deviation from this rule. — *John Northern Hilliard, in the Home Magazine for February.*

Moody. — A warm personal friend of Mr. Moody yesterday described how the evangelist prepares one of his apparently extemporaneous talks.

"The assertion that Mr. Moody speaks extemporaneously from his texts," he said, "is incorrect. I know of no other religious worker who expends half the time or care that he does on his platform addresses.

"His manner in preparing these talks also differs from that of any other speaker I have known. It is characteristic of the man. When

a text appeals to Mr. Moody, he writes it down and places it in a large envelope in his desk; but he bears it in mind, and from that moment on everything he can find in any way bearing upon this text he makes a memorandum of and slips into the envelope.

"At the end of six months, the accumulated material in the envelope is carefully gone over and placed in a logical order. Very often this is but a skeleton of the talk, so the collecting process is frequently continued.

"Finally, perhaps after two years, the talk is completed, and when Mr. Moody goes on the platform with it everything, even to the anecdotes and apparently extemporaneous observations, has been prepared beforehand."—*New York Journal.*

Pinero.—A man with sharp, narrow, unbearded face, quick black eyes, high, bald forehead, alert, easy and dexterous in his carriage, yet withal reposeful, as serene in feature and action as a swift, deep stream that gives no surface sign or sound of its progress—such is Arthur Wing Pinero. This outward calm is, however, but the result of self-schooling and mental control, for restless energy and acuteness of vision in Mr. Pinero are exceptional. With the exception of Henry James, probably no writer of our time has greater literary inquisitiveness or a sharper passion for accurate observation in the investigation of character. As a youth, however, he manifested no special tendencies toward dramatic writing, but spent his time in the perusal of law books. It is his nature to be patient in study, but swift in the execution of his undertakings, and therefore the practice of law had no attractions for him, yet a musty law office had some part in effecting the development of his mind and views of life, as shall presently be seen. With the majority of writers it is their custom to do the better part of their work in the morning, but Mr. Pinero occupies that time in attending to his correspondence and to exercise. In the afternoon he sees friends, attends to matters of business, reads much and rests. Thus the day is apparently gone. But after dining he turns to work, which absorbs one-third of the night, fixing him to his desk from eight o'clock on to midnight, and thence frequently far into the morning. Before coming to his desk he has already planned the outlines and formed the characters that he begins to put in motion in his growing temples of life, peopled by shadows that are often more real than the flesh and blood figures enclosed in Bond street clothing and flitting through the artificial air of Mayfair. Once pinned to his labors, Mr. Pinero proceeds with the utmost concentration, yet with all this care and deliberation he is a severe judge upon his results; for his hand is ruthless on his own pages. He destroys quantities of paper in perfecting a work, but in the composition of "The Princess and the Butterfly," a play that he was longest in the making, he destroyed quires, and the four acts absorbed more than ten unbroken months of labor. All his work, whether humorous or tragic, is essentially dramatic, and at the same instant essentially literary. Generally there is more matter in one of his pages than in an act by one of his contemporaries. He need not fear, and does not shun, examination, for all his plays are published.—*Joseph Anderson, in Boston Transcript.*

Richebourg.—There are more glorious names in French literature than that of Emile Richebourg, who died a few days ago, but certainly no more popular or abundant writer can be cited through the whole century. His vogue for years past has been tremendous among all classes of French society, and his stories netted him one hundred thousand francs a year, and sometimes a still higher sum. A paper has been known to increase its circulation as much as thirty thousand a week after a story by Richebourg began to appear in its columns. His popularity has also been proved conversely. He had been writing his mystery stories for a long time for the *Petit Journal*, when it occurred to the editor that he had better give his readers something more literary. For Richebourg's usual story, therefore, he substituted Jules Verne's "Michel Strogoff." The result was that the *Petit Journal* lost eighty thousand subscribers in a week, and there was nothing for it but to entreat Emile Richebourg to come back again.

Richebourg was the son of a cutler living some distance from Paris; but, immediately on reaching his sixteenth year, he commenced his

literary career. He succeeded from the start, and never changed the method in which he so firmly believed. This was to avoid anything like a "fad" in writing, and always to write rather for the most uncultivated than for the most cultivated of his readers.

It is said that his study contained five tables, on which each day were spread five different tasks, unrelated to one another, and consisting of some piece of work promised to editor or publisher in the near future. His daily programme never varied. In the early morning he sat down at the first of these tables and wrote a *feuilleton* for the morrow's paper; then he passed to the next table, and perhaps finished another chapter in a romance half completed. By the time this was accomplished, he began to think of the work which lay on the third table; from the third he passed to the fourth, and when the day was done he had performed five tasks instead of one. It was only by thus varying the object of his energy that he could create at all, he declared. The remarkable part of such manifold application is that he never mixed up his characters, never married a bride of one romance to the bridegroom of another, and always easily picked up the threads of each piece of work at exactly the right point. — *San Francisco Argonaut.*

Ruskin. — John Ruskin, who will be seventy-nine years old next month, is no worse and no better in health than during the last five years. He walks out daily, sees his friends, and spends much time in reading. Thus far he goes and no further, for his comparative health depends upon his being kept from all unnecessary work. He directs his own business, we are told, but it is impossible for him to conduct correspondence with strangers. — *New York Tribune.*

Rossetti.—In one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's letters to Allingham, Rossetti remarks: "My sonnets are not generally finished till I see them again after forgetting them." A very interesting example of this method is given in the various manuscripts which show how Rossetti built up the introductory sonnet to the sequence, entitled "The House of Life." The first draft of the opening lines of this sonnet is found embedded in the middle of a collection of notes of odds and ends, and it runs thus: —

A sonnet is a moment's monument,
A medal struck to all eternity
For one dead deathless hour.

The poet then appears to have left the sonnet for some time, and the next reference to it occurs in a similar collection of miscellanea, where the introduction stands in this extended form: —

A sonnet is a moment's monument
Memorial from the soul's eternity,
To one dead deathless hour.
Like a coin (face and obverse) memories connected with coin
etc.

A still later and complete manuscript shows the sonnet in the form in which it was sent to the printer, where the thoughts suggested by a coin are fully worked out: —

A sonnet is a moment's monument —
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent;
Carve it in ivory or ebony,
As day or night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A sonnet is a coin; its face reveals
The soul — its converse to what Power 'tis due —
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pays the toll to death.

— *Literature.*

"Octave Thanet." — A contributor to the *Midland Monthly* says that "Octave Thanet" (Miss Alice French) thinks that the educational preparation of a short-story writer cannot be on too broad a scale: Her own preparation included not only the study of several literatures, but metaphysics, political economy, and science. She believes that every realist should have a literary or scientific training of some sort to show him the best method of collecting and assorting his materials and to teach him literary proportion. This training should be supplemented by a study of style. If one wants to acquire a style which is simple, direct, and also picturesque, she particularly recommends the study of the old English divines. "I could not begin to tell you," she once wrote me, "the queer old pamphlets and old reprints (and sometimes originals) of the dead and

buried gossip of the sixteenth century that I have exhumed and read. The sermons of that time had the pith of manners and politics in them, just as newspapers have it now. They were the mirrors of the time, and repaid me often not only with first-hand views of the age, but with a style of singular simplicity and strength, the style, you know, of King James's translation." Above all, Octave Thanet thinks the realist should possess what George Saintsbury regards as the indispensable talent of a novelist, "the gift of conceiving and projecting character."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE. With an introductory chapter on style. By William B. Cairns, A. M. 356 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Ginn & Company. 1896.

The first fifty-seven pages of Mr. Cairns' book are devoted to a discussion of the choice of words in writing, and the arrangement of them in phrases, clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. The five chapters following discuss the principles of writing, under the headings "Narration," "Description," "Exposition," "Argumentation," and "Persuasion." A fair idea of the quality of the book is given by the opening paragraph of the chapter on "Narration," which reads as follows:—

"Narration is that form of discourse that aims to bring before the mind of the reader a series of occurrences. In object it resembles description, since both present facts, especially facts such as are originally apprehended through the senses. Both differ somewhat widely from exposition, which explains and classifies ideas, and from argumentation and persuasion, which aim to influence belief and action, respectively. They are usually found together, and in some pieces of composition it is difficult to say whether the narrative or the descriptive element predominates.

All that is true, of course, but no amount of dissertation like that will ever help a student to write effectively. Generally speaking, Mr. Cairns' book is dull and commonplace. It is a waste of time to tell a student that "The propositions with which argumentation deals may be either particular or general," or that "The student will find his work simplified if he remembers that every single proposition, no matter how long or involved, consists of two terms, one of which is affirmed or denied of the other," or that "All arguments tend to prove something that may be asserted; and the statement of the proposition for the private use of the writer should be in the declarative form." Dryasdust text-book truisms like these will never teach a lawyer how to convince a jury. A book of the kind that Mr. Cairns has tried to write would be exceedingly useful, but it should be written on a plan wholly different from his. The way to teach people how to write effectively is to give them examples of good writing and bad writing, and point out specifically why the good writing is good and the bad writing is bad. Mr. Cairns does this to some extent, but only incidentally. The greater part of his book is made up of platitudes like "In planning argumentative discourse, a writer should take into consideration the probable attitude of those for whom he writes toward the proposition that he maintains," which is true, of course, but, like other self-evident truths, does not need to be oratorically stated.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ARGUMENTATION. By George Pierce Baker, Assistant Professor of English in Harvard College. 414 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Ginn & Company, 1895.

If ministers would read and study Mr. Baker's book, more sermons would carry conviction and persuasion with them, and converts and church members would be more numerous. If lawyers would read and study it, clients would be better served, and justice would more frequently be done. If editorial writers would read and study it, the editorial columns of the newspapers would be much better worth reading than they are to-day, and mere assertion and rambling statement of half-formed opinion would be replaced to a great extent by careful marshaling of facts, thoughtful drawing of conclusions, and more or less convincing arguments. The manner of the book is exceedingly happy. Mr. Baker writes of what most people would term a dry subject in a most fascinating way, and shows that, instead of being dull and lifeless, it is full of human interest. To any thoughtful reader his book will be as entertaining as a novel, and no writer can read it without getting practical benefit from its perusal. Its style is luminous, its reasoning sound, its instruction clear, its illustration apt, its arrangement admirable. In every way it is a book to be heartily commended.

HISTORIC HOUSES AND SPOTS IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AND NEAR-BY TOWNS. By J. W. Freese. 144 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1897.

Half-tone pictures and concise descriptions of fifty or more of the old landmarks around Boston give Mr. Freese's little book permanent interest and value. The pictures are as good as photographs, and the text gives just the information about them that the tourist or the reader wants. Among the houses shown is the old Cradock house, in Medford, built in 1634, which is probably the first brick house built in the Massachusetts colony and which is said to be the oldest now standing in North America. Other interesting landmarks shown in pictures are the Longfellow house, and the Lowell house, in Cambridge: the Washington Elm, the

Old Manse, and Emerson's home, in Concord; the old Powder House, in Somerville, the Old South Church,— including, by the way, a glimpse of the building which shelters the WRITER office —the Old State House, Faneuil Hall, the old Fairbanks house, in Dedham, built in 1636, and the Wayside Inn, in Sudbury.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Mary A. Livermore. Illustrated. 730 pp. Cloth, $3 25. Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co. 1897.

Autobiography is always interesting, and in the case of one who has such a strong personality and who has had such notable experiences as Mrs. Livermore it is intensely so. She is described on the title page of her life story as "teacher, author, wife, mother, army nurse, soldiers' friend, lecturer, and reformer," and the book includes a narrative of her early life and struggles for education, three years' experiences on a Southern plantation among white masters and black slaves, her courtship, marriage, and domestic life, with hitherto unrecorded incidents and recollections of three years' experience as an army nurse in the civil war and reminiscences of twenty-five years' experiences on the lecture platform.

Mrs. Livermore has an extraordinary memory, and the incidents of her childhood seem to be as fresh in her mind as those of yesterday. She has a strong sense of humor, too, and many of her recollections are exceedingly amusing. Any who have ignorantly set Mrs. Livermore down as a woman of one idea, perhaps a temperance fanatic, narrow-minded, and bigoted, will not have to read many pages in her book before they will discover that she is a brilliant, talented, many-sided woman, with a broad mind generously cultivated, deep sympathies, noble impulses, and a rich fund of experience that makes her a most entertaining companion. She has done the world a service by writing her biography, and the publisher whose urging prompted her to undertake the work and who has brought it out in such handsome and substantial form deserves the gratitude of everybody.

Everything was ready for the task. Mrs. Livermore says: "My father and mother during my girlhood religiously preserved my weekly letters to them, which were always packed with my experiences at the time, as these were what they cared most to know. And my faithful husband, during our long life together, has almost prepared a biography of me in his methodical collection, arrangement, and preservation of my letters and manuscripts, our experiences in the ministry, and our editorial co-partnership; in his memories of journeys, visits to historic places, and eminent people; in his reports of lectures, preservation of newspaper clippings relating to myself, of all sorts and from all parts of the country, and with copious memoranda of the prominent events of my life in general. There was no lack of material."

This gives a hint, perhaps, of the reason of the freshness of Mrs. Livermore's recollections. Her early training, however, was admirably designed to cultivate the memory. "Every child in the family," she says, "from the age of seven was expected to read the Bible through once a year, according to a plan marked out by my father. I observed this custom until I was twenty-three years of age, so that the good book has become ingrained in my memory, a part of my very self. To this day I am saluted in my home as 'The Family Concordance.'" Every Sunday evening the catechism was studied, with such effect that Mrs. Livermore says: "If that catechism is lost, hopelessly, I can at any time reproduce it, question and answer, *verbatim et literatim*, for it is burned into my memory forever." Books were rare in those days, and when on her eighth birthday her aunt made her a present of a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," she read it so persistently that after she had been caught four times devouring it on Sunday, the fifth time the book was taken from her and thrown into the fire, in fulfillment of an unwise threat. "When I saw it smouldering under the firelog, and then blaze out into vivid flame," she says, "such a sense of loss came over me as I should not now experience if all my earthly possessions melted away. Added to this feeling was a keen sense of injustice, which I did not know how to put into words. . . . As I threw myself on the bed, at night, ill-natured, unhappy, and utterly out of sorts, I said to my mother with great vehemence: 'I'm glad this Sunday has gone, and I wish we weren't to have another for twenty years!'" Then when her mother told her that was wrong, and added: "If you can't be happy one Sunday here, what will you do when you go to heaven? Don't you know your papa tells you heaven is one eternal Sunday?" she responded: "Well, I won't worry about it now, for perhaps I sha'n't have to go there!"

When books are few they are generally thoroughly read, and much reading of few books is better mental training than skimming over many, according to the modern fashion. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Mrs. Livermore says, she read and reread with an avidity that was never satiated. When her father's eyesight failed, she read to him daily, and so formed regular habits of reading, from which she has never departed. When, later on, she had access to many books in a circulating library, to prevent her from getting more harm than good from it, "It was settled," she says,

"that I must read more slowly, and that I should write out a synopsis of every book I read, as a help to its better comprehension, and as an aid to memory. . . . I have followed this system in some fashion ever since. After recently burning a large quantity of synopses and extracts, scrap-books, and 'Index Rerums,' containing the gist of more than half a century's study and reading, I possess a large variety of the same books awaiting cremation. . . . This method of reading did me good service. It took the place of a diary, as I have always added to my synopsis of a book the names of the author and publisher, the dates of publication and of my own reading, my own impression of its worth or worthlessness, with the mention of any noteworthy occurrence that took place at the time. It has certainly helped me to retain and assimilate what otherwise I should have forgotten."

It is plain how Mrs. Livermore comes to have so excellent a memory.

She began writing when she was very young. "I began to write Sunday school anniversary hymns," she says, "before I was ten years old, verses for birthday occasions, Thanksgiving and New Year, little stories for children, and hymns for their use, which in some way got into print. Moreover, I had filled a large blank book with short stories, written entirely for my own enjoyment, on which I had bestowed much labor, writing and rewriting them, and then copying them carefully into my blank book." Speaking of the year following her marriage, she says: "I had written more or less for publication for years, and was desirous of continuing literary practice. . . . I soon found myself with an abundance of literary occupation on hand: stories for the impecunious and short-lived magazines that started out under various auspices; hymns and poems for all sorts of occasions; and essays, sketches, and verses for the local papers." A prize was offered of $50 for the best story, based on fact, illustrative of the Washingtonian temperance reform, and Mrs. Livermore won it, surpassing 250 competitors. Nearly a year later she won another prize for a story "which should elucidate the changes wrought in one's life and character by a vital change of religious belief." Later she found time for an occasional article for the *Galaxy* and *Putnam's Magazine*, and contributed quite regularly to the *Ladies' Repository*, magazines then popular, which paid something to contributors, but which have since become defunct. For a few years she was editor of an "annual," and by her literary work added two or three hundred dollars yearly to her husband's income. When, after removal to Chicago, Mr. Livermore bought the *New Covenant*, the Universalist paper of the Northwest, his wife was fitted to render him aid in the management of his paper, and became his associate editor. "During his absences," she says, "I wrote for every department of the paper, except the theological, and took entire charge of the business. In 1863, a volume of the stories I had contributed to the *New Covenant* was published, under the title of "Pen Pictures," and ran through several editions. I did much reporting work in those days, and at the convention in the Chicago 'Wigwam,' where Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, I was the only woman reporter present, and was furnished with a ticket, and assigned a place among the men reporters, numbering a hundred or two."

From that time on Mrs. Livermore has been active in literary work, as editor, author, and lecturer, up to the present day. In 1870 she became editor-in-chief of the *Woman's Journal*, at its foundation, but after two years she resigned her position and devoted herself to lecturing. Six of her most popular lectures are printed in an appendix to her autobiography.

THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY. Translated from the German of Elizabeth Helden, by Mary E. Ireland. 194 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: American Tract Society.

Mrs. Ireland is a skilled translator, and she has put this story into natural and simple English. The story itself is interesting, and will exert a good moral influence. It is particularly well adapted to be added to Sunday School libraries.

FRESHMAN COMPOSITION. By Henry G. Pearson. With an introduction by Arlo Bates. 151 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: D C. Heath & Co. 1897.

Mr. Pearson is instructor in English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and "Freshman Composition" was written to meet the requirements of the course in English composition given to students there in the first term of the Freshman year. The written work in the course consists of a weekly theme "of from three to four hundred words in length" (as Mr. Pearson rather unhappily puts it) from each student. The text-book aims to point out how such themes may be written most effectively, and, reversing the usual order, begins by discussing the composition as a whole, taking up next the paragraph, next the sentence, and, finally, words. The author says of the book: "It has not been loaded with examples of faulty compositions, bad paragraphs, incoherent sentences, and misused words," his belief being that plenty of examples of bad English can always be found in the work of students brought to the classroom, and that such examples are the best for the use of the instructor. For this reason, his book is not so useful for independent study as it would be

otherwise. It contains many good suggestions regarding theme-writing, however, and generally is well worth reading.

ASPECTS OF FICTION, AND OTHER VENTURES IN CRITICISM. By Brander Matthews. 234 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1896.

The "Aspects of Fiction" in Mr. Matthews' book include chapters on "The Gift of Story-telling," "Cervantes, Zola, Kipling, & Co.," "The Prose Tales of François Coppée," "The Short Stories of Ludovic Halévy," "Charles Dudley Warner as a Writer of Fiction," and "Text-books of Fiction." In addition, the volume includes papers entitled "American Literature," "Two Studies of the South," "The Penalty of Humor," "On Pleasing the Taste of the Public," "On Certain Parallelisms Between the Ancient Drama and the Modern," and "Two Scotsmen of Letters — Andrew Lang and Robert Louis Stevenson."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN HORDEN, MISSIONARY BISHOP, A LIFE ON THE SHORES OF HUDSON BAY. By Rev. A. R. Buckland, M. A. 141 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

THE MYSTIC WORLD. A literal narrative of strange mystical occurrences, rare materializations, with seances, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, and mental phenomena, thought transference, etc. 68 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Washington: O. W. Humphrey, 1897.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF BJÖRNSON AND IBSEN. William H. Schofield. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH. Professor Mark H. Liddell. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

THE LIFE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION. Kate E. Corkhill. *Midland Monthly* (13 c.) for April.

NO NEW HANDS WANTED (in literature). Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN. — IV. Theodore F. Wolfe. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

SOME BY-WAYS OF THE BRAIN. — I. Andrew Wilson, M. D. *Harper's* (38 c.) for April.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE GENTLE READER AND THE SCRIBE Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for April.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF PERSONAL PUBLICITY. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE. With portrait. William S. Harris. *Granite Monthly* (23 c.) for February.

THE NEO-ROMANTIC NOVEL. Professor G. R. Carpenter. *Forum* (38 c.) for March.

THE ELEMENTS OF A NATIONAL LITERATURE. James R. Hanna. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for March.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN. XI. — Whittier and Lowell. Illustrated. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for March.

THE SORROWS OF SCRIBBLERS (being the confessions of a magazine contributor). *National Review* (75 c.) for March.

DISCRIMINATION IN THE USE OF WORDS. — VI. F. Horace Teall. *Inland Printer* (23 c.) for March.

DRAWING FOR PRINTERS. — XI. Illustrated Ernest Kraufft. *Inland Printer* (23 c.) for March.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS." Joseph L French. Illustrated. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY (the new Tennyson memoir). Eugene Parsons. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for March.

FREDERICK TENNYSON. Eugene Parsons. *Critic* (13 c.) for March 12.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS AT HOME. With portraits. Joseph E. Chamberlin *Critic* (13 c.) for March 5.

THE WORKING OF INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. George Haven Putnam. *Independent* (13 c.) for March 3.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER. — I. Illustrated. *Scientific American* (13 c.) for March 19.

MACAULAY AND LUCIAN. H. S. Janett. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 12.

THE WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 12.

WALTER SCOTT'S STUDY. Reprinted from *Chambers' Journal* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 19.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. Virginia M. Crawford. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 19.

ITALIAN NOVELISTS IN 1897. Dominico Olina. *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. James T. Fields will go abroad early in May to spend the summer.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, now United States minister to Persia, was married at Athens, Greece, March 9, to Grace Aspinwall Bowen of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edward Bellamy is regaining his health in Denver, and is looking backward to the East with some longing.

Henry James has taken a house at Rye, two hours from London, making for himself a second English home, the other being his bachelor apartment in London. He will live in Rye this year from May until November, to get the quiet for writing and rest which in London no man of his popularity can have.

Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is going to enter the lecture field.

The National Editorial Association is talking of holding its annual convention at Paris in 1900.

Mrs. Coventry Patmore, who is preparing a biography of her late husband, will be greatly obliged to any of his correspondents who possess letters of interest connected with her task if they will lend them, or supply transcripts of portions of them, to her. If sent to The Lodge, Lymington, England, they will be promptly returned.

The Bacheller syndicate has been sold to J. Brisben Walker, proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan*, and has been removed to Irvington, N. Y.

The *Mothers' Magazine* is a new monthly published by George H. Baker in New York.

The *Town Crier* is the title of a new weekly soon to be published in New York. It is to be conducted on lines similar to those proposed for *L'Enfant Terrible*, which did not materialize.

American Book-lore, a bi-monthly publication devoted to Americana, is announced by Henry E. Segler, 426 Bradford street, Milwaukee.

Beginning with the April issue, the *Woman's World and Jenness-Miller Monthly* (New York) will become the *Gentlewoman*. Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney will continue to be the editor.

Frank Field Fowler has bought the *Nickell Magazine* (Boston).

Frank A. Munsey has bought *Peterson's Magazine*, and will publish it hereafter from his New York office. It will be conducted as a high-class family magazine, but not in such a way as to compete with Mr. Munsey's other publications, *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Puritan*, the *Argosy*, and the *Quaker*.

Roger Riordan, for many years a contributor to the *Critic*, has become the art editor of the *Art Amateur*, which has passed out of the hands of Montague Marks.

The cover of the *Inland Printer* (Chicago) for March has one of the oddest designs ever published. It is a fac-simile of the cover form photographed upon the imposing stone and showing everything reversed. The *Inland Printer*, by the way, is a beautiful example of the typographic art, and it is filled with interesting reading relating to the printer's craft.

Leslie's Weekly (New York) offers a prize of $50 for the best story, sketch, experience, or reminiscence, from 100 to 500 words long, relating to actual experiences of commercial travelers, and a prize of $100 for the best story of the same class from 500 to 2,000 words long. The competition will close June 1.

The *New York Herald's* first prize of $1,000 for the best Sunday sermon contributed to its columns has been awarded to Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, of Middleboro, Mass. The second prize of $500 was awarded to Rev. W. S. Perkins, D. D., of Meriden, Conn.

Miss Anna A. Gordon will prepare a biography of Miss Frances E. Willard. All persons having letters or other material of interest for it are invited to communicate with Miss Gordon. Her address is Hotel Windsor, Chicago, Ill.

The twelfth number of *Great Pictures* (Chicago) contains "L'Eté" (Axilette), "La Nymphe de la Groute" (J. Benner), "Jeunesse" (R. Collin), and two plates reproducing photographs of the Manufacturers' Building and the Mining Building at the Chicago World's Fair.

Richard Harding Davis's new serial in *Scribner's* contains an American newspaper correspondent of attractive personality as one of the chief instruments in the plot.

"On the Teaching of English" in the April *Atlantic* is a strong and convincing argument by Professor Mark H. Liddell, upon the necessity of studying and teaching our mother tongue through the structure and idioms of its own historical grammar, discarding classicisms and foreign innovations.

Under the heading, "No New Hands Wanted," in *Lippincott's* for April, Frederic M. Bird, the editor of the magazine, considers the real or supposed prejudice against beginners in literature.

Aubrey Beardsley died at Mentone, France, March 16, aged twenty-four.

Rev. Joseph Henry Allen died at Cambridge, Mass., March 21, aged seventy-seven.

James Payn died in London, March 25, aged sixty-eight.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, MAY, 1898. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

ON HUMOROUS WRITING. *W. J. Lampton.* 65
MAKE IT EASY FOR THE INDEXER. *R. N. Roark.* . . 66
THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP. *Clara Louise Burnham.* 67
THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S ENGLISH. *Victorine Thomas Arts.* 69
THE USEFULNESS OF CAPITALS. *Eugene Parsons.* . . 70
REVISING LITERATURE. *Mary Hall Leonard.* . . . 71
EDITORIAL. 72
The Use of Capitals, 72 — When Writers Should Amplify. 73
QUERIES. 73
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 74
THE SCRAP BASKET. 74
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 75
Henry Holcomb Bennett, 75 — Thomas D. Bolger, 75 — Elizabeth Worthington Fiske, 75 — David Gray, 76 — De Leon F. Hall, 76 — Beatrice Harlowe, 76 — W. S. Harwood, 77 — Gabrielle E. Jackson, 77 — Frederick Boyd Stevenson, 77 — Frances Swann Williams. 78
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 78
Leon Daudet, 78 — W. S. Gilbert. 78
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 78
NEWS AND NOTES. 79

ON HUMOROUS WRITING.

To be funny is a serious matter. As the professional humorist said to the editor: "Do you think I make jokes for fun?" And when the ambitious writer begins to feel stirring within him the genius of Momus it will be well for him to put on that genius the heaviest curb that he can procure.

It seems to be such an easy thing to write the cute little jokes and paragraphs and possibly poems which one sees in such profusion in periodicals and newspapers that the temptation to the writer to try his 'prentice hand on them is often irresistible, and he tries. At first he writes something he has heard in conversation, and it is often printed, because it is really good. This encourages him, and he begins to cudgel his brain for some other bright remark that he has heard. Failing to find it, he makes one of his own, by a little imagining; for instance: —

Miss Nuwoman — How lovely it must be to be a man.

Man — Yes, they can make love to women.

That strikes him as about what he would say under the circumstances, and he is greatly elated at his wit, and sends the squib off to an editor, and for three or four weeks he buys copies of the paper to see if his joke is printed. It is n't, and he is disappointed, and thinks the editor does n't know his business. After the disappointment becomes dulled somewhat, he tries again, and this time sends a stamp, "for return if not available, — a formality that he did not think necessary before. His joke comes back, and he waits awhile and tries again. Possibly in time he sells one squib, and another, and another (at fifty cents apiece), and he forgets the innumerable ones he does not sell, and is happy.

This is the true genius of literature — the man who loves his work so well that he is willing to endure all things for its sake, forgetting the oceans of bitter in the drops of sweet.

If I were advising any one, not already engaged in the business of writing, my first advice would be to keep hands off, unless compelled by the spirit within to take up the pen. If the spirit compels, then the better plan is to write, and lay away for a year each article written. If at the end of so long a time the matter seems good, submit it to an editor. One may say that jokes get old; so they do, but the old jokes are the best, and there are very few now current that do not show some signs of ancestry.

For the writing of paragraphs, dialogues, and jokes, so called, in verse or prose, no rule can be given. In the nature of things, a paragraph

must be short, and a joke must be funny. How to make the humorous paragraph meet these requirements cannot be told. That is where the genius of it lies, and some writers are utterly lacking in the power to write a two-line paragraph, or get a sparkle of wit into a joke. The writer who thinks he can, and insists upon trying, can be taught differently only by the kind and heartless editor.

The verse writer works on different lines from the plain prose maker. He must not only possess the wit of the other, but must have the lyrical quality as well. He must be able to measure his lines, and having cut his words to fit the measure, he must also give them the consonance of rhyme. In other words, he must have the music faculty, the sense of harmony and melody.

All this sounds difficult, perhaps, but it is not. Being born with the faculty is all that is requisite. The rest comes easy. And here comes in the mighty editor to say whether the writer of measured matter is a poet or not. The poet may contend the judgment that is against him, but not one time in a thousand is the editor wrong.

Collecting these scattered ideas and suggestions into a conclusion, I should say that only for the few is it better to enter the field of humorous writing, and for those few the better way to success is to study the times, and men, and events, and fit their writing for publication to them, so that it will have currency. Having something, then, that is timely, submit it to the editors of the papers or periodicals which use matter of that class. Study the mediums of your purposed expression; learn the periodicals so that you may not send political jokes to fashion magazines, or *vice versa*. This part of the profession is simply business, and a full knowledge of it may be acquired. Read such a periodical as that in which this article appears, and from that you will get many practical hints, which even genius must have to attain to the success it deserves. *W. J. Lampton.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAKE IT EASY FOR THE INDEXER.

"Make it easy for the indexer" — that's what I want to say to every publisher, whether he issues a paper, a magazine, or a book. By "indexer," I mean the harrassed soul whose business it is, in private or public libraries, to look after information on special subjects, and index it for use at any time.

I send magazines to the binder only once a year, and as I want to refer to the different numbers often during the year, as well as after they are bound, I index them as they come in, from month to month. It would add immensely to my comfort and prolong my days — if in no other way than by saving me many an extra minute and useless explosion of irritable nerve matter — if the publishers would adopt the simple and easy plan of having (1) the name of the periodical, (2) the date of the issue, (3) the number of the volume, (4) the contents, *paged*, all printed in plain type on the same page, preferably on the first cover; and the delight of the indexer would be greatly increased if there were uniformity as to the place on the page each of these items should occupy.

I ventured some two or three years ago to ask the *Educational Review*, the *Psychological Review*, and the *Forum* to page their contents, and they have since done so. Imagine the indexer's feelings before the change was made, as with nervous fingers he toiled among the leaves to find on what page some article was concealed!

Note how the leading periodicals vary in their lack of conformity to the ideal outlined above: The *Atlantic* not only does not have the volume number on the contents page, but does not have it anywhere on the outside. The

same is true of strong, old, conservative *Harper's*, with its eternal "new" and the old, old bubble-blowing baby. Worse yet, *Harper's* does not have the date on the contents page. The *Forum*, the *Educational Review*, and the *Cosmopolitan* have the volume number in small type at the bottom of the contents page, hard to find and hard to see clearly; but, much to their credit, all these have the necessary items on the same page. *McClure's*, the *Outlook*, and the *Review of Reviews* have the volume number only on the outside, and the contents on the inside — a very inconvenient place, so far as periodicals are concerned, though one might quite naturally look on the inside for the contents of anything else. It is especially irritating to have the contents page hidden away among the advertisements, and to find no volume number on it when it is at last discovered. The *Review of Reviews* is an especial sinner in this matter, for it prints its contents on the back of the frontispiece. The *Independent* has the strange custom of putting its contents about the middle of the paper, with no previous indication as to where to look for them; and of course a paper that would do that way does not have any volume number where its contents are.

The *Arena* has the volume number on the back, the real back, where the binding is done, and the indexer who unconsciously expects to find things in their places has to hunt for it every time. The *Century* has the volume number on the outside, but not on the inside with the contents: it does not, however, commit the indiscretion of having the contents page mixed hopelessly in with the advertisements.

The *North American Review* is just right, even to having the volume number printed in plain arabic figures, instead of the pestering roman letters. The *Popular Science Monthly*, *Public Opinion*, and the *Psychological Review* are also delightfully correct; and *Scribner's* is very nearly so, lacking only an outside contents page.

R. N. Roark.

LEXINGTON, KY.

THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP.

In one of the many articles I have read giving advice to young writers, or to those thinking of making a living by the pen, I saw an exhortation to the beginner to repent in time, and to break stone on the road rather than attempt to get a living out of authorship. Indeed, I have been impressed by the generally gloomy tone of articles on this subject. I have observed, also, in talking with members of the theatrical profession, that they almost uniformly advise other people to keep out of it — the fact that nothing would induce themselves to exchange the checkered career for a different means of livelihood not seeming to suggest to them that others might do as well to embrace it.

It seems to me it is a question in adopting any profession whether, with all its faults, you can love it still, for every calling has its faults and discomforts.

The profession of authorship one must love very much to do well in it. Indeed, it might almost be said that unless one would write for love (if he could afford it), he would better not attempt to write for money.

There is such call upon the patience, courage, and self-control while one is getting started that it is a fortunate thing that during this period the novelty of the work lends an added charm.

I was asked recently by the editor of the *Chicago South Side Sayings* what advice I would give one who thought of becoming a writer; and the question, when I first read it, made me wonder if there was anything left to say on this subject that was not too trite for publication.

A very important point has not been much dwelt upon — namely, that no beginner in authorship can rely on the income from his work. One must first find some temporary means of boiling the pot, and then, at such odd times as he can get, practice to gain fluency with his pen. If one's present living is assured, then what greater pleasure for him who loves it than to try his hand at pen pictures and creations? And right here I want to say that this creative talent lies latent sometimes in those who least suspect it; that this love is ready to spring into being at the urgency of some discerning friend, or under the impulse of some necessity; and the individual who has it in him to respond to the lighting of the fuse awakes to find the whole world recreated for him with the discovery of a new and precious faculty.

This was my own case, and I venture to cite it in contradiction of the much-repeated exhortation not to write until you have something to say. I was sure I had nothing to say; so sure that one of my brothers had to urge me for a year before I would consent to prove it to him. His persistency was a blessed thing for me, and makes me feel like encouraging others to "take pen in hand" (though I infinitely prefer pencil) and find out whether they have anything to say. There seems to me no other way of finding out.

Suppose you suspect yourself, or some relied-upon friend suspects you, of power in this direction. A good way is to begin to write a letter from one supposititious personage to another; make the writer very interesting in your own mind, and then let the other party answer that letter. It is very likely that the fictitious people referred to in the correspondence will want to take a hand also. Let them. The result will be that a story is forming. Perhaps it will seem very bright and delightful to you, and you will find yourself taking pleasure in what seems play, not work. The more you are pleased with what you do, the more likely you are to please others; but this will probably not seem true at first. You and your family may be charmed with a story you have written. You send it to some periodical. The editor returns it. The rejection is a blow at your very heart. You examine the article again, and, as if the little transaction had been an eye-opener, you see weak spots throughout, which you had not before noticed.

We sometimes read scornful comments upon persons who "rush into print." As a matter of fact, that is not so easy to do. Editors are lions in the path. The place where the beginner should really "avoid the rush" is by not sending a manuscript too early to anybody. Lay it away; read it over in a fortnight, and edit and improve it yourself. Then, do not send it to any periodical that is not familiar to you. You will save much postage by understanding the style of story or article which is acceptable to any given publication.

If the genuine love for writing is in you, rejection, though it hurts, will not crush you. You work away and still hope. If plots are difficult for you to form, don't wait to think out the complete skeleton for a story. Create a small group of characters, familiarize yourself with the thought of them precisely as if they were new acquaintances. Let them as much as possible form contrasts to one another. Name them, furnish them with professions or trades, or let them be butterflies of fashion. Then start a conversation between certain of them. One idea will lead on to another. They will begin to work for you after a while. If the story is to be a short one, make 2,500 or 3,000 words your limit. When you get it in such shape that you feel it can hold the interest and that there is no place to skip, have it typewritten if possible, and then familiarize yourself with periodicals, as suggested above, before you send it on its travels.

Remember that rejections are the common lot, and do not allow them to remain the grievance that the first one is sure to be. It is well to have several copies made of the first page of your manuscripts, to be ready to substitute a fresh one for that which the unappreciative editor occasionally unkindly defaces.

If your other occupations permit, have regular hours for writing, and stick to them, whether you feel in the mood or not. It was Trollope who said that the best inspiration for an author was a bit of cobbler's wax to fasten him to the chair, and to my mind a truer word was never

spoken. Force yourself to write something during this chosen period. Industry is a great factor in authorship, for ideas come when the attitude of mind and body favor; and we are not talking about the exceptional genius upon whom worthy ideas flash and remain in the watches of the night, or while he strays by the lake shore.

In general, and from a mercenary standpoint, I should advise cheerful rather than gloomy topics, humor rather than tragedy, goodness rather than evil, conversation rather than description. Let the author retire gracefully, allowing his characters to have the floor, and when he does talk let him be brief.

To try your powers and develop them, to work persistently, to learn lessons from rejection, to keep up courage and not look for a high road to success — what other advice can one give to a beginner in authorship? As to the promises which the profession holds out, I am always cowardly about it for a man, excepting in journalism. A man needs to earn more than a woman, as a usual thing; but for a woman I consider the profession of authorship ideal.

CHICAGO, Ill. *Clara Louise Burnham.*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S ENGLISH.

Following are some extracts that I have taken at random from the installment of Thomas Nelson Page's story of "Red Rock" in *Scribner's Magazine* for March. Do the readers of THE WRITER call the language employed in this story Magazine English, or do they agree with me that it would be unjust to do so? It should be noticed that the words quoted are not supposed to proceed from any of the illiterate characters that appear in the story: —

"L. shortly determined to give the neighborhood an illustration of his power." — *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. XXIII., p. 292, col. 1.

"The negroes around took in quickly that something unusual was happening, and their manner had changed." — P. 293, col. 2.

"One of whom was apparently alarmed, whilst the other was soothing her." — P. 295, col. 1.

"Steadied him whilst the other got up." — P. 295, col. 1.

"He had taken in . . . that the two occupants were an elderly lady and a young one. . . . He discovered that the younger lady was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen, and whom the next second he recognized as Miss C." — P. 295, cols. 1 and 2.

"L. had summoned him before him as provost to exhibit his parole." — P. 296, col. 2. (The words "summoned him before him" refer to L., who was a provost marshal.)

"The effect was shortly felt in the county." — P. 296, col. 2.

"Never touching a thing except where there would be an army musket, perhaps, which had been found by some one." — P. 296, col. 2.

"On which the General, though, as he stated, it required all his politeness to do so, could not but make him the offer that, in case he should ever have occasion to use a pair, they were entirely at his service." — P. 296, col. 2, and p. 297, col. 1.

"There the inquisition was conducted by L., partly, perhaps, because," etc. — P. 297, col. 1.

"A pair of old horse-pistols which had been changed from flint-locks to percussion in 1861." — P. 297, col. 2.

"L. took in his squad with a wave of his hand, and, encountering J.'s blazing eyes, moved a little nearer to them, laying his hand on his pistol." — P. 297, col. 2. (Query: Did L. move nearer to the squad he "took in with his hand," or nearer to J.'s "blazing eyes"?)

". . . the sergeant, who happened to be O'M., who had had charge of the ambulance, and who had been a little grumpy ever since." — P. 298, col. 1.

"Ended by pouring out on the commander the vials of her wrath with a copiousness which, instead of being exhausted by use, gathered volume and virulence with every minute." — P. 298, col. 1.

"The story got out. . . . He had attempted to use both command and persuasion to prevent his squad from giving out the story, but even

the bribery of a free treat . . . failed, . . . and the story reached the court-house almost as quickly as he. . . . Perhaps it was well for L. that the story got out." — P. 298, col. 2, and p. 299, col. 1.

"He came on a group of young gentlemen. He was too close on them to turn back." — P. 300, col. 1.

"For the idea of a Yankee soldier using a prayer-book had never occurred to any female member of that congregation, any more than it had that a distinguished being, popularly supposed to be also clad in blue uniform, though of a sulphurous flame, used it — in whom Miss Thomasia firmly believed." — P. 302, col 2.

"It was pretty generally supposed that it was not mere piety which brought the officers there; the motives assigned them varying according to the amplitude in each instance of that particular article of raiment which every Christian is supposed to possess. at least, if but as," etc.— P. 303, col. 1.

"That they . . . had showed no sign beyond nudging each other . . . —at least, that the first two of them had." — P. 303, col. 1.

"Steve had never taken the oath of allegiance. This was not known, and he had started in to practice, and had gone on without any question as to it ever being raised." — P. 304, col. 1.

"His name was always on her lips, and hers frequently on his." — P. 305, col. 2.

"It was intended to make it a sort of subscription affair." — P. 305, col. 2.

"Their two lodgers . . . found themselves in the position of . . . part advisers as to her costume." — P. 305, col. 2.

"He pressed a wagon, and had J. put into it and hauled off to the court-house to jail." — P. 308, col. 1.

"They found his mother detailed to nurse him, to which probably the failure of L.'s and another's plan was due." — P. 310, col. 2.

I have noticed that Mr. Page is usually described by book-reviewers as "a typical Southern gentleman." I resided in the South for nearly a score of years, and I will say that the language of Mr. Page in "Red Rock" is entirely different from the language that is written and spoken by typical Southern gentlemen.

Victorine Thomas Arts.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE USEFULNESS OF CAPITALS.

My attention has been drawn to an elaborate rejoinder to my article on "The Use and Misuse of Capitals." The contributor to THE WRITER for March says much that I endorse, and yet we do not entirely agree. I can illustrate the difference in our points of view.

Yesterday I saw in the entrance of the Chicago Public Library a bronze plate with this inscription: "City of Chicago, incorporated 4th March, 1837." I would say that the entire expression "City of Chicago" is a proper noun, and would therefore use a capital in writing "City" just as I would in "the Isle of Wight." In public documents the full name is given so. When I see the words "Post Office" on a building, I understand that both words constitute the name.

On the other hand, I sometimes see a business block named "Bryan," or some other word. Then I would speak of it as "the Bryan block," the word "block" being a common noun. Before me lies a brochure, entitled "The Year Book of the Pegasus." Here the word "club" is omitted, and if it be not found on the doorway after the words "The Pegasus." I should feel at liberty to write, "The Pegasus club."

There is a manifest advantage in using capitals sometimes. They help the reader in determining the meaning of a phrase or a sentence, just as punctuation does. True, the old Greeks and Romans got along somehow with their manuscripts in large capitals; but there is a saving of mental energy in having large and small letters, and economy of attention (as Herbert Spencer has shown in his essay on "Style") is something to be desired. "The Act of Navigation" does not mean the same as "the act of

navigation." If one refer to some legislative measure, then a capital is used with propriety. "The state of Britain" is an equivalent expression for "the condition of Britain." Says Daniel Webster in his reply to Hayne: "Let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina." I confess I prefer the capital "S" in speaking of States. One might as well write "united states" as "united kingdom." I believe that consistency requires capitals in both cases. One might as well say "great Britain" or "new Mexico," etc., if the whole name be not capitalized. If we say "Mr. Brown," we ought to say "Professor Thomas," not "professor Thomas."

I am persuaded that it is better to follow the good old-fashioned rules, and point to the slips of the newspapers as open to objection. Possibly something may be done by individual effort to retard "the passing of the capital letter," which still serves an admirable purpose on the printed page. *Eugene Parsons.*

CHICAGO, Ill.

REVISING LITERATURE.

An editorial in a recent number of THE WRITER makes an interesting point in regard to changes which a sentimental public sometimes makes in an author's work, not always to his satisfaction. It gives in illustration the stanza in "Ben Bolt" beginning

> "Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
> And the master so cruel and grim?"

the second line of which, as now sung, reads

> "And the master so kind and true."

THE WRITER adds: "Dr. English says that whenever he hears that old tyrant eulogized, it makes him furious."

But in spite of all that may justly be said against the freedom with which many persons "tinker" popular songs and hymns to suit their individual tastes, may it not be true that the public has some claim, no less than the author himself, to a voice in determining what their final form shall be?

We may sometimes regret uncalled for changes in hymns that have become dear to the Christian church. Yet it is doubtful whether some of these hymns could have lived, if certain lines expressing outgrown theological beliefs had not been modified to suit the growing thought of the religious world.

There are "acquired rights" in literature, as well as the legal rights which are protected by copyright laws. It may be questioned whether "Ben Bolt" is not to-day as truly an "appurtenance" of the lamented author of "Trilby" as of the original author of its being.

At any rate, when the public has done a poet the honor to accept his lyric for its treasury of folk songs, the author may feel himself well paid for his effort, and not challenge too fiercely the assumed right of "the people" to sing the song after the manner of their own choice.

It is safe to say that nine-tenths of those who sing

> "On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
> And the running brook is now dry,
> And of all the friends who were schoolmates then
> There remain, Ben, but you and I,"

are not singing of the tyrant who made life a burden to this schoolboy of long ago, and give never a thought to his existence. They are singing of their own tender youthful memories; and to allow these to be rudely jarred because the poet compromised his art in one line by making it a vehicle for the airing of a private grievance would be to neutralize the real value of the poem as a popular song.

Mary Hall Leonard.

ROCHESTER, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. MAY, 1898. NO. 5.

So far as the use of capital letters is concerned, THE WRITER is inclined to take middle ground between the extremists who are substituting small letters for capitals as generally as possible, and the conservatives who believe in capitalizing everything that can be regarded as a proper noun. The object to be attained is clearness, without sacrifice of uniformity, — or uniformity, without sacrifice of clearness, whichever way you look at it. If confusion in the reader's mind is likely to be caused by the use of small letters in place of capitals, capitals should be used invariably, but if no confusion will result from "putting words down," as printers say, down let them go, without regard to historic precedent. Since uniformity is desirable, words, of course, must be considered in classes, and the rule for the class should be applied to individual instances, even though in the special case the use or non-use of capitals may be unimportant.

* * *

It seems to THE WRITER unnecessary to capitalize a great many words that are ordinarily printed with capital initials simply because they are the names of things that are more or less conspicuous. "Public Library," "High School," and "City Hall" mean to the newspaper reader nothing more than "public library," "high school," and "city hall," and there seems to be no good reason, in such cases, for using capitals. "The mayor vetoed the measure" is just as clear and really quite as respectful as "The Mayor vetoed the measure." When we come to the use of distinctive names with generic terms, there may reasonably be difference of opinion as to the need of capitals. Mr. Parsons in his article in the present number of THE WRITER is right in saying that "Professor Thomas" and not "professor Thomas" is correct. Even the most iconoclastic newspapers will agree with him. They would say: "The mayor of Buffalo was in Boston yesterday, but he did not call at city hall to see Mayor Quincy." So far as generic words in names are concerned, it would not be practicable to distinguish, as Mr. Parsons theoretically would, between the "Bryan Block" and "the Bryan block," if in the first case the inscription on the building were "Bryan Block," and in the second case, "The Bryan." For practical universal use the rule as regards capitalization must be made without reference to such local distinctions, and THE WRITER has come to believe that uniformity without sacrifice of clearness may most easily be attained by putting generic words of names in lower case, unless there be a special reason for capitalizing them. The man in Boston does not know whether it is the "Bryan Block" or "The Bryan" block that has been burned, but he knows it is a block named "Bryan," and applying the general rule, calls it "the Bryan block." To THE WRITER "The Pegasus club" looks very awkward indeed, while "the Pegasus club" seems clear and natural, whatever the association's name may be. The sign "Post

Office" on a building should be capitalized, but is it necessary in a newspaper to write anything more than: "I am going to the post office"? Similarly, is there any well-founded objection to writing: "That is the public library," or, "That is the Chicago public library"? The name of the institution may be "The Public Library of the City of Chicago," or it may be "The Chicago Public Library," but that does not seem to be material. For the purposes of the ordinary reader it is one of a large number of public libraries, and if it is defined to him as "the Chicago public library," he is sufficiently well informed. In other words, the legal name of the institution need not be considered. THE WRITER does not believe, however, in putting all generic terms in lower case. It would never say, for instance, "the Writer publishing company," though there are "publishing companies" innumerable in the land. It would reserve the right, moreover, to use a capital, in violation of rules, whenever anything could be gained by so doing, just as it would use italics, if it pleased, to emphasize a word.

* * *

So frequently are writers warned of the necessity of condensation that it seems strange to find an editor saying anything else than "Boil it down!" The editor of the *Universalist Leader*, however, thinks that amplification is desirable in some cases. "Very able writers," he says, "are apt to make the mistake of condensing their thoughts too much. Readers find it difficult to get at the meaning of these productions. Hon. Richard Frothingham, speaking of John Stuart Mill's works, said it needed some judicious mind to spread Mill's ideas over a broader surface, before they could be easily comprehended. This recalls Dr. Emerson's advice to a young man who was studying for the ministry: 'Remember,' said he, 'that thought, to be preached, must be attenuated.'"

* * *

There is truth in this, of course, but as a rule amplification is not to be recommended. The editor of the *Leader*, however, notes the need of amplification only in the work of "very able writers," and very able writers are few, either among writers of sermons or writers of books or magazine articles. Specialists may need to amplify, in order to be understood by those who are not specialists. To take an example from Professor Baker's "Principles of Argumentation," the question, "Is transverse alliteration in parisonic antithetical or parallel clauses the indispensable criterion of the presence of euphuism?" would be clear and intelligible to one who had made a study of the theory of Lyly's style, but it needs the amplification of explanation to make it clear to the ordinary reader. The "very able writer," then, should adapt his writing to the capabilities of his readers, and amplify, if necessary, to make his meaning clear. The ordinary writer may safely follow the old rule to condense, condense, condense as much as possible. So far as sermons and public addresses are concerned, the spoken word has no such opportunity to sink into the mind as has the word upon the printed page, and for that reason in speech-making attenuation of thought and iteration are often necessary to produce the desired impression on the hearer. Senator Hoar, for instance, would be much more concise in writing an argumentative article for the *Forum* than he would in writing a speech, expressing the same ideas, to be delivered on the floor of the senate. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

Which of these sentences is correct: "She was not the most beautiful, nor the richest girl in town," or "She was not the most beautiful or the richest girl in town"? A. C. P.

[The negative "not" affects the verb "was," and retains its force through the whole sentence, which is meant to mention two things that "she" was not. Insert "either" after "not,' and it will be plain that "or" must precede "the richest girl." Either "She was neither the most beautiful, nor the richest, girl in town," or "She was not the most beautiful, nor was she the richest, girl in town" would be correct. — W. H. H.]

If you inclose a letter with your manuscript giving your name and address, what is the use of putting your name and address also at the top of the first page of the manuscript, as literary advisers say you ought to do? J. R. S.

[One good reason why a writer should put his name and address at the beginning of every

manuscript that he sends out is that the practice prevents the loss of manuscripts. Suppose an editor returning a manuscript addresses the envelope incorrectly. The letter from which he gets the address may not be preserved. If the writer's name and address are on his manuscript, either he will get it through the dead letter office, or, when it is returned to the publication office, the editor will be able to readdress it properly. If the manuscript bears no address, the chances are good that the writer will never see it again. —W. H. H.]

Who writes the Dooley sketches, printed in one of the Chicago papers? S. M. L.

[The "Dooley" sketches are written by Findlay P. Dunne, who until recently was an editorial writer on the *Chicago Times-Herald*, and who contributed them to the *Chicago Evening Post*, which is published under the same management as the *Times-Herald*. A few months ago Mr. Dunne took editorial charge of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, in which the "Dooley" sketches now appear. They are the perfection of Irish dialect. — W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The person who will write a play the equal of "La Tosca," "Fedora," or "Cleopatra," in dramatic strength, construction, and merit, and will guarantee that it will draw the same money from the amusement-going public that these plays have, I will pledge myself to pay $100,000 for such a play. — *Fanny Davenport.*	If any one will write a play the equal of "La Tosca," "Fedora," or "Cleopatra," in dramatic strength, construction, and merit, and will guarantee that it will draw as much money from the amusement-going public as these plays have drawn, I will pledge myself to pay $100,000 for it.
The late John Stetson, Jr.'s, estate to be distributed between his heirs next month. — *Boston Herald Headline.*	John Stetson, Jr.'s, estate to be distributed among his heirs next month.
President urges three reasons why congress should not exercise right to declare war for a fortnight. — *Boston Herald Headline.*	President urges three reasons why congress should not for a fortnight exercise right to declare war.
Robert Smith was struck by the southbound passenger train last night and instantly killed. Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, met with a similar accident about a year ago near Scarboro. — *Belfast (Me.) Paper.*	Robert Smith was struck by the southbound passenger train last night and instantly killed. Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, was struck by a train about a year ago near Scarboro.
I believe that both the war and navy departments are fully alive to our needs, and that we will receive our full share of consideration. — *Mayor Quincy, of Boston.*	I believe that both the war and navy departments are fully alive to our needs, and that we shall receive our full share of consideration.
He said that 1,000 copies were sold to a gentleman in Chicago whom he afterwards learned was a member of the firm of Ginn & Co. — *The Kingdom.*	He said that 1,000 copies were sold to a gentleman in Chicago who he afterward learned was a member of the firm of Ginn & Co.
Every question put by the defendant's attorneys was objected to and sustained by the court. — *The Kingdom.*	Every question put by the defendant's attorneys was objected to, and all the objections were sustained by the court.
He had prepared, until to-day, an outline of intention which involved the transmittal of the report of the Court of Inquiry to-morrow, and a message recommending the immediate cessation of the war on Tuesday or Wednesday. — *New York Journal.*	His intention until to-day had been to transmit to-morrow the report of the Court of Inquiry, and to send a message Monday or Tuesday recommending the immediate ending of the war.
Court calls both she and Judge Hayden immoral. — *Boston Journal Headline.*	Court calls both her and Judge Hayden immoral.
Girl suicides because of loss ten years ago. — *Boston Transcript Headline.*	Girl commits suicide because of loss ten years ago.
Bud Brier begs to again acknowledge the receipt of the many excellent poems on Cuba, which continue to pour in. I regret that space forbids my printing all of them. — *Boston Globe.*	Bud Brier begs again to acknowledge the receipt of many excellent poems on Cuba. He regrets that lack of space prevents him from printing all of them.
The regular circulation of the New York Journal is now over 1,000,000 a day, larger by more than 200,000 than any other newspaper. — *New York Journal.*	The regular circulation of the New York Journal is now more than 1,000,000 a day, larger by more than 200,000 than that of any other newspaper.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I notice on page 54 of THE WRITER for April the statement that "the degree of 'D. D.' includes, or carries with it, the title 'Rev.'" This is not invariable. The degree of "D. D." is honorary, and, unless I am mistaken, you will find that Dr. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, the late Dr. James Strong, one of the authors of "McClintock and Strong's Biblical Cyclopedia," and Dr. Joseph Longking, author of "Longking's Notes on the New Testament," did not, or do not, possess the title "Rev." Moreover, Prince Bismarck has been given the degree of "D. D.," and it is to

be doubted whether even his most ardent admirers would claim for the great diplomat any further right to the title "Rev." than is warranted by Shakespeare's allusion to a "gray and *reverend* senior."

Henry B. Merwin.

CHICAGO, Ill

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Henry Holcomb Bennett, whose patriotic poem, "The Flag Goes By," originally published in the *Youth's Companion*, has been reprinted in nearly every paper in the country, got his inspiration from experience. He was born in Chillicothe, the first capital of Ohio, and has lived there, except during his college life and a number of years passed here and there in the West, during which time he ranged from railroading to reporting. Much of his time now is passed in the Virginia mountains. Before the fall of 1896 his writing was in the line of newspaper work, and only since then has he been writing tales. *Lippincott's Magazine* has published stories of his, in September, 1897, and March, 1898, and will publish a number of others. These are all stories of the National Guard, written after five years' service therein. The *Youth's Companion* will publish some stories of the same kind, and a collection of them will be issued in book form. Other tales and verses by Mr. Bennett have appeared in *Current Literature*, *Life*, the *Chap Book*, *St. Nicholas*, and other magazines.

Thomas D. Bolger, who wrote the sonnet "Doubt" in *Harper's Magazine* for March, says regarding it: "While it is perhaps the most pretentious performance of mine that has found the light, it was with reluctance belittled by a humorous turn, given it solely to meet the seeming taste of magazine editors. Even then 'twas still more unfortunately disfigured by a typographical error in the Harpers' office, which made a line reading: —

"The jealous wards of mystery wear trite,"

read

"The jealous wards of mystery stand wear,"

so destroying the rhyme and whatever of dignity was left to it in its first projection. Better luck by and by, I hope." Mr. Bolger has been writing for about two years. He has done work accepted, but not yet published, for the *Forum* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. He has also done verse for the *Century* — a "Hunting Song" and an "Irish Love Song"; an "Irish Boat Song," for the *Illustrated American*, and a little matter, "Emerson," for the *Bachelor of Arts*. Regarding his future work, he writes: "I hope to do my best work under the essay form, and after the quaintly humorous manner of Lamb and Stevenson, but with a little more of purposefulness than either. I also hope to make some permanent contributions to Celtic folk song, under the ballad and lyric form; in fact, I hope some day, when the necessity of living by uncongenial work at an office desk is lifted off the vital essence of me, and I feel that I am again a breathing, living thing, rather than a pseudo and colorless existence, to do some work that shall live, — a little of it for its sweetness as I find it in simple life, flowing out of simple hearts, and a little of it masterful and passionate, as serves the need of living in this our century of bewilderingly expanding horizons in the intellectual outlook." Mr. Bolger was born in Kilkenny (in Ireland) some twenty-seven years ago, and has been for six years in the United States.

Elizabeth Worthington Fiske, author of the poem "In Pace," in *Scribner's* for March, is now a resident of Washington, D. C., but she has lived also in San Francisco and at Ithaca, N. Y. "The influences of the North and the South have been both potent upon me from the beginning," she said recently, "for I claim as ancestors the Chaunceys and the Worthingtons of New England, and the Forsyths of Georgia. I received my education at the North, however, a part of my childhood having been spent in a small town by the seashore, not far from New Haven, Conn. My instinct for verse was developed very early. I literally talked in rhyme ('lisped in numbers,' is the proper term, I believe) when a very little child, and on learning to read I insisted on dividing all poetry into its proper rhythmic quantity, chanting it in an extraordinary fashion that was legitimate enough from my standpoint, but very exasperating to my teachers. I overcame this habit only by

resolute effort, as I grew older. For several years I 'scribbled' a good deal both in prose and verse, for the pure pleasure of it, setting no value upon what I wrote, and tearing up one manuscript to make way for another. Poems of mine appeared first in the *Boston Transcript* and the *New York Evangelist*, and these papers have published many verses of mine. I have contributed to the *Century* and the *Cosmopolitan*, and also to the *Independent*; one of my latest poems in the *Independent*, 'In the Desert,' attracted considerable attention. I have also written short stories in prose for the *Evangelist* and *St. Nicholas*. I have been urged to publish a volume of my verses, and may do so before long."

David Gray, author of the "Gallops" stories that have appeared in the *Century* for November and February, lives in Buffalo, where he was born August 8, 1870. He was graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1892. January 2, 1894, he began the newspaper business as a reporter on the *Rochester Union and Advertiser*, and later became an editorial paragrapher. In the spring of 1895, he went to Buffalo as associate editor of the *Buffalo Times*. The following March he went to New York as a sub-editor of the *Sunday World*. Eight months later he returned to Buffalo as managing editor of the *Buffalo Courier*. In the summer of 1897 he left the newspaper business, and began the study of law. At the same time he also began writing the stories which have appeared in the *Century*.

De Leon F. Hall, who contributed the story, "Old Karl's Secret" to *Short Stories* for February, is a lawyer, formerly of Oswego, N. Y., now of New York city, and not in actual practice. He is thirty years of age. About ten years ago, encouraged by F. E. Hamilton, with whom he was studying, he began writing stories, and has ever since been at all sorts of literary work, from scratching editorial paragraphs to projecting an unfinished "Life of Webster." He has many completed stories which he has only recently began bringing out. "Old Karl's Secret," existed in manuscript form for several years. Mr. Hall has written a good deal for *Forest and Stream* — sketches, tales, and anecdotes of boating, gunning, and fishing. His methods of work are simple. He takes a fresh pad of paper and a supply of pencils, and hammers out a plot, lays the writing aside for a few days or weeks, then takes it up again, and remodels it to his satisfaction. He writes rapidly on the story proper, and when the work is completed rewrites it, putting in the finishing touches. His "Life of Webster" he has been working on for years, carefully collecting and comparing material.

Beatrice Harlowe, who contributed the poem, "A Snow Shoe Tramp," to *Outing* for February, is a "good and true American," though she was born in Yorkshire, Eng. While she was yet an infant her parents removed to St. John, N. B., where the early years of her girlhood were spent. The greater portion of her school life, however, was passed in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, amid surroundings as lovely as were ever those which marked the home of Evangeline, and where, in the much more modern Grand Pré, and in the intervals of boarding school routine, she learned to love and reverence — as she has since loved and reverenced no other poet — the genius of our immortal songster. Since her marriage she has resided with her husband, David Harlowe, in Milwaukee, except a year and a half spent in Chicago, where she first met the late S. J. Medill, at whose request she contributed some poems to the *Chicago Tribune*. For some years Mrs. Harlowe has been a contributor to several papers, but she did not enter the professional field until last year. The year previous she secured first prize in a contest proposed by the Ethical Society of Milwaukee, in the convention of Wisconsin authors, and since then she has had several contributions accepted by some of the leading magazines. The *Midland Monthly* for April contains a poem of hers, entitled "Ursus," which secured the prize in the latest contest proposed by that magazine. Other accepted verses are soon to appear in different periodicals. *Biblia*, the magazine of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and the *Woman's Home Companion* for April each

had an Easter poem by Mrs. Harlowe in the April number.

W. S. Harwood, whose name appeared twice in the contents table of *St. Nicholas* for March, and is becoming pleasantly familiar to readers of periodical literature generally, is an experienced newspaper man, now living in Minneapolis. Three or four years ago he gave up daily newspaper work as a regular occupation, in order to go into magazine and illustrated weekly work, with occasional review articles in the church publications. He still does a little newspaper writing, though but a little. Since giving up regular newspaper work, he has prepared articles — sometimes quite a good many for a single publication, sometimes but two or three for each — for *Harper's Weekly*, the *North American Review*, the *Outlook*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Independent*, the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Round Table*, the *Illustrated American*, the *Congregationalist*, and so on. In the last year or two he has prepared quite a number of articles for McClure's Syndicate. Now and then he has written a short story. His work has steadily grown so that his days are crowded. During the past summer Mr. Harwood was in Europe preparing newspaper and illustrated weekly articles, most of them from Sweden. He had a valuable article on "Sloyd" in the January Magazine Number of the *Outlook*.

Gabrielle E. Jackson, author of the serial "A Year with Denise and Ned Toodles," begun in *St. Nicholas* for March, writes in answer to a letter of inquiry: "Until very recently such an idea as publishing any of my stories never for a moment entered my head, but, to please the little people for whom I have done considerable private scribbling, and who begged me to send 'Ned Toodles' to *St. Nicholas*, I did so. To my surprise it was accepted, and I was requested to contribute other tales. If 'Ned Toodles' has succeeded in pleasing the young folk, it must rest in the fact that it is absolutely true from beginning to end, being a bit of my own childhood, which was an exceptionally happy one. I was an only child and for that reason was probably more indulged than I might have been, had there been other children to share the favors. At all events, I can now look back upon that childhood as a very, very happy period, and can in a measure relive it by telling story upon story about it to our own dear little daughter of nine years, who is also an only child. I wish I might add that both she and myself were born in the land of my forefathers, but alas, my father left the home of his Pilgrim fathers and came to New York city to reside, and, in course of time, I came to reside with him and his New York wife. Still, I was *born* a Snow, and my love for dear old Cape Cod is quite as strong, I think, as if I had taken my first sniff of salt air in the old home. Much of my childhood was passed in the suburban town upon the Hudson in which the scene of the story is laid, and my present home lies but a few miles south of that picturesque town. Although it is much more modest, I think it is none the less happy, and even though our dear little maid may never be able to entertain her own wee ones with similar stories, she cannot fail to inherit a legacy of many loving memories which she can bequeath to them."

Frederick Boyd Stevenson, author of the poem, "The Visible Signs of Lent," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for March, is the recording secretary of the Chicago Press Club. He was born in Sandusky, Ohio, January 6, 1859, and ever since he could write at all has had a taste for literary work. He began by printing an amateur paper, and when eighteen years old was regularly connected with the *Cleveland Leader* as correspondent. Later on he was Columbus (Ohio) and state correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, and afterward he was successively night city editor of the old *Chicago Herald*, Sunday editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and city editor of the *Chicago Morning News*. He has also been connected with other papers in various capacities. Mr. Stevenson has written a great many poems, short stories, sketches, and special articles, which have appeared in various magazines and newspapers. September 10, 1896, on invitation of the city of Cleveland, he read an original epic poem there, entitled "The Battle of Lake

Erie," on Perry's Victory Day, during the centennial celebration of the city.

Frances Swann Williams, author of the serial, "Marie Tremaine," now running in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for March, has done a good deal of literary work that has attracted general attention. "Mr. Gadsbury Brother," published in the *Century Magazine*, called forth much comment and commendation. Several other stories had a great popularity, "The Muscoe Plate," "Old Forty's Master," and "The Moonshiner's Daughter," which last was incorporated afterward in a book of recitations. Mrs. Williams has also written several serials, including "The Silver Shafts" and "The Magnet Stone," and a short serial for young people, "T'other and Which," that will appear in book form. This latter has received praise from the critics as a vivid and stirring war story. The Colonial story, "Marie Tremaine," shows the result of a great deal of research into early annals and records, undertaken to render it historically correct, and a truthful picture of the times. Mrs. Williams' work for young people is in most of the journals for youth, much of it in the *Youth's Companion*. She is one of an historical family (Swann) of Maryland and Virginia, and lived in Baltimore until her marriage; since then she has resided in Fairfax county, Virginia. Her writing has been intermittent, because of a long series of personal trials and afflictions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Daudet.— Leon Daudet is writing a biography of his father. After its publication, the notebooks of the novelist will probably be given to the world. They contain some most curious indications of Alphonse Daudet's methods of work, and of the mental phases through which he passed while writing his books. He noted down in them all the impressions, the conversations, anecdotes, and philosophical considerations that occurred to him from time to time and were likely to serve him in the construction of his plots and the delineation of his characters.— *Boston Transcript.*

Gilbert.— W. S. Gilbert has a mimic stage at home, on which are small blocks of wood representing the actors and actresses — the women painted white, the men black. When the author goes to rehearsal he knows by the help of these little blocks exactly where each performer is to stand — *Harper's Bazar.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SOME BY-WAYS OF THE BRAIN. — II. Andrew Wilson, M. D. *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

ZOLA AND FRENCH DEGENERACY. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE VERNACULAR. Mark H. Liddell. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

THE CHANGED FASHION OF THE PROPOSAL IN FICTION Contributors' Club, *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

THE LITERATURE OF JAPAN. Joslyn Z. Smith. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May

CHARLES LAMB AND ROBERT LLOYD. — I. E. V Lucas. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May.

THE NEW REPORTER (a newspaper story). Jesse Lynch Williams. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for May.

THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION. The Point of View. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for May.

RECENT HISTORIES OF LITERATURE. William P. Trent. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

THE KALEVALA. Charles Upson Clark. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

THE ECONOMICS OF GENIUS. John Mackinnon Robinson. *Forum* (38 c.) for April.

THE SUPERFLUOUS CRITIC. Aline Gorren. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

TIMROD, THE POET. With portrait. L. Frank Tooker. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

THE USES OF A LITERARY CENTRE. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

CLARENCE URMY. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for April

IS NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE DECLINING? H. Hayes Robbins. *Gunton's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD. Lady Henry Somerset. *North American Review* (53 c.) for April.

BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN. With portrait. Albert Shaw. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for April.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL (interview). Illustrated. Isidore Harris. *Bookman* (13 c.) for April.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX. With portrait. Christopher Ardee. *Ainslee's Magazine* (8 c.) for April.

EMILE ZOLA AS A NATIONAL FIGURE. With portrait. William Hale. *Ainslee's Magazine* (8 c.) for April.

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF EDISON. Illustrated. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for April.

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD (personal reminiscences). Professor A. MacMechan. *Independent* (13 c.) for March 10.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER. With portrait. *New York Times* for March 13.

PAUL DANA. With portrait. *New York Times* (8 c.) for March 20.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With portrait. Walter Littlefield. *New York Times* for March 27.

MEMORIES OF THE NEW YORK TIMES. John Swinton. *New York Times* for March 27.

A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER LIBRARY (at the British museum). Illustrated. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 19.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE. Harriet Pearl Skinner. *Interior* (13 c.) for March 24.

FREDERICK TENNYSON'S POETRY. H. T. Sudduth. *Interior* (13 c.) for March 31.

POE AT FORDHAM COLLEGE. With portrait. Margaret Sidney. *Interior* (13 c.) for April 7.

REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, AND THOREAU. Hon. George F. Hoar. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for March 24.

ITZIG: "A REPORTER'S BOY" (story). J. L. Steffens. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for April 14.

LUCY LARCOM. Lida A. Churchill. Reprinted from *Success* in *Universalist Leader* (13 c.) for March 26.

THE PERSONALITY OF ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Katherine Prindiville. *Chicago Times-Herald* for March 27.

LEWIS CARROLL. T. B. Strong. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 2.

THE SCIENCE OF ANONYMITY (a study of pseudonyms). Harry Smith. Reprinted from *Good Words* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 2.

"MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN FICTION": THE STANDPOINT OF A TYPICAL MODERN WOMAN. Sarah Grand. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 9.

JANE AUSTEN. Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 16.

THE CAT IN LITERATURE. Reprinted from *Spectator* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 23.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS. Edward Everett Hale. *Outlook* (13 c.) for April 2.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS (interview). *Boston Herald* (8c.) for April 9.

THE POETS AND THE RESURRECTION. Henry Justin Smith. *Chicago Standard* (13 c.) for April 9.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. *Boston Transcript* for April 9.

WILL N. HARBEN. With portrait. *Atlanta Constitution* for April 10.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Illustrated. *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for April 13.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John Ruskin will be seventy-nine this month.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton started April 23 on her annual trip to England.

Rudyard Kipling has returned from South Africa to England, in fine health.

It is understood that John Morley is to be Mr. Gladstone's biographer and literary executor.

Gilbert Parker has been up the Nile to Wady Halfa, and across Palestine to Damascus, Beyroot, Ephesus, and Smyrna from Constantinople. He is coming to New York.

Arthur Christopher Benson is preparing the memoir of his father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Joaquin Miller, in a footnote to the new complete edition of his poems, says of Bret Harte: "He once told me that his first line was always a cigar, and sometimes two cigars."

Henry George, son of the great single-taxer, is in San Francisco, gathering material for a biography of his father.

Richard Burton is to be professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota.

Thomas Sergeant Perry is on his way to Japan to be professor of English language and literature at the College Keiogijuku in Tokio.

Edward Bellamy had a relapse April 16, in Denver, and it was thought best to take him back to Massachusetts. His condition is critical.

R. W. Gilder, editor of the *Century*, has bought a farm in Tyringham, among the Berkshire hills, and will build there a summer residence.

William V. Alexander has resigned his position as city editor of the *Boston Transcript*, to become private secretary to Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A tea was given in Boston at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, April 25, to celebrate the engagement of Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*, and Miss Lucia True Ames.

Mrs. Harriet Holt Cahoon was married April 1 to Frederick Van Rensselaer Dye, of New York city.

J. H. Worman, the editor of *Outing*, was married April 4 to Miss Mary Alice Payne of Wadham's Mills, N. Y.

The article on "The Significance of Language," by Michel Bréal in *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for April is a study of the mental causes which have influenced the transformations of languages.

Richard Harding Davis is acting as war correspondent for the *London Times*.

Earl H. Eaton has been chosen managing editor of the American Press Association.

J. I. C. Clarke has succeeded Henri Dumay as editor of the *Criterion* (New York).

Miss Mary Proctor has been recently appointed on the staff of the *Universe*, a magazine for young folks, in which she has begun a series of articles on astronomy.

The successor of James Payn as editor of the *London Illustrated News* will be L. F. Austin, best known by the department entitled "At Random," which he has contributed to the *Sketch*.

The *Universe* is a new weekly magazine published in New York by Mrs. G. H. Rosenfeld. Its object is to give the news of the week in condensed form.

The *Stenographers' and Typewriters' Companion* is the title of a new monthly published in Montreal. Robert Goltman is the editor.

The *New York Ledger*, without changing its character as a story paper and family weekly, has added large full-page illustrations of contemporary events and characters.

The *Peterson Magazine*, which was established in 1843, will be merged with the *Argosy*, beginning with the May number.

The *Theosophical Magazine* (New York) is in the hands of a receiver. The liabilities are $55,000, the nominal assets, $13,000.

Deputy Sheriff Maguire sold out the office furniture, type, and plant of the *Illustrated American*, at 209 and 213 East Twenty-third street, New York, April 15, for about $1,100.

Life (New York) offers prizes of $100, $75, and $50 for the three best typewritten short stories of from 1,500 to 2,000 words submitted before June 1. For each other story accepted *Life* will pay $25.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* offers four prizes of twenty-five dollars each for the four best menus for a dinner for four persons, the cost not to exceed one dollar. One prize will be awarded in each section of the country — East, West, North, and South.

The Musical Art Society of New York, beginning this year, will offer an annual prize of $250 for the best piece of choral music. The conditions for the first competition are as follows: A competitor must have been for the past five years, or longer, a resident of the United States or Canada. The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about fifty voices, and the time of performance shall not exceed fifteen minutes. The compositions offered must be in the hands of the society before September 1, 1898. The prize will be awarded by a board of three judges — George W. Chadwick, Asger Hennerick, and Frank Damrosch.

Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago, has offered through the Industrial Art Department of the Central Art School, a prize of $2,500 for a color sketch which shall present the most practical suggestions for the decorating of a public schoolroom.

The April number of *Great Pictures* (Chicago) contains these plates: "A Nude" (Arosa), "Innocence" (Benner), "Nymphs" (Benner), "Chicago Day at the World's Fair" (Jackson), and "Group of Statuary" (Jackson).

Professor Mark H. Liddell's paper on "English Literature and the Vernacular," in the May *Atlantic*, points out the difference between the spoken and the written language, and shows how small distinctions and variations gradually grow until the language of one generation is uncomprehended or miscomprehended by the next.

The installment in the April magazine number of the *Outlook* of Dr. Hale's articles on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" takes up Lowell's early life as a man of letters, his associations and first achievements, and is throughout full of anecdote and pleasant reminiscence.

Rev. Dr. George H. Emerson, editor of the *Universalist Leader*, died at Salem, Mass., March 24, aged seventy-five.

Rev. William M. Thayer died at Franklin, Mass., April 7, aged seventy-eight.

George Parsons Lathrop died in New York, April 19, aged forty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, JUNE, 1898. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE HARVARD LITERARY OUTPUT. *Frederick William Coburn.* 81
HOW TO REPORT A BASEBALL GAME. *Henry Chadwick.* 82
A WORD TO EXCHANGE EDITORS. *R. C. MacDonald.* 85
EDITORIAL. 86
Writers Who Are Harvard Graduates, 86 — A Magazine Poem, 86 — The *Bookman* and Its Contributors, 86 — Notes. 87
QUERIES. 87
THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS. 89
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 89
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 89
Mrs. Octavia Clouston, 89 — Paschal H. Coggins, 90 — Dorothea Dimond, 90 — Anna Farquhar, 90 — Williston Fish, 90 — Mrs. Jennie Betts Hartswick, 91 — Philander Chase Johnson, 91 — George Brydges Rodney, 91 — Julia Schayer, 91 — Marion Couthouy Smith. 92
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 92
B. L. Fargeon, 92 — W. D. Howells, 93 — Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, 93 — Frank R. Stockton. . . 93
BOOK REVIEWS. 94
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 95
Recipe for Liquid Glue 95
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 95
NEWS AND NOTES. 95

THE HARVARD LITERARY OUTPUT.

Bookmaking is as characteristic of Harvard as of Gravesend or Benning's. What the New England metropolis is to the rest of the country, that Harvard is to Boston. It may be set down with certainty against every Bostonian that he writes; the Harvard men always manage to get their work published. From the astute head of the university down to the undergraduate correspondents of the New York papers, all are at work feeding copy to the groaning presses of the land.

A faint conception of the extent of the output can be gained from the literary notes in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. An attempt is there made to notice all books and magazine articles written by Harvard men. Matter appearing in the daily or weekly press is necessarily excluded. It is also to be noted that a great number of articles appearing in the minor magazines are never referred to in the *Graduates' Magazine*, doubtless because of the failure of the writers to send marked copies to the editor. The figures for two numbers, selected at random, will suffice to indicate the magnitude of the torrent: —

HARVARD GRADUATES' MAGAZINE.

Sept., 1896.	Total number books and articles noticed .	129
	Number authors noticed	104
June, 1897.	Total number books and articles noticed .	115
	Number authors noticed	92

The causes of this prolific outpouring are numerous, depending somewhat upon the conditions of the community in which the university has its being; yet a great deal of the credit, especially for the manifestations of literary activity among recent graduates, is due to Messrs. Hill, Wendell, Briggs, Baker, and the others of the English department. They have certainly imparted a great deal of professional character to their teaching. One may even hear the epithet "Wendellian" as a characteristic of style that might reasonably be supposed to please the author of "Cotton Mather" and "Rankel's Remains."

So far as there is a Harvard school, the English department is responsible. It is natural that among the older graduates there should be a good many writers of verse and prose. What astonishes is the number of very young men whose names appear on the title pages of books almost before the president's ink is dry upon their sheepskins. Still more astonishing is their faithfulness to the lessons of their English courses. Among the older

men whom Harvard honors as literary artificers some are regardless of those niceties of style which now every freshman is called upon to affect; the new generation is free from cleft infinitives, improper uses of "shall" and "will," and all the other marks of stylistic falling from grace. Many of them are themselves teachers of the young, and must perforce maintain a high standard of linguistic purity. Every bit of writing must be terse, in the etymological sense of the word. Clearness is the quality everywhere insisted upon. They write only what they see, and often they write less than they see, through fear of exuberance. That repression that is the earmark of the Harvard man is the characteristic of Harvard style.

Among the very young graduates whose work is beginning to appear, and who affect in an especial sense the Harvard blue-book style, may be mentioned Norman Hapgood, who finds time, in spite of a standing engagement with the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, to cultivate the essay habit; Jerome Case Bull, of *Munsey's*, a prolific writer of short stories; Robert Herrick, instructor in Chicago University, and novelist of some note; Curtis Hidden Page, of Columbia University, a writer of very subjective verse. The list might be extended almost indefinitely. Hugh McCulloch, Herbert Bates, DeWolfe Howe, W. K. Post, W. E. B. DuBois, John Corbin, George Cabot Lodge, Philip H. Savage, David Gray, Grover Flint, Charles M. Flandrau, Charles K. Bolton, are all recent graduates with whose work the public is becoming familiar.

Whether literature that is strictly in accord with life is likely to grow out of a great university remains to be seen. Some are unkind enough to say that the outcome of the daily theme is excellence of finish and dearth of inspiration. At any rate, the province of the Wendellian English department would seem to be the training rather of successful craftsmen than of frenzied bards. Perhaps when Harvard, and Columbia, and Yale, and Chicago have reared among us a class of highly-trained literary artisans, the great artist will appear as a matter of course.

Frederick William Coburn.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOW TO REPORT A BASEBALL GAME.

To write out a detailed report of a game of baseball, as the game is now played by professional experts, is a task requiring, in the first place, that the reporter should have an intimate knowledge of all the points of play in the game, and secondly, that he should be well versed in the method of taking notes of movements on the field by shorthand, as a stenographer does of words spoken. Both of these requirements are essential for any one desiring to excel as a baseball reporter. The study of any of the standard books on baseball, together with close observation of the work done on the field in a regular contest, should post up any intelligent young man in a knowledge of the points of play in the game; but in regard to learning shorthand for movements, that is something to be acquired, as one does the grammar of a language; and it is this method of shorthand which I shall now proceed to explain.

There is nothing very mysterious or complicated about a well-kept baseball score, although to an inexperienced outsider a page of the score-book may not disclose much meaning. As a matter of fact, every play upon the ball-field may be recorded legibly by a brief sign

which to the man who makes it may stand for several sentences of graphic description. It may not be possible to score every incident connected with a lively game, but it is possible to set down in the score book brief characters which shall recall every incident to the memory of the scorer. Not only is this true, but any one who thoroughly understands the system of scoring used could write out from another's score book a practically accurate account of any game, even though he had not seen it played. He would miss many minor incidents, of course, but the main features of the play would be clear to him from the score, and he could write an accurate and interesting story. The reporter who scores a game may jot down on the margin of his score book brief notes of any incident not literally part of the game, and so add color to his story, but all that is really essential may be recorded by my system in the score itself.

A, B, C, and the home base by the letter H. To indicate such technical terms as a "catch on the fly," a "fair-hit" ball, or a "foul" ball, etc., I used generally the first or last letter of the word applicable to the movement, such as F for fly catch, L for foul, or a salient letter like K for strike-out, as in the case of striking out. For indicating errors in the field I used a dotted cipher, ⊙, for a dropped fly ball; a half circle, ⌒, for a wild pitch; a line with a dot on the upper or lower side, $\dot{-}$ or $\underset{\cdot}{-}$, to indicate a wild throw, high or low; and so on through the whole category of signs, always using some sign or another connected in some way with the movement indicated. By this means any young reporter can, in time, formulate special signs of his own, while still keeping in use the basis of the original system.

The following is the copyrighted diagram of my score-sheet, published by Peck & Snyder, New York:—

Runs.	Hit by pitched ball.	Stolen bases.	Sacrifice hit.	Left on base.	Struck out.	Base on error.	Base on balls.	Base hits.	TIME PLAY CALLED. .. .. BATSMEN	WHEN PLAYED.....1898. SCORE OF INNINGS. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TIME GAME ENDED. .. .. FIELDERS.	Put out.	Assisted.	Errors.	Chances offered.	Chances accepted.	Double plays.	Run out.	Outs on fouls.
									x										1								
									x										2								
									x										3								
									x										4								
									x										5								
									x										6								
									x										7								
									x										8								
									x										9								
									Totals,										Totals,								

The theory of my method of shorthand for baseball — which I published first in 1860 — is based on the old system of mnemonics — assisting the memory by familiar signs — that is, I planned each written sign, indicating any special movement on the ball field, on the basis of something familiarly known. Thus I represented the first three bases by the letters

For indicating the batting I use four separate signs, as follows: For a single base hit, + ; for a two bagger, ǂ ; for a three bagger, ǂ ; for a home run, ǂ . In indicating the character of the hit, or the direction the ball is sent, I use the following signs: For a single hit to right field, + ; for a single hit to left field, + ; for a single hit to centre field, + . The

dots show the direction of the hit. For a bounding hit to the left for a single base I use ⊣ , and for a similar hit to the right field, ⊢ . For a ground hit to right field I use ⊢ . All these signs are quickly learned and easily applied. The fielders on the out side are indicated by the numbers from 1 to 9, according to their batting order. My shorthand signs in full are given in the following summary: —

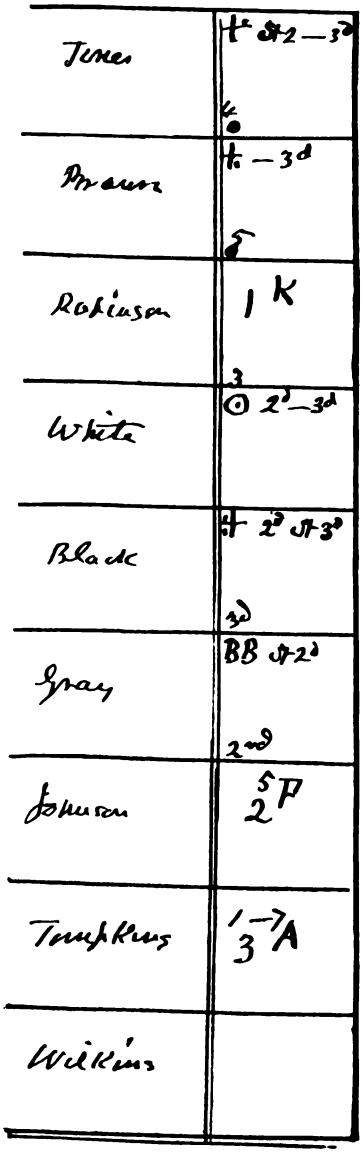
SUMMARY OF SIGNS.

A for first base.
B " second base.
C " third base.
H " home base.
F " fly catch.
⊥ " foul.
K " struck out.
LF " foul fly catch.
P " passed ball.
RO " run out between bases.
BB " bases on balls.
o " a dropped fly ball.
⊛ " a muffed or fumbled ball.
⊥ " a wild throw high.
⊤ " a " " low.
⌒ " a wild pitch.
st " a stolen base.
+ " a first-base hit.
‡ " a two-bagger.
‡ " a three-bagger.
‡ " a home run.
‡ " a two-bagger to left field.
‡ " a three-bagger to centre field.
+ " a bounding ball to left field.
+ " a " " " right field.
+ " a ground hit to right field.
+ " a " " " left field.
• a dot in the left hand lower corner of the square of the innings for a run scored.
1st, 2nd, and 3d in the left hand lower corner of the square for left on bases, as the case may be.
Hit, for a batsman sent to a base from being hit by a pitched ball.

Each fielder is numbered from 1 to 9, in accordance with his order of batting, and not by his position in the field, as the latter frequently changes, but the batting order does not.

It is difficult fully to explain the application *of the above shorthand system by book* instruction, but I will try to illustrate it as well as I can.

Here are nine squares of the score sheet of the first inning filled with signs indicating what the batsmen, base runners, and fielders have done in the first inning of a contest.



The play was as follows: Jones led off with a safe tap to right field — a ball over the heads

of the infielders, and not far enough out for the outfielders to catch, a model place hit. He then stole second, and on Brown's pretty grounder to right field reached third. Robinson was then retired on strikes. White "fungoed" — that is, gave an easy chance for a catch — to centre field, and the ball was dropped, White getting to second base on the error, and Jones scoring his run also on the same hit. Black then hit a bounder to left field, sending Brown home and White to third. Gray was then given his base on balls, sending Black to second, the latter stealing third directly afterward. Johnson then fungoed to deep left field, and was easily caught out, Gray stealing to second on the catch. As Tompkins was thrown out by shortstop to first baseman, Black and Gray were left on third and second bases, respectively, the inning ending with two runs scored by three single hits, a fielding error, and a "battery" error; viz., a base on balls, battery errors, including bases on balls, wild pitches, hitting batsmen with pitched balls, and passed balls. It will be seen that this long-word description of the play is recorded in the score book by about a dozen simple word signs. This will do for the first chapter, and so "here endeth the first lesson."

Henry Chadwick.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A WORD TO EXCHANGE EDITORS.

In a big Sunday pap r recently a poem of mine was reprinted, with credit to the magazine in which it originally appeared, but without credit to me, the author.

I wish to call attention to what is a too common neglect on the part of exchange editors; namely, ignoring the author of matter copied.

A writer's work is his literary stock-in-trade which a reputation enhances in value. This reputation is obtained, to a great extent, through the press, which, by copying and giving proper credit, makes the writer's work and name familiar to a large circle of readers.

It is true, in my case, that the magazine to which my verse was credited had bought and paid for it, and in that sense owned it; but whatever reputation it was capable of giving belonged to me, and should have been given to me, not to the magazine.

The appearance of my verse in a widely-circulated Sunday paper gives greater opportunity for copying than did its publication originally in the magazine, the circulation of which is necessarily limited. In fact, I know that several papers, the exchange editors of which did not see the original publication, copied the verse from the first copy, credited only to the magazine. From all this I gain no benefit, whereas, had the first exchange editor given me my just credit, the others would have done likewise. A verse worth copying is worth giving the author credit for, and, as the chain of copying is practically endless, a fellow feeling on the part of exchange editors should induce them to give to a co-worker in literary fields every advantage possible for extending and strengthening his reputation. It has sometimes happened that a single poem has made an author's fame; in any case, be the reputation great or little that a writer may acquire by having a poem or story copied by the press, he is entitled to that reputation, which is of value to him; nor should exchange editors rob him of it by failing to give him credit when they use his work.

R. C. MacDonald.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. JUNE, 1898. NO. 6.

The list of recent Harvard graduates who have become known as writers, which is given in Mr. Coburn's article on "The Harvard Literary Output," is by no means complete. To name all the book and magazine writers who are graduates of Harvard College would take a great deal of space. A few of them are: Edward Everett Hale, '39; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, '41; H. G. Chapman, '83; C. F. Thwing, '76; H. C. Merwin, '74; Theodore Roosevelt, '80; W. C. Lawton, '73; Henry Cabot Lodge, '71; Albert Stickney, '59; Albert Bushnell Hart, '80; John Fiske, '63; Owen Wister, '82; Barrett Wendell, '77; Robert Grant, '73; Professor James Schouler, '59; Nathan Haskell Dole, '74; Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, '53; Amos Kidder Fiske, '66; Professor Charles Eliot Norton, '46; C. F. Lummis, '81; F. J. Stimson, '76; Jeremiah Curtin, '63; F. B. Gummere, '75; W. M. Griswold, '75; George R. R. Rivers, '75; Percival Lowell, '76; Lindsay Swift, '77; William De Witt Hyde, '79; Frederic Allison Tupper, '80; C. E. L. Wingate, '83; Charles Miner Thompson, '86; Francis Sterne Palmer, '87; William Augustine Leahy, '88; H. D. Sedgewick, Jr., '82; M. W. Hazeltine, '62; Henry Norman, '81; President C. W. Eliot, '53; Edward S. Martin, '77; George A. Hibbard, '80; Professor A. S. Hill, '53; Hon. John D. Long, '57; Henry Adams, '58; Rev. Alexander McKenzie, '59; John T. Morse, '60; Joseph Cook, '65; G. E. Woodberry, '77; Walter Cranston Larned, '71; J. T. Wheelwright, '76; Arthur Wentworth Eaton, '80; and John Fox, Jr., '83; besides those recent graduates whom Mr. Cabot mentions.

***

When Ethel A. Ireland asked the sea-bird a question, she says, in her poem, 'A Question," in *Harper's Magazine* for June: —

> "He swoopèd towards me with a cry,
> And on a far wave furled his wings."

In prose he would just have swooped toward her — "swooped" in one syllable — or away from her, more likely. Why should he be made to do anything different in poetry? And why should the poet try to make the reading world believe that "soon" rhymes with "moon"? And what does she mean when she says:

> "And round me wept the heavy dew,
> And the leaves fell and sobbed like rain,"

in her final stanza? And why should the editor of *Harper's* print the poem anyway?

***

Referring to an editorial in the August WRITER regarding the *Bookman*, a reader of THE WRITER says: "I have twice submitted manuscripts to the *Bookman*, and each time have had the manuscripts returned with a particularly courteous declination form." This, of course, is the next best thing to having manuscripts accepted, and shows that the practice of the *Bookman* is not so churlish as its preaching. It is hard to understand, however, why the *Bookman* continues to print on the first page of every issue: "The editors of the *Bookman* cannot undertake to return rejected

manuscripts whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made."

***

Writers who have failed to attain success may not have known the real reason for their discomfiture. Possibly they missed becoming famous only because they did not have desks and chairs suited to their individualities. According to the *Hartford Post* some "curious" experiments have been made by a Harvard professor to prove what is really the best height for the chair you sit on and the desk you write at. Every person, it appears, ought to have a chair specially made to suit his or her height, and the seat of the chair should be exactly one-quarter of your height from the floor. Thus, if you are six feet high, the chair seat should be eighteen inches. The width of the seat should exactly equal its height, and it should slope backward three-quarters of an inch to the foot. The back should be a trifle higher than the seat and sloped slightly, not too much. Finally, your desk should be two-thirds as high again as the seat of your chair. Thus, if your chair seat is twenty-four inches, the desk should be forty inches in height. When you have attended to all these little details, you can sit and write all day without feeling that backache that comes from chairs and desks that don't fit you. The really important requisite, however, for the attainment of literary success is having something to say.

***

The literary editor of the *Chicago Chronicle* is inclined to think that there is "some occasion for editing the phrase, 'and pretend they know just what the matter with you is,' found on page 54 of the April number of — THE WRITER." The *Chronicle* says: "THE WRITER'S explanation of what it means by 'Newspaper English' is freely accepted, with the return suggestion that the more it finds of the kind of English it means where it desires to find it,— in books and periodicals,— the more it discredits the title."

***

Speaking of THE WRITER, the literary editor of the *Minneapolis Journal* says: "It has undertaken to cite instances of faulty newspaper English, but THE WRITER should be careful in that business, because it is very possible to find lapses in its own columns. Glass houses — stones!" Without stopping to discuss the question whether "very possible" is a possible phrase in good English, THE WRITER would respond that whenever any "newspaper English" is printed in its own pages. it will be very glad to have the bad phrases pointed out, for its own information, as well as for the general good. THE WRITER, like everybody else, is prone to error, and it does not expect ever to be too old to learn.

***

Not all English that is grammatical is intelligible at a glance — as all readers of magazine poetry know. Here, for instance, is a sentence that even readers of THE WRITER may have to read twice before they can tell you what it means: "That that is is that that is not is not." It sounds a good deal like Concord philosophy, but it is n't. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is not the use of "had rather" for "would rather" a grammatical mistake? C. P. M.

[Answering a similar question, the New York Sun recently said: "The 'mistake' is indeed common in English literature. Does our correspondent forget what the author of the eighty-fourth Psalm says in the King James version?

"'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

"'Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding,' says I. Corinthians xiv., 19, 'that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.'

"Who does not remember in 'Julius Cæsar':

> "'I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
> Than such a Roman.'

"Brutus 'had rather be a villager.' Master Slender 'had rather than forty shillings I [he] had my book of songs and sonnets here.' Hot-

spur was especially fond of this mistake. In one scene he says: —

"'I had rather be a kitten and cry mew.'
"'I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned.'
"'I had rather live on cheese and garlic in a windmill.'
"'I had rather hear Lady, my brach.'

"But what is the use of defending an idiom which is sound, found in the best writers for hundreds of years, found in the best writers now, and still fresh in the living, spoken speech? In Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's 'Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,' one of the choicest monuments of the language, 'had lever,' 'had leverest,' and 'had rather,' are found. The two forms which have disappeared, although the second form occurs in modern poetry, may serve to explain the form that remains.

"'Have rather,' 'have liever,' too, have gone; but 'had rather' has shown the power to stay. Our correspondent, like so many others, forgets that English is what it is, not what it ought to be."

Nevertheless, "would rather" is a better phrase than "had rather," and the English language would be better off if "had rather," with all its weight of past authority, were allowed to follow "have rather" into innocuous desuetude, as the *Sun's* dearest foe might say. Language is made for man, not man for language, and any change that tends to make the English language more scientific, provided it be not too radical, should be encouraged. Excepting, perhaps, to students of comparative philology, "would rather" is more sensible than "had rather," and the idiom does not have sufficient beauty to warrant modern writers in clinging to it. — W. H. H.]

In *McClure's Magazine* for April, I find in a story by W. A. Fraser, entitled "King for a Day," the following words: "'While I don't approve of drinking to the extent you have carried it,' said Sir Lemuel, with judicial severity, 'still I can't refuse a glass proffered by my brother.'" Is the first sentence correct? Should it not be "to the extent to which you have carried it"? D. D.

["To which" is, of course, needed after "extent" to make the grammatical construction complete. An author, however, is not bound to make his characters talk with grammatical and rhetorical precision. His rule should be to put into their mouths such language as they would naturally use, and colloquialisms and incomplete constructions are allowable, if they are true to nature. If Mr. Fraser had made a similar omission in the narrative part of his story, the editor of *McClure's* should have corrected his error. — W. H. H.]

Who is the present editor of the *Living Age*, Boston?

[The editor of the *Living Age* is Frank Foxcroft. — W. H. H.]

Please describe the dividing line between "newspaper style," "magazine style," and "literature," for I confess that I am mystified.

Let me tell you the symptoms of my case, so that you may arrive at a scientific diagnosis. I am a newspaper writer, editor, and "foreign correspondent" of some fifteen or twenty years' experience. I have never had time to undertake much magazine writing, but had always imagined that it would be easy enough to become as dull as the average, if one really undertook the task in earnest.

Two or three years ago I sent an article to the *Century Magazine*, descriptive of a trip which I had made, and incidentally telling of the development of the region I had visited, and of a certain exhibition which I had witnessed, and which had a significant connection with that development.

In due time my "copy" came back to me, with the criticism that, while it contained much excellent material, it was written in "newspaper style" rather than in "magazine mold." I asked the editor to explain what he meant, but he couldn't — intelligently.

What do you think he meant? Of course, you will find it difficult to make the application to my article without reading the article, — and I spare you, — but in general, what does that mean?

I submitted the article then to another magazine publisher, who asked me to cut it down from 7,500 words to 4,000. I compromised by making it 6,000, and he kept it six months and then returned it. How long does it take for magazine mold to develop?

Then I took it to another magazine and told the editor he must accept or reject it the same day, and, six hours later, he accepted it. He paid me $186 for it. I thought the *Century* would have paid more, but this was not the *Century*, and the article was getting so moldy that, as a journalist, I had no other use for it, so I let the editor have it, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee that I had lost

faith. He made it the leading article in an early issue of his periodical, and I felt like sending marked copies to the other two magazines and saying something without any mold on it, but refrained.

That is the extent of my magazine writing, but I am owner and editor of a periodical which I mold myself — hence I have not finished my plaint.

Some time ago I took a trip into a "far countree," and there had the good fortune to meet one of the editors of a leading American magazine. After my return I sent to him, personally, an extract from my account of my journey — an extract telling of a rather wild mountain ride in the region where I had met him. He wrote me a cordial letter, in which he referred to my "spirited and very interesting account," — an expression which beguiled me into asking him to give me his frank criticism of my work.

He replied again, complimenting the article, but added the crushing words, "but, of course, you understand that a running account of a trip is not literature."

I knew it was not a poem ("by the shape"), but, again dealing in general classifications, why should not a running account of a trip, if well written, be "literature"?

What is "literature"?

I asked the magazine editor how I should reach the plane of literature, how attain the moldiness of a magazine writer, and he replied, "By general culture." That reminded me only of Mark Twain's advice to the young writer who said to him that he had heard that eating fish was good for the brain, and asked him how much fish should be eaten daily. Mark replied that some people required more and some less, but that in the young man's case about one good-sized whale a day ought to be enough — at first.

To sum up: In what specific features does magazine style differ from newspaper style, aside from its being less slip-shod?

What is "literature"?

How shall a journalist who has been successful in newspaper correspondence attain the right kind of "general culture," without upsetting his appetite for fish? X. Y. Z.

["X. Y. Z.'s" questions are so well put that no attempt at an answer to them could be anything but bathos.— W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

"Pianiste" and "Artiste." — "We observe with pain," says Philip Hale, in the *Musical Record*, "that impassioned press agents and would-be genteel persons persist in calling a female pianist a 'pianiste,' thinking thereby to determine sex by the final letter; but 'pianiste' is the French word for pianist, and it is a masculine noun as well as feminine. And so there is a mistaken use of the word 'artiste.' 'Artiste' is a French word, and is primarily masculine." Would-be genteel critics will please take notice.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

At that moment the shell which brought death to the ensign and four men exploded. — *New York Evening Journal.*	At that moment came the explosion of the shell which brought death to the ensign and four men.
Dewey is very different in temperament, build, and character to General Nelson A. Miles, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, and Rear Admiral Charles S. Norton or Rear Admiral William T. Sampson or General Fitzhugh Lee.— *Boston Globe.*	Dewey is very different in temperament, built, and character from General Nelson A. Miles, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, Rear Admiral Charles S. Norton, Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, or General Fitzhugh Lee.
Despite unfavorable conditions, the work is well advanced, and the scene from the top of the opposite hill presents a far different aspect than it did a few weeks ago. — *Boston Transcript.*	Despite unfavorable conditions, the work is well advanced, and the scene from the top of the opposite hill is very different from what it was a few weeks ago.
The relations of a man's wife always expect more of him than he expects of himself. — *Chicago News.*	The relatives of a man's wife always expect more of him than he expects of himself.
The *Globe* has not, and shall not, spare any expenditure which will give its readers the quickest and fullest war news. — *Boston Globe.*	The *Globe* has not spared, and will not spare, any expenditure that will give its readers the quickest and fullest war news.
The latest Boston fad is to teach its school children the art of swimming. We have heard of no fad lately which is so closely in accord with common sense. — *Waterbury American.*	The latest fad in Boston is to teach the school children the art of swimming. We have heard of no other fad lately which is so closely in accord with common sense.
Can some one give directions for a crocheted lady's sweater, about size 32? — *E. G. B., in Boston Globe.*	Can some one give directions for a woman's crocheted sweater, about size 32?
Had n't death by starvation ought to be stopped? — *Judge.*	Ought not death by starvation to be stopped?

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Octavia Clouston, of Maywood, N. J., is the winner of the prize recently offered by the National Humane Society, of Boston, for the best story relative to the cruelty practised

by intelligent people on dumb animals. Mrs. Clouston is a member of the New York Woman's Press Club, and is the author of several books. The manuscript of her story was in a car that met disaster at the Hudson River railroad accident not long ago. The story lay at the bottom of the river for three weeks before it was rescued. The writing was almost illegible, but was copied, and then it took the prize. Mrs. Clouston is less than thirty years of age. She is the wife of James Clouston, prominent in New York railroad circles.

Paschal H. Coggins, who wrote "Old Sile's Clem" in *Harper's Magazine* for May, is a Philadelphian by birth and a member of the Philadelphia bar, but lived for many years — and until 1882 — in California. Under the pen name of "Sidney Marlow" he wrote three long stories, "The Moncasket Mystery," "Harry Ambler," and "Frank Selwin." The first two were published in book form by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, and the latter ran as a serial during 1894 in a Philadelphia magazine. Recently Mr. Coggins has made some short contributions to *Harper's*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Godey's*, and other periodicals. "Old Sile's Clem" has elicited a great deal of favorable comment.

"Dorothea Dimond," who contributed the bright verses, "A Dream," to the *Century* for February, and Mary B. Dimond, whose name is often signed to more sober poems and prose articles in the best periodicals, are one and the same. Miss Dimond speaks of herself as being "not a writer, but only a woman who writes." "Friends, and even publishers," she wrote recently, in answer to a letter asking for personal information, "have requested that I should gather my verses into book form, but I have not felt that I ought to make the claim that I was a *poet*, which this step would, or ought to, imply. Still, to express myself in prose or verse from time to time has been one of the pleasures of a life not without its share of happiness, though shut in from most forms of *activity.* These writings have been largely for *religious periodicals, and written* with the hope of helping in my small way by passing on some thought or feeling which seemed to me good or needed, or at worst by cheering some good cause with the little returns which find their way to my purse. But while I have cared most of all to deepen the inner life in some other heart, it has been always a difficult thing with me to touch upon even these themes without the glancing of a little humor over the surface of the thought, since I was so made, I suppose, as to speak naturally when I speak with a little *quirk*. It is only when I turn quite aside from sober and sensible things and have a little laugh outright, as in the "Dream" in the February *Century*, and in other verses which have appeared in 'Lighter Vein,' that my name is 'Dorothea.' At other times the sober 'Mary' answers for my Christian name."

Anna Farquhar is the author of the letters from "A Cabinet Member's Wife" which have been appearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* There is reason to believe that the domestic experiences described in these letters were those of Mrs. W. H. H. Miller, wife of the attorney-general in President Harrison's cabinet, — since Miss Farquhar is known to be a personal friend of the Miller family, and to have spent considerable time with them in Washington during their official residence there. Miss Farquhar was born and raised in Indianapolis, in neighborly relations with the Harrison and Miller families, but for ten years past she has lived a studious professional life in New York, London, and Boston. She is now connected with the editorial staff of the *Boston Transcript.* She has published one novel — "A Singer's Heart" — and another one is about to be issued.

Williston Fish, whose series of short stories, entitled "Short Rations," has been running for some time in *Puck*, was born in Berlin Heights, Ohio. He was graduated in the class of '81 at West Point, and frequently says that he would like to go back and be a cadet over again. Except Ohio, he declares West Point is the finest place on earth. For fifteen years, Mr. Fish has written a great deal for *Puck* and *Life*, and a little for *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's*

Monthly. He resigned from the army in 1887, and is now counsel for a street railway company in Chicago.

Mrs. Jennie Betts Hartswick, who wrote the inspiring verses, "Cheerfulness," in *St. Nicholas* for May, has lived from childhood in the extremely pretty town of Clearfield, Penn. From her earliest childhood she has made verses for the love of it. Her first published poem appeared in *Life* not long after she left school. Since her marriage she has written chiefly for the delectation of her two sons, who, she says, she finds to be her kindliest critics. About a year ago Mrs. Hartswick was persuaded to think seriously of publication, and since then she has had verses accepted by *Little Folks* (Boston), *St. Nicholas*, and, in the form of rhymed charades, by *Harper's Round Table* and the *Independent*. Verses of hers have recently appeared in *Truth* and *Judge*, and in the Easter number of *Life*. She has also written paragraphs for the *New York World*.

Philander Chase Johnson, who writes the many bright things seen in the newspapers credited to the *Washington Star*. may be called a pupil of W. J. Lampton, having begun newspaper work a dozen years or more ago on the *Merchant Traveler* of Cincinnati, under Mr. Lampton's tutelage. Later Mr. Lampton went to Washington, and still later young Johnson followed him there, and when, after establishing the "Shooting Star" column of the *Washington Star*, Mr. Lampton retired, to do general work, Mr. Johnson succeeded him. During the past five or six years no newspaper has been more extensively quoted than the *Star*, and no newspaper has contained humorous matter, both in prose and in verse, more worthy to be quoted. Particularly as a poet Mr. Johnson is to be commended. He has a fine ear for melody, and in every line he writes there is a music that delights the senses. In the easy flow of his verse Mr. Johnson is not excelled by any writer of to-day. His verses and his paragraphs alike sparkle with wit, mellowed with a fine quality of humor. Beyond his daily work for the *Star*, Mr. Johnson has done only a little, and that for *Life*, *Judge*, and other humorous papers. He is making essays now in play-writing, and there is reason to prophesy that some day in the not distant future he will be as successful a playwright as he is now a poet.

George Brydges Rodney, whose story, "87,617 Colts," in *Lippincott's* for May, has attracted favorable comment, has confined his literary work so far to a few short stories, and to one novel, "In Buff and Blue," which was published some months ago by Little, Brown, & Co. In this book Mr. Rodney says he endeavored to set forth, as he understood them, the spirit, ambition, and desires of the American soldier of '76 — not the hero that we see in old-fashioned novels, but such a one as Charles Kingsley has typified as an ideal soldier and gentleman — Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho." The story "87,617 Colts" is a true one, and was told to Mr. Rodney by an actor in the tragedy. Imagination can supply much that actual facts debar, but Mr. Rodney believes that actual events, as they really occur, without the fantastic trappings of imagination, should furnish good reading, and this is what he wishes to put before the public. Mr. Rodney is a Delawarean, twenty-six years of age, and intends — if the Fates prove propitious — to be an American novelist some day. Judging by what he has already written, we should say that his ambition is in a fair way to be realized.

Julia Schayer, whose story, "The Canal Dwellers," was one of the features of the *Century* for May, has for a long time lived in Washington, excepting for some years passed in Europe. She was born in Deering, near Portland, Me., and her youth was spent in New England. Her work has been mainly short stories, though a few novelettes and some essays and verses have appeared from time to time. In 1880, the Scribners issued a volume of stories by Miss Schayer, "Tiger Lily and other Stories," and she has published enough other stories, in the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals, to make several volumes, but none has as yet been brought out. Miss Schayer hopes to finish a novel during the present year.

and is also experimenting with the drama. "The Canal Dwellers" is a close sketch from life, even the incident of the flood being a true one.

Marion Couthouy Smith, author of the fine poem, "The Hunting-call of Spring," in *Scribner's* for May, was born in Philadelphia. Her mother, still living, was Maria Couthouy Williams, of Boston, and her father was the late Henry Pratt Smith, of Philadelphia. When very young, she contributed frequently to Philadelphia papers and magazines, notably *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. Many of these contributions were in verse. Her poem, "The Watcher," published in *Lippincott's*, was widely copied. She also wrote verses for the *Churchman* and some of them found their way into religious collections published by Randolph and by Dutton. Unfortunately, Miss Smith lost many years' work by ill-health, and thought she had virtually dropped out of the race when she came, with her family, to live in East Orange, N J. Almost eight years ago, she resumed regular literary work, and has since contributed to leading magazines, and to many minor periodicals and newspapers. In 1890, she won a prize of $100 for a serial story, entitled "A Working Woman," in the *Living Church* of Chicago. In 1893, she published in the *Century* a poem entitled "Chicago," the subject being Chicago in preparation for the Columbian Exposition. This poem was read in the Woman's Building at the Exposition, and was favorably received. It won an unsolicited tribute from the famous scholar and critic, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia. Miss Smith has contributed several poems to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *New England Magazine*, *Munsey's Magazine*, and other periodicals, also occasional stories and articles to various publications, notably to *Short Stories*. The best of these is "The Story of a Stormy Night," in *Short Stories* for June, 1895. Miss Smith's book, "Doctor Marks, Socialist," was published last October by the Editor Company, of Cincinnati, and has been well received by the press. She has done a little journalistic work, and had a *department in a local paper* for a year. She is an active member of the Woman's Club of Orange, and the Woman's Press Club of New York.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Farjeon. — Asked as to the advice he would give to young authors, Mr. Farjeon spoke somewhat to the following effect: —

"There are four essentials — first, the study of composition by reading good authors; second, observation of character and the minutiæ of social life; third, industry; fourth, concentration. These are natural gifts, I know, and observation is with some a gift of Nature; but even these favored persons may be benefited by the practice of these essentials. If a man wishes to write romance, he must read romance; for the language in which it should be written is not a gift, but an acquirement. History, of course, must be attentively studied. Humor is not to be acquired; it is either in or not in a person. If it is in him, it will bubble out; if it is not in him and he attempts it, he will make a poor show.

"Many highly-gifted young authors with good abilities find a difficulty in the form of expression. Let them read good authors, not with painful elaboration, as though they are engaged upon a difficult study, but still with some earnestness, and they will find in time that they will drop naturally into a good method. I would mention De Quincey, who is too little read nowadays, but even of that master of English composition I would not advise too large a dose at a time.

"Then Macaulay, also in moderation; then Emerson and Isaac Disraeli, (not his son, our Lord Beaconsfield — in the study of composition he is to be avoided); Thackeray, Dickens, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and the earlier works of George Eliot; of poets, Shakespeare, who should never be neglected, unrivalled in simplicity and wisdom, and Tennyson. Ruskin, a poet in prose, sparkles with gems, but be careful — a little at a time.

"Avoid the writers who string words in a tangle, and mystify themselves and their readers. Concentration is most important — no laborious thought, water eternally on the boil. Get the

thing into the mind and let it simmer. It is like planting a seed; it will grow, and presently you will see the flower." — *London Answers.*

Howells. — William Dean Howells lives on West Fifty-ninth street, in an apartment facing and overlooking Central Park, New York city. An impression that Mr. Howells leaves with one is that he does not in the least meet the traditional conception of the man of letters. The workshop is business-like, and fitted up for earnest tasks, not for brooding. Does it look out upon that charming corner of the park? No! The view might prove too alluring; and then the whir of traffic is distractingly noisy. The study is in the rear of the apartment, opening upon a noiseless court, and in clear days is flooded by sunlight in the morning hours, when the author does most of his writing. His working library, consisting of three modest cases, is drawn close about him, with the volumes he most cherishes within easy reach of his hand, and at one side stands that most un-ideal of devices for putting into words the figments of the brain — a typewriter. Mr. Howells explains that the bulk of his library has not been taken out of storage, as it is so much trouble to move books from house to house; and he feels constrained to offer a timid apology for the presence of the writing machine. — *New York Times.*

Kingsley. — Of "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," it must be said that it was the result of the belief of my mother in me. A favorite uncle wrote to me that such a book was wanted, and said, "Write it; you can do it." I did not believe that I could, but my mother insisted. "You can, it is in you; write the book. It will be a success." That year I was a very busy woman, for I had a young son, and "Titus" was written with many interruptions. I would go off to write a chapter, be interrupted by a baby voice, drop my pen, rush down stairs to see whether there had been an accident of any sort, or whether my little folk were having some special good time in which they wished me to join.

While writing "Titus" I forgot all about the possibility of its being a success or a failure; only I grew to love the story. And yet it came to me in an odd way. The hours were so filled up that I seemed to have no time to think, but I have always been in the habit of waking early, and when the sun was just rising those lovely summer mornings, it seemed as if the story of "Titus" came to me in a dream, and as if I were compelled to write it. — *Florence Morse Kingsley, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Stockton. — It is in a hammock swung across his study, or, when not in a hammock, in the easiest of easy chairs, that Frank R. Stockton works when engaged on a new, whimsical, quaint conceit. From her sky parlor in the tower of the fine old country house (for Mr. Stockton dislikes the typewriter's clicking, and has banished the machine as far heavenward as possible,) the secretary trips down, and, notebook in hand, seats herself quietly. Then there may be silence long drawn out and perhaps never broken, the secretary finally leaving at the announcement of luncheon with as yet untouched pages. But, usually, from the hammock's depths or from the recesses of one of the great chairs, a measured, vibrating voice will speak out, and down in the notebook will go the first draft of the latest of the thousand and one curious tales with which Stockton has been delighting the world for at least a quarter of a century.

In all probability this remarkable, magnetic man stands alone in his methods of work. Without making a note, without a scrap of guiding synopsis or scenario (as they say in stage matters), he carries his new novels in his head, letting oftentimes the story build itself up there over a period of years. When he is ready to write, he calmly speaks it off to the young girl, who, always in readiness, comes down each morning from the tower room. And this first draft, made by the head alone, he never touching pen to paper, is practically the final draft, the revise as well, Mr. Stockton seldom caring to touch, in the way of correction, the typewritten sheets.

There is nothing more striking about Frank R. Stockton than his supreme simplicity. Even his sanctum of sanctums, whence novel after novel goes forth, has nothing that savors of the "shop." It is a generous study, a study that one can see was built for the purpose, and is sound-proof, but it is the last room one would

ever think of as a genuine workshop. As I stood in the centre of it a day or so ago, while making a short visit to Mr. Stockton, having journeyed to the uplands of Jersey by an early morning train, mentally photographing it in my mind with a quick glance, I could see only what seemed to be the very delightful "morning room" of a British country gentleman of leisure and of means.

For there was no litter of proofs and manuscripts, no heaps of reference books, none of what is usually thought the stock in trade of the modern author. There were not even books. This novelist's library is elsewhere in his house. His study has only its easy chairs, its hammock, a desk for correspondence, a table or two, a famous old cabinet, and a simple book-case, which holds the various editions of his own works and an encyclopedia, this novelist's guiding star and mentor in matters of science.

"My year," said Mr. Stockton, "is eight months long on the average. I am just back at Convent Station here" (the house lies almost midway between the towns of Madison and Morristown, some thirty miles from New York), "after having been in New York, Boston, and Washington for some months. All my extended work is done in this study, though I frequently write short stories and do other 'immediate' work during the winter."

A personality more winsome and delightful it would be difficult to find. It is a small man that sits before you, a keen-eyed man, whose eyes you know miss nothing, a man whose mustache is iron gray and whose hair is almost white.

"The hardest work I have," said Mr. Stockton, "is naming my characters. Many names are completely made up, others are suggested by something, others are but slightly changed for real names. I seldom use a name that in itself is the description of the character. That was Dickens' way, you remember. Nevertheless, sometimes one of my names does describe the character. Take Tippengray of 'The Squirrel Inn.' Tippengray was a man whose hair was slightly tipped with gray. I always liked *that name*. Chipperton in 'A Jolly Fellowship' *is very descriptive also.* Ardis in 'Ardis Claverden' is an old family name of mine. My mother was a Virginian, and I have lived a great deal down South."

I had now come to a question I had long feared to ask, for it was the question Stockton has already been asked ten thousand times, by word of mouth and by stamped envelopes for return post. However, I nerved myself for the task.

"Was it—" I began.

Mr. Stockton smiled kindly, though a shade wearily. "I do not know," he said, "I really have never been able to decide whether the Lady or the Tiger came out of that door. Yet I must defend myself. People for years have upbraided me for leaving it a mystery; some used to write me that I had no right to impose upon the good nature of the public in that manner. However, when I started in to write the story, I really intended to finish it. But it would never let itself be finished. I could not decide. And to this day, I have, I assure you, no more idea than any one else."—*Cromwell Childe, in New York Times.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

STYLEBOOK OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF PROOFREADERS. Published by authority. 15 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Chicago: The Ben Franklin Company. 1898.

This little "Stylebook," published under the auspices of the Chicago Society of Proofreaders, will be interesting to proofreaders everywhere. There are about as many proofreading "styles" in the world as there are varieties of religion, and a uniform style is about as likely to be adopted as a universal creed. Every movement toward uniformity, however, should be encouraged, and the publication of this brochure, which is declared to be "the result of compromises," may help to formulate the ideal "style" which everybody will accept.

ART IDOLS OF THE PARIS SALON. Vol. IV. No. 14. Six plates, in portfolio, $1.00. Chicago: The White City Art Company. April, 1898.

Six fine half-tone reproductions of Paris salon pictures are given in the second quarterly part for 1898 of *Art Idols*, which fully maintains the high standard of artistic excellence set in the earlier numbers. The pictures are: "Phèdre," A. Cabanel; "Exchange of Confidences," J. Coomans; "Diana," Jules Le Febvre; "Un Visiteur dans l'Atelier," Paul Tillier; "Les Traces Approchantes," Salles-Wagner; and "April," by F. Debat-Ponson. As a companion

to the last-named picture, Earl Marble, the editor of the publication, contributes a charming poem.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

SPHINX LORE. A collection of original literary ingenuities and historical recreations, interspersed with charades, anagrams, and diagram and jingle-puzzles. By Charlotte Brewster Jordan. 190 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1897.

THE TRIAL OF EMILE ZOLA. Containing Zola's letter to President Faure relating to the Dreyfus case, and a full report of the fifteen days' proceedings in the assize court of the Seine, including testimony of witnesses and speeches of counsel. 355 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Benj. R. Tucker. 1898.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Recipe for Liquid Glue. — Even temperance people will agree that this recipe for a good liquid glue, which I find in the *Household*, makes a good use of whiskey: Break pieces of glue into a solution of whiskey, then cork tightly and set aside for a few days. It will always be ready for use without the application of heat, except in very cold weather, when the bottle should be placed in hot water a few minutes. It will keep for years. Replenish it by adding more whiskey and bits of glue.

G. M.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A JOURNALIST. General Charles H. Taylor (Manager *Boston Globe*). *Boston Globe* (8 c.) for May 1.

THE MAKING OF A DAILY NEWSPAPER. Charles H. Dennis (Managing Editor *Chicago Record*). *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for May 4.

MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. With portrait. Priscilla Wakefield. *Churchman* (13 c.) for May 7.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BROWNINGS. Clifford Howard. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for June.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON. Leon H. Vincent. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

COLONEL JOHN HAY. With portrait. F. W. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

THE TERRORS OF AUTHORSHIP. Elmer E. Benton. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

CHARLES LAMB AND ROBERT LLOYD. — II. E. V. Lucas. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

HOW MATT BECAME A REPORTER (story). W. L. Riordan. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for June.

THE POETS AS LIBERALS. Eugene Parsons. *Self-Culture* (23 c.) for May.

FRANK L. STANTON. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS. Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 7.

MR. STEDMAN AS A POET. With portrait. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 7.

BLANK VERSE. Reprinted from *Spectator* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 30.

NOVELS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 30.

FERDINAND FABRE. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 30.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 7.

THE SHORT STORY. Frederick Wedmore. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 7.

AS TO THE HIGHER CRITICISM. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 14.

FREDERICK TENNYSON. Reprinted from *Saturday Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 14.

SIDNEY LANIER. Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc). Translated from *Revue des Deux Mondes.* I. — *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 14; II. — *Living Age* for May 21.

WELSH POETRY. Reprinted from *Saturday Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Neville Marion" is Mrs. Edith Gwynne Gill, wife of William Fearing Gill.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett secured a divorce, May 10, from Dr. Swan M. Burnett, with permission to use her maiden name, Hodgson.

Sam Walter Foss is now librarian of the Somerville (Mass.) public library.

Hezekiah Butterworth has gone to South America for the Appletons.

Miss Lilian Bell, who is now in Russia, will continue her journey through the Orient, and travel entirely around the world. She will be absent about a year.

A tea was given in Boston at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, April 25, to celebrate the engagement of Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*, and Miss Lucia True Ames.

Carl Schurz, who has retired from the editorial page of *Harper's Weekly*, is now engaged upon a book of memoirs.

William V. Alexander has resigned his position as city editor of the *Boston Transcript*, to become private secretary to Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Laurence Hutton will no longer write the book reviews for *Harper's Magazine.*

Henry Newbolt is a London barrister, in active practice, and is now thirty-eight years old. He is an Oxford man, and began to write ten years ago.

Sunday Reading (New York) is a new monthly paper, edited by Thomas P. Hughes, D. D.

The *Home Magazine*, formerly of Binghamton, is now published in New York.

Beginning with the number for April 30 *Collier's Weekly* has changed its make-up to the extent of reserving a special and separate section of eight pages for its latest pictures and descriptive articles from the army and navy.

Charles F. Lummis, of the *Land of Sunshine*, (Los Angeles), has formed a novel syndicate of Western writers to assist him in his work of producing an essentially Western magazine. Each takes shares in the magazine and agrees to contribute to it. Among those who have joined this syndicate are Theodore H. Hittell, Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Collier Graham, Ella Higginson, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, Charles Edwin Markham, Frederic Webb Hodge, Charles Howard, T. S. Van Dyke, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles Frederic Holder, and others. Mr. Lummis is enthusiastic in his work of making a magazine which will give the very life and color of the West.

Manuscripts offered in competition for the prize offered by the Musical Art Society of New York, announced in the May WRITER, should be addressed to the president of the society, Dr. Fred E. Hyde, 30 West Fifty-third street, New York.

For some time past the *New York Mail and Express* has been offering a weekly prize of $10 to the amateur photographer sending the best print from his own negative, accompanied by an original article on some topic of interest to amateur photographers.

The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance offers a prize of $25 for a short paper on the benefits of the sanctified Sabbath to the home and the community at large. Manuscripts will be received until October 15. They should be sent sealed, with the name and address of the author, to the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, room No. 711, 156 Fifth avenue, New York. No manuscripts will be returned unless called for at the office.

The "appreciation" of Sidney Lanier, by Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), which the *Living Age* presents in translation in its numbers for May 14 and May 21, is probably the fullest, most discerning, and most delicate tribute ever paid to this poet, whose qualities have been imperfectly appreciated among his own countrymen.

The 2,500 papers in the United States served by the Associated Press have 50,000,000 readers daily. The service gives them 50,000 words of telegraph news each day, or 18,250,000 words in the course of a year. To supply this news cost, last year, $1,520,545.

The *New York Observer* celebrated its seventy-fifth birthday by issuing a Diamond Anniversary Number, May 19, with pictures of the men who have been active in the conduct of the paper, and much interesting information about its history. The *Observer* is a model religious journal.

Demorest's Magazine (New York) for May has fine portraits of Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Oliphant, Hallam Lord Tennyson, Mrs. F. A. Steel, Justin McCarthy, Richard LeGallienne, Beatrice Harraden, and Henry Drummond.

The *Banner of Gold* (Chicago) for May 14 was a memorial number, devoted wholly to the memory of Mrs. M. Kate Reed, late associate editor of the paper, who died April 15, leaving countless friends to mourn her loss.

William Ewart Gladstone died at Hawarden, May 19, aged eighty-eight.

Mrs. Maria Louise Pool died at Rockland, Mass., May 19, aged fifty-six.

Edward Bellamy died at Chicopee, Mass., May 22, aged forty-eight.

Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren died at Washington May 28, aged sixty-three.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, JULY, 1898. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE PEN AND BRUSH. *Marguerite Tracy.* 97
SOMETHING ABOUT ILLUSTRATING. *Henry H. Sylvester.* 98
EDITORIAL. 106
"Newspaper English" Again, 106 — Notes. . . . 107
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 107
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 107
Anna Hempstead Branch, 107 — "Alan Cameron," 107 — Rev. S. M. Crothers, 107 — Laura H. Earle, 108 — W. Bert Foster, 108 — Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, 108 — Tudor Jenks, 108 — Mark H. Liddell, 109 — William R. Lighton, 109 — Francis Lynde, 109 — Mildred McNeal, 110 — Zoe Anderson Norris, 110 — Francis James MacBeath, 110 — "Theodosia Pickering," 110 — Charles Henry Webb. 111
BOOK REVIEWS. 111
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 111
NEWS AND NOTES. 112

THE PEN AND BRUSH.

Quite in the heart of New York City, but remote from Sorosis and all other grave and purposeful clubs, the Pen and Brush, a club for women writers and artists, has its rooms. In this day, when all things are progressing up town, it has established itself contentedly on Twenty-second street, around the corner from the great publishing houses on Fifth avenue. In business hours this is one of the busiest neighborhoods in the city, but at night there is no sound but the occasional ring of foils which comes when the windows of the Fencers' club are open opposite. It is to this secure little club around the corner that members and their guests may come, sure of having nothing required of them but that they shall be comfortable, and in their own way. It is a club without a president, and has been admirably managed by the governing board upon the understanding that general business meetings shall be held as seldom as possible, and the only "object" it is willing to claim is that of promoting comradeship between the closely allied arts of the pen and the brush.

A reading-room better arranged for convenience and pleasure would be difficult to imagine. The bookcase between the deep window seats, the splendid old secretary, the table covered with magazines and papers, the tea tables, the divan, and the big easy chairs furnish the large room without crowding it. Indeed, the restfulness of the atmosphere is mainly due to the feeling of space, — the knowledge that one can walk about without stumbling over meaningless bric-à-brac. The book shelves contain a great deal that is best and freshest in literature, besides books of reference and classic things; and as these are not at all ordinary books, but autograph gifts from the writers or gifts from the publishers, they are particularly prized by the club.

The artistic members have furnished pictures for the walls, and the names in the corners of the pictures are familiar ones. A china cabinet occupies a niche at one side, and near it are a group of portraits of authors, — Mrs. Humphry Ward, Marie Bashkirtseff, John Oliver Hobbes, and one of the club's own members, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dun color and dull green give a charming general tone to the room, in which everything harmonizes, and one can rarely drift in at any time without finding one or two fellow-members who have slipped away from their duties for a moment of quiet, in spite of the fact that the club responds to the description which Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody has summed up of a man's club: "It's a something you join in order that you may stay away from it when you like." If the Pen and Brush had not been organized several years ago, it would seem to

have been called into existence by Mrs. Moody's delightfully critical article on Women's Clubs published recently in *Scribner's Magazine*, and it is at hand to quote from for the vanquishing of any protest against the club's cheerful lack of aim.

To this same lack of purpose may be attributed the chief charm of the Sunday gatherings; for Sunday afternoons are guest days, and men as well as women who are interested in art and letters are invited by the members to share the informal cheer of the tea table. There is an agreeable absence of "lionizing," no matter how prominent the occasional guest may be, which distinguishes the Pen and Brush, and, it is hoped, will always distinguish it.

One very jolly little gathering was held not long ago, which called itself "An Evening with Uncut Leaves," after the very charming fashion which Mr. Lincoln introduced in New York. Short sketches which had not yet been published were read by the writers or their friends, and there was much merry talk and criticism between the readings and afterward over the coffee, — and the probability is that these evenings will be a favorite entertainment next winter with the Pen and Brush.

New York, N. Y. *Marguerite Tracy.*

SOMETHING ABOUT ILLUSTRATING.

The world is not older than the craving for pictures. Illustration in some form we have always had, but illustration as we speak of it to-day is comparatively new, and its recent rapid development is one of the marvels of a marvellous age. It has brought to our table each month, each week, and may soon bring to us each morning, the work of some of the best artists in the land, explaining and amplifying the topics of the time, the literature and science of the period, raising by degrees our national appreciation of art, and our national art standards; and if the pace of the past few years be kept up, America will soon be in the front rank as an artistic nation.

The full history of earlier illustration would require much space. For several hundred years the artist first had to draw his picture on the plank or block of wood in which it was to be cut, and then the engraver set himself at work upon it. Sometimes the results were far from happy.

Later on some genius put a sensitive photographing film on a piece of boxwood, and photographed a drawing thereon. From that moment the relation between artist and engraver began to change, until, from the artist being compelled to turn his pencil to suit the block, and being at the engraver's mercy, the engraver had to reproduce the drawing exactly.

It was not long after this step before the hope grew up of being able to handle a picture by a purely mechanical process of combined photography and etching, thus interposing no personality between an artist and the public, and materially reducing the cost of reproduction. The realization of this hope in the half-tone, or process plate, is of very recent date.

The half-tone plate is made by photographing a drawing on a copper plate through a ruled glass screen, breaking a square inch of surface into about twenty thousand dots, this process being necessary to secure a reproduction of the half-tones or shades of a given drawing. A magnifying glass applied to any half-tone print, in any periodical, will show these dots plainly.

The effect of these changes in reproducing drawings for printing purposes has been great

in many ways. So universal and so easily procured are cuts that scarcely a daily newspaper is without its staff of artists and plant for photographing and etching the drawings. And slowly, but surely, is creeping into the national life an artistic phase which will be invaluable as a factor in national progress.

The whole nation is being unconsciously educated in art by means of this periodical illustration. The low-cost magazines have done much in this direction, and although their standards are not always of the highest, they do bring about something of an appreciation of the best.

So far has interest developed that everywhere we find an increasing desire to know more of men and methods, a longing to glance behind the scenes, and, strangely enough, we find that there are comparatively few people who are versed in reference to the making of a picture — who appreciate the amount of training required, the processes involved, or the personality of the workers. And so, supposing that not every one is familiar with these things, we will consider the illustrator and his work — not from the standpoint of the historian, the engraver, or the artist, but simply to see how the wheels go round, rather than why.

We find our illustrator to be a veritable autocrat. To him the editor defers, for him the presses wait. He it is who bides his own time and makes his own price. He and his fellows are reckoned singly, while authors are counted by scores. It is this autocrat who often receives more for his work than did the author who wrote the text which his drawing illustrates. It is this autocrat who not only signs his name to his work, but who adds the date as well, — and woe be to the editor who dares remove either date or signature. An author is oftened chagrinned by the appearance, without date, of course, of some story of days long gone by, but the illustrator is never caught in such a plight. If his published work is ten years old, the date which it bears sets him right in the public eye, and often emphasizes the great strides he has made in a term of years.

Our illustrator is in a class by himself. While painters dream, he must keep wide awake. While the painter may "try" for this "quality" or that "quality," neglecting all others, and while he may revel in "subtlety," in "atmosphere," in "feeling," and in "sentiment," the illustrator must be forever simple and strong. The processes will not bear him out in expressing many of the qualities so dear to the painter.

He must grapple with the real.

He must be a thoroughly practical man — must have unbounded common sense — must be a student of character.

He must see the truth and know how to draw it.

He must draw better than the painter, for by no trick of color can he hide defective work, and bad drawing is often more apparent on the printed page than it is in the original.

Not only must he be able to draw what he sees, but he must have the practical knowledge of how his drawing will appear when it is prepared for printing.

To obtain all of these qualities our illustrator must have been an educated man — none other would have succeeded in his chosen field. It is probable that he spent from seven to ten years in study before he drew many good things. If he went to an art school he did not waste his time. He worked while there, and he has worked ever since.

He spent much time, and probably considerable of somebody's money, before he attained success.

When he left the schools, instead of drawing from sleepy passive models in picturesque costumes, he probably struck out for life, action, character. He tried to do something better than some other had done it. He did not try to make eccentricity, mysticism, or primitiveness take the place of capacity and training.

Above all, he kept on drawing — drawing — drawing; — his head, his hand, and his heart ached sometimes, but he knew no man could illustrate without first knowing how to draw.

It is probably true that our illustrator did not enter upon his work with the intention of remaining in it. This may be well for him, or otherwise. If his dreams of a great canvas interfere with his present work in black and white, he would better begin on the canvas now. If he is content to wait, present and future success may be his. Some of our best

painters were once humble illustrators. Some one has said that most of the members of the Royal Academy won their reputations and live on them, not by color, but by illustrating.

Edwin A. Abbey is no more famous as the painter of The Holy Grail than he is as an illustrator of Shakespeare, and yet Mr. Abbey first commanded attention by his ability to draw an amusing dog.

When it comes to a studio — a workshop — we find the practical quality of the illustrator asserting itself. Far is it from the painter's ideal. Here we find few of the rugs, the draperies, the rare bits of bric-à-brac, the examples of costly antique furniture with which artists are supposed to surround themselves. In their stead we are apt to find a veritable curiosity shop filled with properties, material, costumes, furniture, hats, boots, saddles, guns, casts, and other accessories. It is a shop — not a parlor.

Such a studio is that of Gilbert Gaul, the well-known painter of war pictures. After spending an hour on the cable car one day, I came to his house on a side street in upper New York, in a locality where it seemed as if a disturbance must be very rare. Several pulls at the bell were finally rewarded with the distant tramp of heavy feet, as if some iron-shod giant were approaching. Nearer and nearer came the heavy step, down the uncarpeted stairs, across the bare floor of the hall, and at last the door flew wide open, and there, with folded arms, stood a six-foot artilleryman in full uniform. His scowling face, his heavy brows and moustache, his slouch hat, made a decided impression on the caller, who had hardly looked for this representative of the civil war in just this place at just this time.

The man who opened the door was Mr. Gaul's model — a pose had been interrupted. Upon being invited upstairs to the studio one finds that room, what would be a front chamber, left unfinished to the roof, after the fashion of a country barn, great windows in the front extending well up into the peak, furnishing that north light which all painters and illustrators appreciate. Around the unfinished walls were hung scores of army costumes of all degrees of rank and condition. Here were several saddles, there a stack of guns, sabres, pistols, canteens, boots, harness, and all the other trappings of war. An old pine bureau daubed with colors stood by the easel, on which was an unfinished picture for *Harper's Weekly*. The floor was bare of carpet or rug, and the maid had evidently been warned some time before not to sweep or dust.

In the midst of it all stood the six-foot artilleryman of '61, fierce and grimy, as if he had just come in from the field of battle.

Surrounded by all these accessories, made terribly real by the bullet-pierced caps and coats, the broken sabres and rusty swords, Mr. Gaul is in that atmosphere of reality that is so desired by the working illustrator.

Frederick Remington, the bluff and hearty artist of the plains, refuses to call his workroom a studio, and when possible works out of doors, and here he draws his angular horses and the angular men who ride them. Here in broad daylight he draws those sinewy troopers true to a life of which most of us know but little.

A. B. Frost, the illustrator of "Uncle Remus," and one of the foremost men in the profession, works in a house built of glass, and here he makes those wonderfully correct pictures of sporting life which have made him famous.

Clifford Carleton has an apartment in New York, and the front room and alcove are used for a workroom. At first glance it is hard to decide whether the family has just moved in or just moved out. The room is absolutely bare of accessories, and you wonder how the illustrator of "Pembroke" ever made a drawing that would pass muster.

Contrasted to these we find the luxurious studio of C. D. Gibson, the very nature of whose work requires studio furnishing of the finest sort. It is a big rectangular room, with high ceilings, and walls hung with tapestries of richest colors and texture. Every article of furniture and bric-à-brac possesses a distinct artistic individuality, and a glance through the drawings which Mr. Gibson has printed in the Harpers' publications, in *Life*, *Scribner's Magazine*, and other leading periodicals will indicate the character of these furnishings, for they are as characteristic of his drawings as are

the society models who have shared in the celebrity of his work.

The Gibson studio is the exception, however. Velvet jackets and long hair are left to the painters, old linen coats, literally of many colors, take their places, and usually there is a strong pipe at hand, furnishing some very realistic cloud effects as the artist works away as for dear life.

There is nothing mysterious about the work of the illustrator. The uninformed are somehow befogged when they attempt to grasp his methods, and most of them seem to think that, when in a certain mystical mood, he shuts himself up, and in some way or somehow, as they say, "makes a picture out of his head."

Few realize how definite is the plan upon which our man proceeds. Upon reading a manuscript, he fixes his mind on a certain type as illustrating the principal characters of the story. He then searches for a model who best illustrates that type, for the costume which best fits the period and the circumstances, for the furniture best adapted to the scene, and for other accessories which go to make up the picture. If he has to draw a policeman, the chances are that one of the force can be induced to pose in uniform on an off day. If a servant is desired, his own maid will do. The street furnishes small boys, the almshouses and institutions provide old men and women.

It is important that the types should vary. The one-model man is a marked one. The artist who uses his wife continually for the Greek maiden, the farmer's wife, the schoolgirl of fourteen, the colored cook, and the boy of sixteen is soon caught. There are cases where we do not object to repetition for a while, and it is interesting to trace certain models as they appear in picture after picture; but in general illustration the multiplication of a face or character becomes tiresome, and the aspiring man will have pride enough to vary his models as much as possible.

The use of models is one of the most important and interesting features of the work of the illustrator, the drawing from actual life and actual material being a vital necessity to artists of consequence.

A model once secured and dressed, the situation is explained and the pose is taken. It may be many weary hours that the subject is obliged to stand in a fixed position, with occasional rests. To appreciate what this means, one may assume almost any attitude, however simple, and after remaining rigid and immovable for a very few moments, may have some idea of what the model has to endure. So essential is absolute rigidity that some men will not allow a model to assume a pose if he has a bad cold, fearing that a cough would throw him out of position.

To obtain some effects of position and drapery, it is sometimes necessary to adopt a course that would seem ridiculous to an outsider who did not give the matter a second thought. For instance, to show a man in the exact position which he would assume while falling from a horse it is necessary to suspend him from the ceiling by ropes; with frequent rests he may be required to continue the pose for several days.

In illustrating the late Chief Egan's terrible experience at a fire in the dry goods district in Boston some time ago, in which he hung suspended over the street by a single wire, it was necessary to stretch a wire across the studio in such a way that a model could assume the actual position taken by the unfortunate man. It was a trying pose, and could be held but for a few moments at a time.

It is in very difficult positions that photography plays an important part. In a recent illustration of a boy standing on his head, a snap-shot was the only solution of the model question possible. By-the-way, snap-shots have solved more problems than some knights of black and white would be willing to admit. There are easy poses, and professional models appreciate them. For instance, for a horseback rider a common flour barrel or even a pile of books is placed on top of a strong table, a bit of rope is attached to something solid and answers for reins; the model sits astride and rides before a victorious army, leads his soldiers to battle, gallops across the plain pursued by Indians, ambles 'mid leafy boughs beside his lady fair, wins the final heat in an exciting race, or rides horse to plough.

There is always more or less interest in the originals of certain types which have become

familiar to us. For instance, the Gibson girl that has become famous originated from a professional model — Mrs. Minnie Clark. She is an Irish woman about thirty years of age. She poses for all the artists, and was the original of the head for D. C. French's statue of the Republic. Mr. French also used her head for his figure of "Death" staying the hand of the sculptor. William M. Chase used Mrs. Clark for the face of his typical American woman, and the Academy exhibitions always contain portraits of her. Still she is not beautiful, and no artist considers her so. They all claim that she only suggests beauty, and that the underlined structure of her face is wonderfully modeled, that by using it as a groundwork for their paintings they are bound to bring out a work of art.

Those who have followed Gibson's drawings will remember, too, Little Susanne, who poses as a widow crouching on the floor beside a divan, on which are scattered old love letters, while Cupid sits by with a saucy smile on his face. Susanne was a French girl, and Gibson brought her here from Paris. The type once fixed, one can find her reappearing in many of his pictures.

Still another Gibson model is old Judge Peters, whose white hair and dignified mein have graced many a work by this illustrator.

In is not always easy to procure a model. A Boston artist sought a type of old working man some months ago, and finding a good subject sunning himself on a bench in the Public Garden, approached and asked him politely if he would come to his studio and pose that afternoon. Just what the old gentleman thought was meant was never known, but certain it is that he drew back a heavy cane, striking the artist across the arm, leaving a tender and highly colored reminder of the incident.

Passing along further in the garden, the artist found another good subject who had no walking stick, and who admitted that he wanted a job. He proved to be a South Boston man, and is known as "Old Hassian." He was sixty-two years old, and was for years a coal and iron miner in England. He came here to "pick up gold in the street," as he says, but, instead, picked bones and iron in a junk shop, then drove a team for years. He proved to be a good model, and now spends considerable time in posing, having been spoiled for active work.

That models may be found, however, is shown by the fact that well-known artists have the names of hundreds in their address-books. Small foot-notes tell for just what each one is valuable, — a head here, the carriage there, an arm, hand, and foot somewhere else. In one large studio in this city models are photographed for future reference.

It is hard to get colored people to pose, although E. W. Kemble seems to find plenty of subjects. They seem to have the idea that they are to be made ridiculous, or that "respectable" people will not do such work, and only by being vouched for by some colored person in good standing can the artist secure a subject.

One of the most useful models is one that never draws pay or breath, whose sole support is an iron rod, and whose sole mission in life is to "stay put." I refer to the lay figure. In one studio it lies upon a couch, clothed in spotless draperies of unbleached cotton, as an early Christian martyr; in another, it appears as a young woman of fashion attired in a Parisian costume, seated at an imaginary piano, striking inaudible cords. Again, perhaps it plays the part of the Queen receiving at the Court of St. James.

Male attire changes this figure into a new series of characters and opens a new field of usefulness. Painters use the lay figure more than illustrators, and if one were to name some well-known artists who get delightful effects of flowing drapery with pins and a dummy, the charm would flee from some of their work.

The horse may be a "noble animal," but most artists are content to let him alone. He is a severe trial to more than one of our best men. Gibson rarely draws one, Wenzell's horses are never good, Smedley does n't like them, and many others will avoid an incident that calls for one.

If those who have had occasion to draw horses from life were to tell their experiences, an interesting series of incidents would result. As a rule, the horse models are intelligent, and they are seldom allowed to suffer from anything but lack of exercise. St. Gaudens, while at

work on the Shaw monument, lost two equine models from this cause.

Horses can be made to stand still by placing the two hind feet and one forward foot on a box, the other forward foot being held up by a groom. In this position the animal is practically helpless, as it would require but little for him to throw himself.

Cattle are good models if feed is plenty, flies are scarce, and an attendant keeps tight hold of the halter. If not tied or held, an artist may have to follow a cow all over a field, as the animals get nervous if watched.

Wild animals are found in the zoos. No one attempts to dictate their pose to any considerable extent. When one sees a champion pointer dog in the act of pointing a supposed quail, it is more than probable that the pose was secured by some member of the artist's family, who held in front of the dog model, not a quail, but a cat.

A canary bird in a cage will often interest a dog, and will always interest a cat. It is a strange fact that a dog will get nervous if he is watched, and will more than likely change his position; but if the artist sits back to the animal and sketches from a looking-glass held in front of him, the dog does not seem to realize that eyes are upon him, and is apt to remain quiet. Dogs can be taught to pose, but it is a severe trial of patience for all concerned.

Few are anxious to draw a cat. The chances are that the animal will not only take her own time about assuming a desired position, but when the sketch is well under way will rise slowly, stretch herself with great deliberation, and walk away. One remedy for this is to confine pussy in a strong glass box. A cushion will sometimes tempt her to lie down, and if action and life are required, a live mouse or bird exhibited outside the box has the desired effect. An interesting story is told of one artist's first attempt to use the glass box on a very unwilling cat. At a certain point the feline simply exploded, and away went the glass all over the studio. The next box was constructed with a lining of wire netting.

An artist near New York had occasion to introduce a goat into one of his pictures, and after several unsuccessful attempts to make William take a position, he consulted his wife, a rather positive woman, who, after hearing his trouble, said, "I'll fix that goat for you"; and, grappling the uneasy animal, she began at once a series of rough and tumble contests that lasted for two days in a broiling sun. The artist secured his drawing, but he came near losing his wife and the goat.

There are other stories of models, — of the tramp who, eager to earn fifty cents, fell fainting from hunger before his hour was up; of the old sea captain who sat still four hours, and refused the two dollars offered, "because he had n't worked for it"; of the athletic model who has to practice daily to keep his muscles in form; of a certain old lady of eighty who is occasionally induced to come to one studio; of the children who cannot keep still more than a minute; of the colored newsboy who earns many a dollar in posing and getting others to pose; of pretty school girls; of well-to-do young women who like to earn pocket money in a reputable way; of street urchins who come in pairs to the studio doors, with their "Want to make our picture, mister?" — all going to show that there is an interesting and fascinating side to studio life.

We have called our illustrator a sensible man, a wide-awake man, and have set his standard high; but sad it is, that while he is never supposed to err, there are just enough instances on record to show that he, like the rest of us, is human. For instance, in one of the leading magazines recently the writer mentioned the fact that her heroine was entirely bald — a circumstance, indeed, that might have been deduced from the fact that she was nearly 100 years old. Picture the author's disgust when the old woman was represented with a head of hair that might have served for the advertisement of some wonderful "restorative."

Even worse seems the fate of an unhappy writer who wrote a story about a boy named "Patsy"; the artist metamorphosed him into a girl. A well-known Boston artist recently illustrated a hunting incident of twenty years ago, — dressing his characters in golf suits, and the pointed shoes of last season.

An illustration of several brawlers being driven out "into the night," by an infuriated cook, is rendered somewhat puzzling by the artist, who

shows the sun streaming in at the window. But what could an artist have done with a story of life sixty years ago, in which, according to the author, a young man rides up on a bicycle? In this same story a young girl saved a Columbian dollar. Gibson is as careless about following his text as he sometimes is about drawing.

Accuracy, however, is the watchword of the illustrator. It is the desire for accuracy which sends men around the world with pencil and sketch-book. If it is an Arctic expedition that is to be illustrated, an artist is sent on the trip. If the Olympian games in Athens are to be pictured, some one is sent to draw the actual events. If it is the coronation of a tsar, or the jubilee anniversary of a queen, a famine in India, a rush for the Klondike, or a war in Cuba, there you will find the artist searching for absolutely truthful details.

It is this facility for observation that has broadened illustration, and given to it a literary quality which it once lacked. The pictures often tell the story better than the text which they are designed to illustrate. The artist is riper than he once was, he takes nothing at second-hand; there is a positiveness in his drawing that comes from knowledge, and lends to it the force of sincerity.

The painters of the eighteenth century rarely drew an animal correctly. It is probable that they seldom saw wild animals. The artist traveled little in those days, and the untraveled people were not over-critical. To-day, however, we are a nation of critics. Globe trotters are everywhere, books of travel are in every library. The eye of even the schoolboy is keen to detect the difference between an Asiatic and an African lion — between a catamount and a panther. People know whether or not the artist is sure of his ground.

In 1750 Richard Wilson, the landscape artist, painted Niagara and the Acropolis at Athens without ever seeing either of them: imagine an artist doing this to-day.

It is the demand for accuracy that oftentimes makes the search for correct costumes and furniture of certain periods long and expensive. Costumes are often made from plates, that a model may be correctly dressed in the character desired. The pages of history are searched through and through for correct details. A certain warrior was recently described as heading his mounted troops, whose "waving white plumes" suggested a foamy sea. As a matter of historical fact, the army in that particular country at the period of the story did not wear plumes of any sort, and it was necessary to avoid the best situation in the story in the interests of truth.

Does it seem that a slight inaccuracy is unimportant? — that people would not know? Experience proves that they do know — or think they do. A periodical with a circulation of half a million copies will be read by two million people, seen by four million eyes; do you think that errors can escape?

Sometimes, however, people know too much, and write sarcastic letters to the editor. A recent case in point was where an artist had drawn in a picture of Pilgrim days a gun of the period of 1620 with the hammer striking back toward the breech; this picture was severely criticised by many people who are familiar with the old flint lock of the Revolutionary days of 1776, on which the hammer struck forward, but who forgot that the period of the gun pictured was about one hundred and fifty years previous to the days of the Revolution.

Does it pay to illustrate? Yes and No.

A good lawyer or doctor makes a good living, a fair lawyer or doctor a fair living,— most poor lawyers or doctors make a poor living. The same is true of the illustrator. Like the poor lawyer or doctor, he may by well-known tricks and eccentricity deceive himself and somebody else for a time, but he will soon learn that his permanent success depends upon thorough work.

There is a splendid chance for young men and women in illustrating, and with every issue of the magazines we see new men rising to the surface. They are not crowding the best of the old men out, as there is a demand for the best in illustrating, as in everything else.

It is sad to see that the ranks of women illustrators are still thin, but there is plenty of time for them to show their ability, and when it is once shown there will be plenty of oppor-

tunity. If it is true, as some have said, that women as a whole are less practical than men, this may be one reason why the signature of a woman is seldom seen on high-class illustrations of to-day.

The future of illustration rests with the young men and women who are now studying art, and many of whom, I regret to say, have little real knowledge of what illustration really is, and have yet to learn that success is not achieved in this work until a student ceases to regard it as a pastime, and enters into it seriously from a professional standpoint.

What sane young man would dream of studying law, or medicine, or civil engineering, for three or even six months, thinking that, at the end of that time, he could support himself by practicing either one of those professions? Yet this absurd idea is encountered every day among students.

It is strange how blind some of these graduates of our best schools are with reference to the requirements of our publishing houses. In their ignorance they submit unfinished samples of their work — art-class sketches, scraps, etc., that are worse than inferior. Why? Because some well-meaning friend, or well-paid teacher has flattered them into making themselves ridiculous. I am not sure that there are many sins worse than what we call "encouraging" young artists — that is, some young artists. We all do it. If there is nothing else we can honestly praise, we speak of the excellent board on which the work was done — mentally reserving the comment that it was too bad to spoil it. It is false "encouragement" that leads fatherless girls and penniless young men to spend years of life in studying in an artificial atmosphere, urged on by teachers, flattered by friends, deceived and deluded, until at last the bubble bursts at the desk of the art manager in some publishing house, where they get, in many cases, their first real idea of what illustration is.

It is not an agreeable duty to tell these students, in effect, that their three or four years of study have still left them years away from their goal.

A young woman came a short time ago anxious to get something in the way of illustrating to do. "Papa has been dead several years," she said, "and mamma has had a hard time in supporting us; now I want to earn something to help."

"How long have you been taking lessons?"

"Six years."

And then she produced her sketches, and such wretched things would hardly be expected from a scholar who had had six months' lessons in the common schools.

Experiences, touching in the extreme, are common in the art editor's room. Mothers bring daughters, thinking that in six months the latter can earn enough to help support their little family. Fathers bring sons who have "never taken a lesson," believing that obvious fact to be almost sufficient recommendation for their continual employment.

Half-starved young men beg for a chance to work for almost nothing, that they may get "experience"; ambitious young women bring sketches of landscapes, girl friends, flowers, and so on, as if publishing houses really had use for such things. Would-be painters, who have been living in an upper and rarefied atmosphere until a board or rent bill demands attention, beg for an opportunity to "try" something.

There are a few phrases which dismiss most of them: "You cannot draw well enough to illustrate; "Your treatment is not good; "Your original may be a good picture, but it would not reproduce."

Does the picture seem overdrawn? Tax your memory a moment, and think of the proportion of art students that you have known who have made any real name in the world of art. A painter said to me a few days ago: "Of the 250 in my class ten years ago, but five are ever heard of now."

Another test — visit the exhibitions of the various schools.

I will not discuss the remedy, I am but stating the fact. Perhaps there will be a change for the better when students who intend to illustrate begin to understand that the art is real, and can be acquired only as anything else worth having is acquired — by hard, hard work.

Henry H. Sylvester.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. JULY, 1898. NO. 7.

The questions put by "X. Y. Z." in the "Queries" department of the June WRITER, which seem to have aroused general interest, will be discussed in the August number of THE WRITER. The editor will be pleased to have readers of the magazine express their ideas on the subject involved, for publication in that number.

***

Everard J. Appleton, the literary editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*, has been having sport with the news note, published in the June WRITER,

Hezekiah Butterworth has gone to South America for the Appletons.

"I hadn't observed," writes Mr. Appleton, "that 'the Appletons' (presumably the publishing firm) had moved their offices and manufactory to South America. And who sent Hezekiah Butterworth to South America for them, I wonder?"

***

"J. E. B." regards with something more than suspicion a recent editorial utterance in THE WRITER. "I find," he says, "this expression in the June number: 'THE WRITER, like everybody else, is prone to error, and it does not expect ever to be too old to learn.' Now what am I to gather from this? Is THE WRITER a body? If so, it is not an 'it.' Would it be correct to say 'Everybody in the village was there, and it had a good time'? Then you say it 'is prone to error.' Why 'prone to error' when you probably mean liable to err? 'Prone,' it seems to me, is a vile word in such a setting. 'And it does not expect ever to be too old to learn.' Oh fie! Why use the superfluous word 'ever' here? But perhaps this is 'Newspaper English.'"

***

Some of it indubitably is, and it is edited in THE WRITER'S kindergarten department for this month, in so far as the author of it is willing to accept "J. E. B.'s" suggestions. Having his pen in hand, "J. E. B." improves the opportunity to write things about his weekly newspaper that he might hesitate to say in the presence of its editor. "Since I became a reader of THE WRITER," he says, "I find myself gradually regarding with suspicion what I formerly perused with satisfaction, and asking myself the question: 'Is this English or newspaper English?' When my favorite hebdomadal announces that 'John Smith has painted his new barn' it leaves me in a state of uncertainty as to the number of barns John owns, and I wonder if he has neglected to paint his old barn. Occasionally the editor of my favorite weekly says: 'Our esteemed townsman, John Jones,' etc., which makes me think he has some townsmen who are not esteemed, and he takes this way of telling them so. Then there's the 'gifted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who has graduated with high honors,' and I wonder if they have a daughter who is not gifted, and if it is necessary that the joint paternity of both parents should be stated, to distinguish between the 'gifted daughter'

of both and a 'gifted daughter' of one or the other. Possibly, if he were a subscriber for THE WRITER the editor of my favorite weekly would avoid the creation of such doubts in my mind by cultivating a more correct form of conveying exact information."

***

Under the circumstances, would it not be a delicate courtesy for "J. E. B." to prepay a subscription for THE WRITER for the editor in question? The magazine will be sent to any address for one year for one dollar.

***

"Have we still need of poetry?" asks Professor Calvin Thomas in the *Forum* for June. Indeed, we have! How could magazine editors ever fill out short pages prettily without it?

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

I ask the careful consideration of your honorable bodies of a communication, transmitted herewith. — *Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts.*	I ask for careful consideration by your honorable bodies of a communication, transmitted herewith.
THE WRITER, like everybody else, is prone to error, and it does not expect ever to be too old to learn. — *Editorial in* THE WRITER *for June.*	The editor of THE WRITER, like everybody else, is prone to error, and he does not expect ever to be too old to learn.
Mr. Robinson was married in 1871 to Mary Tufts, of Somerville, who, with three children, survive him. — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*	Mr. Robinson was married in 1871 to Mary Tufts, of Somerville, who with three children survives him.
Where lost nightgowns go. — *New York Sun Headline.*	Where lost nightgowns go to.
It is better to assume that the audience is prepared for the discussion rather than to weary their patience with unnecessary preparation. — *MacEwan's "Essentials of Argumentation," p.* 10.	It is better to assume that your auditors are prepared for the discussion rather than to weary their patience with unnecessary preparation.
At the commencement exercises of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., Washington Duke, the cigarette manufacturer, presented the college with $100,000. — *Boston Transcript.*	At the commencement exercises of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., Washington Duke, the cigarette manufacturer, gave $100,000 to the college.
There is but the slightest improbability but what the above plan could have been successfully carried out in a very brief period after the declaration of war. — *Editorial in Lynn Item.*	It is almost certain that this plan could have been carried out very soon after the declaration of war.
Let us remember for our consolation that her real enemies are not us, but the arrogance, blindness, ignorance, and rapacity of her own people. — *Life.*	Let us remember for our consolation that it is not we who are her real enemies, but the arrogance, blindness, ignorance, and rapacity of her own people.
No one needs books of fiction nowadays with which to pass their waiting hours. — *Boston Herald.*	No one needs books of fiction nowadays with which to pass his waiting hours.
None of them knew the place nor seemed to take the slightest interest in the matter. — *Walter A. Wyckoff, in May Scribner's.*	None of them knew the place or seemed to take the slightest interest in the matter.
Apparently there are to be less hotels in South Boston — *Boston Herald Editorial.*	Apparently there are to be fewer hotels in South Boston.
Successful war can only be made when the power at the head of the armed forces is arbitrary. — *Harper's Weekly.*	Successful war can be made only when the power at the head of the armed forces is arbitrary.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Anna Hempstead Branch, who has a poem, "The Youngest Son of His Father's House," in the July *Atlantic*, is a recent graduate of Smith College, where she received her diploma a year ago. Her published literary work so far includes contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Companion*, and the *Independent*.

"Alan Cameron," author of the short paper, "People-in-Law," in *Lippincott's* for May, is a lady, a Canadian, of Irish-Scotch parentage, a resident of Ottawa, Canada, and a clerk in the Canadian civil service. Her literary work has been prosecuted in the evening after office hours, and has consisted principally of sketches somewhat similar to "People-in-Law," which have been accepted by various American and Canadian publications. She has always written under a pseudonym, owing to a peculiar feeling of aversion to having her friends know she was "writing," and she has frequently enjoyed the pleasure of hearing her effusions commented on — often unfavorably — by "those of her own household." It is seven years since she began to employ her leisure in this way.

Rev. S. M. Crothers, author of the paper "The Evolution of a Gentleman," in the May *Atlantic*, is minister of the First Parish of

Cambridge (Unitarian). He is a native of Illinois, and a graduate of Princeton College in the class of '74. His writing has been chiefly on religious subjects.

Laura H. Earle, author of the poem, "The Spider," in *Lippincott's* for June, has always lived in Philadelphia, with the exception of three years of musical study in Europe. Music is her profession, but she comes of a writing family; and she is nearly related to Florence Earl Coates, who has recently published a volume of poems. Miss Earle's verses have been occasionally published in local papers, in the *Cincinnatian*, Cincinnati, the *New Century Journal*, Philadelphia, and the *Liberator*, Santa Barbara. Her prose writing has been chiefly in the direction of lectures on musical subjects.

W. Bert Foster, whose story, "The Man Who Hung On" was published in *Lippincott's* for June, was born in Providence in 1869 and was educated in the city schools. He was obliged, however, to leave school before completing his grammar course, but took a post-graduate course in a printing and newspaper office. Just before completing his three years' apprenticeship, he was given the position of editor and manager of a country weekly, and for several years thereafter he did all kinds of newspaper work. The information and experience thus gained he is working up in a series of stories of newspaper life, of which "The Man Who Hung On," was the first one written. Mr. Foster's first story was published in *Golden Days* when he was seventeen, and until 1896 he did little but juvenile work. In fact, it was only because of the sudden stringency in the publishing market and the demise of so many juvenile publications that he began writing stories for adults. After two years' experience in Boston, principally in search of material for a book which he hopes to write some day, Mr. Foster has established himself at Block Island, where he expects to stay for at least the next two years.

Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, whose story, "The Quilting at the Primes'," was published in the *Independent* for May 12, was born in Stratford, N. H., the daughter of Charles G. and Mary Blake Platt. Her ancestors were English. The Blakes settled in Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, and the Platts in Stratford, Conn., about the same time, the families presenting a long line of illustrious names, from Admiral Blake, the naval hero of the sixteenth century, to Senator Platt, who managed the copyright bill in congress. Mrs. Hatch has been writing since her teens, her work having appeared in more than forty periodicals, and having been extensively copied in this country and in Europe. Of her four published books, her first had a sale of nearly 6,000 copies in two months. Her poems have appeared in the *Portland Transcript*, the *Boston Journal*, the *Outlook*, etc. Of "The Missing Man," first published as a serial in the *Portland Transcript*, the editor of the paper, S. T. Pickard (Whittier's literary executor and author of "Life and Letters of Whittier"), wrote to Lee & Shepard, the publishers of the book: "In the forty years of my connection with the *Transcript* nothing we ever published attracted as much attention." In 1892 Mrs. Hatch was chosen, in conjunction with Mrs. Celia Thaxter, as New Hampshire editor of *Women of the Century*, of which Mrs. Livermore and Miss Willard were the leading editors. A song, entitled "The Tried and the True," written by Mrs. Hatch at the time of Mr. Blaine's nomination for the presidency, was sung at the Republican "rallies" of New Hampshire, and elicited from Mr. Blaine a vote of thanks. As farmer's daughter and farmer's wife the greater part of Mrs. Hatch's life has been spent in the beautiful Connecticut valley, where in Groveton, N. H., stands the old Colonial homestead of her husband's family. Indeed, there are many landowners, but few traders in the family, while of doctors, ministers, lawyers, journalists, and literary folk there is no lack. At present Mrs. Hatch resides in St. Johnsbury, Vt., where her younger son is at school, her elder being at Dartmouth Medical College.

Tudor Jenks, whose name is familiar to every reader of *St. Nicholas*, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 7, 1857, and graduated from Yale College in 1878 and from the Columbia Law

School in 1880. After a year spent in travel he returned to take up the practice of law in New York city, which he pursued until 1887, when his literary work resulted in his connection with the editorial staff of *St. Nicholas*, where he has since remained. With the exception of a few poems and his book of the World's Fair, written for the Century Company in two weeks, his work has consisted for the most part of short stories, which have won for him a unique place among American writers. These are notable for the purity and simplicitv of their literary style, but their characteristic element is a vein of grotesque humor quite unlike that of any author. Its quality is difficult to define or analyze, but its charm is irresistible. A number of these stories were collected and published by the Century Company, in 1894, under the title of "Imaginations."

Mark H. Liddell, who has a paper on "English Historical Grammar," in the July *Atlantic*, was born in Pennsylvania in 1866. His father was a Scotchman, his mother of New England parentage — one of the family of Webbers, who furnished Harvard a president in the early part of this century. Mr. Liddell graduated at Princeton in 1887, and in 1889 returned thither as Fellow in English. After four years of teaching he went to Oxford to continue his work in English. Since his return to America he has accepted a professorship in English at the University of Texas, where he is continuing his literary work in addition to his teaching.

William R. Lighton, who wrote "Ned Stirling, His Story," in the June *Atlantic*, lives in Omaha, Neb. He was born in 1866 in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where his father at that time held a professorship. Ill health through boyhood made systematic education impossible, and, with a little judicious "herding," he was left to browse pretty much at will over the wide pasture of English literature. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, intending to abandon law for literature when he should be sufficiently ripened. In 1893 he wrote and sold a number of short stories, which were published about that time, but he found that he lacked judgment and insight into the subtleties of human character. "No one has any business writing fiction, and particularly short fiction," says Mr. Lighton, "until he has acquired ability to read human nature with a degree of accuracy." Therefore, he devoted himself to work in the law courts, and to the study of men, until last fall, when he began a second campaign against the magazines. Besides "Ned Stirling, His Story," in the June *Atlantic*, Mr. Lighton has had published one story in *Scribner's* for April — "Jim Cheney, Professional Politician" — and others in the *Chap Book*, *Lippincott's*, the *Youth's Companion*, etc. Other stories of his are to be published soon.

Francis Lynde, who contributed the story, "An Ugly Duckling," to the *National Magazine*, writes in response to an inquiry: "Do you ever, by any chance, stumble upon anything interesting in the personality or the biography of the writing man or woman? A lady once said to me, after reading one of the five-score-odd stories I've published: 'Why, Mr. Lynde, any one to know you, now, would n't suspect that you'd had all these experiences!' putting, by some quaint twist of reader's synecdoche, a part of the writer for the whole of his hero. What I replied is of no consequence; but what I thought was that there would be a calamitous dearth of fetching little fictions if the writer might not rise above the banal commonplace of his own experience. From which you will infer that I was born, and have lived, and shall probably die, very much after the hackneyed manner of our kind. As to one's work, if it speak not for itself, there is still less to say. A hundred or more stories, long or short, scattered over six years of writing-time and the space of a score of the periodicals, a half-dozen essays, a brochure or two on my specialty, — which is ethical socialism, — one modest little tale, 'A Romance in Transit,' between covers, and you have the record of what has been done. What shall be, God knoweth; but there may be a serial in the *National Magazine* this summer, and another book, a novel of the West, in the fall — if the publishers are lenient. There is one question which I should think every reader would like to ask of every person who hurls static lies

at him from the writer's rostrum; namely: 'Why?' I do it because I have to; and there are no mitigating circumstances save this: that I try to hurl them a little straighter each time, in the hope that some fellow-mortal may now and then catch one of them on the fly, to his comforting. From which, again, you may infer that I stand for the true, the pure, and the cleanly in fictional literature; and that is, indeed, my desire."

Mildred McNeal, the author of the poem, "A June Song," in the June number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, has always lived in Wisconsin, and for the past seven years has been acting as stenographer in Appleton for a large Eastern firm. For the past three years she has done her work in the afternoons, and has devoted the mornings to college study, and she will graduate with the class of '99 of Lawrence University at Appleton. Even with so much work in hand, Miss McNeal has found a good deal of time to write. Poems of hers have appeared in *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Puritan*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Chautauquan*, *Outing*, and in such newspapers as the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Boston Transcript*, and the *Detroit Free Press*. Her first work was taken by the *Weekly Wisconsin* and the *Sentinel* of Milwaukee, the chief papers of the state. The "June Song," in the *Woman's Home Companion*, is to be set to music, Mrs. Anne Simon, of Baltimore, having asked permission to publish it as a song. A poem of Miss McNeal's in the *Puritan* of May, 1897, also has been set to music by a San Francisco composer. Last summer Miss McNeal spent abroad, and she hopes soon to be able to go again for an extended course of study in Germany.

Zoe Anderson Norris, author of the story, "A War Veteran," in the *Arena* for June, comes of a long line of writers, Andersons — Virginians and Kentuckians. Her father, H. T. Anderson, was a writer, and made an interlinear translation of the New Testament out of the original Greek. He died when Mrs. Norris was very small. Mrs. Norris has been writing for about three years, and has been more than ordinarily successful. *She writes regularly for the Home Magazine* and the *Arena*, and is doing special Sunday articles for the *New York Sun*. A story of hers will appear in *Munsey's* for July, and others will soon be published in *Leslie's Weekly* and in *Demorest's Magazine*. "It seems to me," says Mrs. Norris, "that a literary career is bought by your very life blood. Is it Emerson who says, 'For everything you have missed you have gained something; and for everything you gain, you lose something'? I ought to gain some success in a literary way, it has cost me so much — you would never believe how much. My 'War Veteran,' it seems, has raised a hornet's nest. If all those veterans come marching against me, there won't be much left of me. I have been busy all the morning answering two letters from rampant G. A. R.'s. Their letters and my answer will appear in the July *Arena*, I suppose. The sketch was taken from life. Nearly everything I write is taken from life. Strange enough things happen around you. It is hardly necessary to invent."

Francis James MacBeath, author of the poem, "A Toast," in *Harper's Magazine* for June, was born in Philadelphia, where he now lives. In answer to an inquiry, he writes: "As a small boy I wrote stories, passing poor, but that I knew not then; and since, in prose and rhyme, I have written much and published little. My best claim to public approval is based upon the high resolve never to publish a volume of verse."

"Theodosia Pickering," whose poem, "A Bargain," appeared in *Scribner's* for May, and who had verses both in the *National Magazine* and in *Munsey's* for June, is, in fact, Theodosia Pickering Garrison. She writes, in answer to a letter of inquiry: "I was born in the much-maligned state of New Jersey, and, save for an occasional flying pleasure trip, have never left it. As for my life, I fear a biographer would give me up in despair, as far as any thrilling events in it are concerned. I have been born, and since March last have been married, and, like the nation, which likewise has no history, 'am happy.' I have written verses all my life, since the days when, pinafored and pigtailed, I rhymed 'river' and 'for-

ever'; but only for the last year or so have I been sending my wares to market, and the degree of success I have met with has, I confess, made me voice the sentiments of Mother Goose's old lady who fell asleep on the King's Highway: 'Lack-a-mercy on me — this surely can't be I.' The poem, 'A Bargain,' was written some six months ago, and while it honestly voices my sentiments, I am decidedly aghast at the storm of criticism it has raised, as no two people seem to share the same opinion on the relation of the sexes. I intend shortly to issue a book of short stories, most of which have appeared in the various magazines, with one or two new ones thrown in for ballast."

Charles Henry Webb, who has a charming little bit of verse, entitled "Georgina," in *Scribner's* for May, was better known of old as "John Paul," though lately he has attached his real name to poems. His early travesties, entitled, respectively, "Liffith Lank," and "St. Twel'mo." are still remembered, though printed away back in the late 'sixties. Mr. Webb's miscellaneous prose work was collected in a volume entitled "John Paul's Works," published by subscription at Hartford in 1874. Mr. Webb also edited and published the first book by Mark Twain, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and other Sketches," after its refusal by several prominent publishers of the early days. Mr. Webb was in San Francisco with Mark Twain and Bret Harte when these two were comparatively unknown, from 1863 to 1866. His last published work is a collection of his own, entitled "Vagrom Verse." He is about bringing out another book of poems, made up from his contributions to the magazines. Mr. Webb is a member of the Authors' Club. He spends his summers at Nantucket.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Little Masterpieces Series. Edited by Bliss Perry. 167 pp. Cloth, 30 cents. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1898.

This little volume contains a frontispiece portrait of Lincoln and selections from his notable speeches, including the Gettysburg address. Discussing Lincoln's style, Mr. Perry says in his "Editor's Introduction": "Lincoln's law partner has noted his incessant interest in the precise meanings of words. His reputation for clear statement to a jury was the result of his passion for putting ideas into language 'plain enough for any boy to comprehend.' Lincoln's mind worked slowly, and he was long in finding the words that exactly expressed his thoughts, but when he had once hit upon the word or phrase he never forgot it. 'He read less and thought more than any other man in the country,' says Herndon."

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY. By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. 365th thousand. 200 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1898.

The Benn Pitman system of shorthand is set forth in this "Manual." The system is a standard one, and the "Manual" is excellent in every way.

A NEW BOOK OF THE FAIRIES. By Beatrice Harraden. Illustrated. 179 pp. Cloth $1.50. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1897.

This book for children, offered at a time when educators are crying down the reading of fairy-lore by children, has ground of its own to stand upon. The English is careful and good: the fairies personify the common objects of a child's interest, — the fire, flowers, music, his books of story and study, — the conversation is ingenious and interesting; and the bits of moral teaching come from the fairies' lips in a way that is too gentle and kindly to seem obtrusive.

THE THIRD WOMAN. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. 158 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1898.

This short story is by the author of "Quo Vadis," and will attract attention for that reason. The translation is by Nathan M. Babad.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

GLADSTONE. J. N. Larned. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for July.

ENGLISH HISTORICAL GRAMMAR. Mark H. Liddell. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for July.

NEW LETTERS BY LEIGH HUNT AND STEVENSON. Ethel Alleyne Ireland. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for July.

THE HEROINE OF THE FUTURE. The Contributors' Club, *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for July.

NOTES ON JOURNALISM. George W. Smalley. *Harper's* (38 c.) for July.

NEW WORDS AND OLD. Brander Matthews. *Harper's* (38 c.) for July.

THACKERAY. The Point of View. *Scribner's Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS"—MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH SIENKIEWICZ. With portrait and autograph. Jeremiah Curtin. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

LITERARY MEN AS DIPLOMATISTS. Theodore Stanton. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for July.

ZOLA AS AN APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE. Victor Wilker. *Lippincott's* (29 c.) for July.

WILL N. HARBEN. With portrait. *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for May 28.

HAVE WE STILL NEED OF POETRY? Professor Calvin Thomas. *Forum* (38 c.) for June.

LITERATURE OF THE AFRICAN NEGROES. M. Muret. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for June.

LITERARY LIFE IN LONDON. William H. Rideing. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

FREE LIBRARIES AND THE COMMUNITY. Herbert Putnam *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

BILL NYE AS HE WAS AT HOME. D. Allen Willey. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. John W. Chadwick. *New World* (78 c.) for June.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. With portrait and autograph. "M. C. S." *Bookman* (23 c.) for June.

JAMES PAYN. *Bookman* (23 c.) for June.

JAMES PAYN. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 4.

SOME NOTABLE DOGS IN FICTION. Phil Robinson. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 11.

THE "EARLY CHRISTIAN" NOVEL. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 11.

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Stephen Gwynn. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 18.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CAPITALS. Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 25.

THACKERAY'S FOREIGNERS. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 25.

MARIA LOUISE POOL. With portrait. Margaret E. Sangster. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 4.

LETTERS of FRIENDSHIP. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 11.

THE WOMAN'S LITERARY CLUB OF BALTIMORE. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 18.

FAMILY LETTERS. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 18.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for June 25.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"G. E. X.," author of "The Chatelaine," is Mrs. L. Ethel F. Painter, a society woman of Cleveland, O.

John Kendrick Bangs has succeeded Laurence Hutton as book reviewer for *Harper's Magazine*.

George Horace Lorimer, a son of Rev. George C. Lorimer, is to be literary editor of the *Philadelphia Saturday Post*, which will be published hereafter by the Curtis Publishing Company.

Vim is a new humorous weekly published in New York. Roy L. McCardell is the editor, and Leon Barrett is the art editor.

To-day (Philadelphia) has been united with the *Christian Leader* (Boston), and its editor, Rev. Frederic A. Bisbee, has been made the *Leader's* editor in-chief.

The *Critic* hereafter will be published monthly, instead of weekly. The *Church Economist* (New York) has made a similar change.

The *Presbyterian Messenger* of Pittsburg has been merged in the *Presbyterian Banner*.

The *New York Independent* will assume the magazine form with its first July issue. It will have a cover, and will usually contain eighty-four pages, making it about the size of the *Century*. It will appear weekly, as heretofore, and its price will be reduced to $2 a year.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, have sold out their publishing business to Little, Brown, & Co.

The *Home Magazine* (New York) offers a monthly prize of $5 for the best original anecdote or short story about commercial travelers or commercial traveling.

That excellent fashion journal, *L'Art de la Mode* (New York), for July has seven colored plates and nearly 100 other illustrations.

Readers of the *Review of Reviews* will turn with special interest this month to W. T. Stead's character sketch of Gladstone. The portraits of "Mr. Gladstone in His Library," "Mr. Gladstone Listening," and Mrs. Gladstone are very striking.

The July *Overland* is a reminiscent number, and in a series of articles by famous old-time contributors tells much of the interesting history of the magazine. July, 1868, was its birth month.

In an interesting article in the July *Harper's*, George W. Smalley gives his opinions of newspaper life, and offers counsel to educated men who intend to become journalists. Mr. Smalley discusses the preparation for journalism considered as the door to other careers, and the relation of newspapers to modern life.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1898. No. 8.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
ON STYLE IN ENGLISH PROSE. *Frederic Harrison.*	113
OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. *Robert Smyth.*	120
EDITORIAL.	122
Notes, 122 — Beginnings in Literary Work.	122
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.	123
WRITERS OF THE DAY.	123
Charles J. Bayne, 123 — Charles Waddell Chesnutt, 123 — "Aldis Dunbar," 123 — Charles Moreau Harger, 123 — Gertrude Heath, 124 — Ida Kenniston, 124 — Ellicott McConnell, 124 — George Barr M'Cutcheon, 124 — Viola Roseboro', 124 — Jenny Terrill Ruprecht	125
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS	125
Mrs. Stannard, 125 — Thackeray, 126 — Mrs. Humphry Ward.	126
BOOK REVIEWS.	126
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS	126
NEWS AND NOTES	127

ON STYLE IN ENGLISH PROSE.*

Fili mi dilectissime (if, sir, I may borrow the words of the late Lord Derby when, as chancellor of the university, he conferred the degree of D. C. L. on Lord Stanley, his son) — I fear that I am about to do an unwise thing. When, in an hour of paternal weakness, I accepted your invitation to address the Bodley Society on "Style," it escaped me that it was a subject to which I had hardly given a thought, one with which undergraduates have but small concern. And now I find myself talking on a matter whereof I know nothing, and could do you little good if I did, in presence of an illustrious historian, to say nothing of your own head, who was an acknowledged master of English, when my own literary style aspired to nothing more elegant than the dry forms of pleadings and deeds.

Every one knows how futile for any actual result are those elaborate disquisitions on Style which some of the most consummate masters have amused themselves in compiling, but which serve at best to show how quite hackneyed truisms can be graced by an almost miraculous neatness of phrase. It is in vain to enjoin on us "propriety," "justness of expression," "suitability of our language to the subject we treat," and all the commonplaces which the schools of Addison and of Johnson in the last century promulgated as canons of good style. "Proper words in proper places," says Swift, "make the true definition of a style." "Each phrase in its right place," says Voltaire. Well! Swift and Voltaire knew how to do this with supreme skill; but it does not help us, if they cannot teach their art. *How* are we to know what is the *proper* word? *How* are we to find the *right* place? And even a greater than Swift or Voltaire is not much more practical as a teacher. "Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action," says Hamlet. "Be not too tame neither. Let your own discretion be your tutor." Can you trust your own discretion? Have undergraduates this discretion? And how could I, in the presence of your college authority, suggest that you should have no tutor but your own discretion?

All this is as if a music master were to say to a pupil, Sing always in tune and with the *right* intonation, and whatever you do, produce your voice in the *proper* way! Or, to make myself more intelligible to you here, it is as if W. G. Grace were to tell you, Play a "yorker" in the *right* way, and place the ball in the *proper* spot with reference to the field! We know that neither the art of acting, nor of singing, nor of cricket, can be taught by general commonplaces of this sort. And good prose is so far like cricket that the W. G.'s of litera-

* An address to the Bodley Literary Society, Oxford

ture, after ten or twenty "centuries," can tell you nothing more than this — to place your words in the right spot, and to choose the proper word, according to the "field" that you have before you.

The most famous essay on Style, I suppose, is that by one of the greatest wizards who ever used language — I mean the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, almost every line of which has become a household word in the educated world. But what avail his inimitable epigrams in practice? Who is helped by being told not to draw a man's head on a horse's neck, or a beautiful woman with the tail end of a fish? "Do not let brevity become obscurity; do not let your mountain in labor bring forth a mouse; turn over your Greek models night and day; your compositions must be not only correct, but must give delight, touch the heart," and so forth, and so forth. All these imperishable maxims — as clean cut as a sardonyx gem — these "chestnuts," as you call them, in the slang of the day — serve as hard nuts for a translator to crack, and as handy mottoes at the head of an essay; but they are barren of any solid food as the shell of a cocoanut.

Then Voltaire, perhaps the greatest master of prose in any modern language, wrote an essay on "Style," in the same vein of epigrammatic platitude. No declamation, says he, in a work on physics. No jesting in a treatise on mathematics. Well! but did Douglas Jerrold himself ever try to compose a Comic Trigonometry; and could another Charles Lamb find any fun in Spencer's First Principles? A fine style, says Voltaire, makes anything delightful; but it is exceedingly difficult to acquire, and very rarely found. And all he has to say is: "Avoid grandiloquence, confusion, vulgarity, cheap wit, and colloquial slang in a tragedy." He might as well say, Take care to be as strong as Sandow, and as active as Prince Ranjitsinhji, and whatever you do, take care not to grow a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac in the new play!

An ingenious professor of literature has lately ventured to commit himself to an entire treatise on Style, wherein he has propounded *everything* that can usefully be said about this *art, in a style which illustrates* everything that you should avoid. At the end of his book he declares that style cannot be taught. This is true enough; but if this had been the first, instead of the last, sentence of his piece, the book would not have been written at all. I remember that, when I stood for the Hertford scholarship, we had to write a Latin epigram on the thesis: —

Omnia liberius nullo poscente —
— *fatemur*, (I replied —)
Carmina cur poscas, carmine si sit opus?

And so I say now. Style cannot be taught. And this, perhaps, puts out of court the professor's essay, and no doubt my own also. Nothing practical can be said about Style. And no good can come to a young student by being anxious about Style. None of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature — no! nor one gem to his English prose, unless nature has endowed him with that rare gift — a subtle ear for the melody of words, a fastidious instinct for the connotations of a phrase.

You will, of course, understand that I am speaking of Style in that higher sense as it was used by Horace, Swift, Voltaire, and great writers; that is, Style as an element of permanent literature. It is no doubt very easy by practice and good advice to gain a moderate facility in writing current language, and even to get the trick of turning out lively articles and smart reviews. "'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music" — quite up to the pitch of the journals and the magazines of our day, of which we are all proud. But this is a poor trade; and it would be a pity to waste your precious years of young study by learning to play on the literary "recorders." You may be taught to fret them. You will not learn to make them speak!

There are a few negative precepts, quite familiar common form, easy to remember, and not difficult to observe. These are all that any manual can lay down. The trouble comes in when we seek to apply them. What is it that is artificial, incongruous, obscure? How are we to be simple? Whence comes the music of language? What is the magic that can charm into life the apt and inevitable word that lies

hidden somewhere at hand — so near and yet so far — so willing and yet so coy — did we only know the talisman which can awaken it? This is what no teaching can give us — what skillful tuition and assiduous practice can but improve in part — and even that only for the chosen few.

About Style, in the higher sense of the term, I think the young student should trouble himself as little as possible. When he does, it too often becomes the art of clothing thin ideas in well-made garments. To gain skill in expression before he has got thoughts or knowledge to express is somewhat premature; and to waste in the study of form those irrevocable years which should be absorbed in the study of things is mere decadence and fraud. The young student — *ex hypothesi* — has to learn, not to teach. His duty is to digest knowledge, not to popularize it and carry it abroad. It is a grave mental defect to parade an external polish far more mature than the essential matter within. Where the learner is called on to express his thoughts in formal compositions — and the less he does this the better — it is enough that he put his ideas or his knowledge (if he has any) in clear and natural terms. But the less he labors the flow of his periods, the more truly is he the honest learner, the less is his risk of being the smug purveyor of the crudities with which he has been crammed, the farther he is from becoming one of those voluble charlatans whom the idle study of language so often breeds.

I look with sorrow on the habit which has grown up in the university since my day (in the far-off 'fifties) — the habit of making a considerable part of the education of the place to turn on the art of serving up gobbets of prepared information in essays more or less smooth and correct — more or less successful imitations of the viands that are cooked for us daily in the press. I have heard that a student has been known to write as many as seven essays in a week, a task which would exhaust the fertility of a Swift. The bare art of writing readable paragraphs in passable English is easy enough to master; one that steady practice and good coaching can teach the average man. But it is a poor art, which readily lends itself to harm. It leads the shallow ones to suppose themselves to be deep, the raw ones to fancy they are cultured, and it burdens the world with a deluge of facile commonplace. It is the business of a university to train the mind to think and to impart solid knowledge, not to turn out nimble penmen who may earn a living as the clerks and salesmen of literature.

Almost all that can be laid down as law about Style is contained in a sentence of Madame de Sévigné in her twentieth letter to her daughter. "*Ne quittez jamais le naturel*," she says; "*votre tour s'y est formé, et cela compose un style parfait.*" I suppose I must translate this; for Madame de Sévigné is no subject for modern research, and our *Alma Mater* is concerned only with dead languages and remote epochs. "Never forsake what is natural," she writes; "you have moulded yourself in that vein, and this produces a perfect style." There is nothing more to be said. Be natural, be simple, be yourself; shun artifices, tricks, fashions. Gain the tone of ease, plainness, self-respect. To thine own self be true. Speak out frankly that which you have thought out in your brain and have felt within your own soul. This, and this alone, creates a perfect style, as she says who wrote the most exquisite letters the world has known.

And so Molière, a consummate master of language and one of the soundest critics of any age, in that immortal scene of his "Misanthrope" declares the euphuistic sonnets of the court to be mere play of words, pure affectation, not worth a snatch from a peasant's song. That is not the way in which Nature speaks, cries Alceste — *J'aime mieux ma mie* — that is how the heart gives utterance, without *colifichets*, with no quips and cranks of speech, very dear to fancy, and of very liberal conceit. And Sainte-Beuve cites an admirable saying: "All peasants have style." And they speak as Nature prompts. They have never learned to play with words; they have picked up no tricks, mannerisms, and affectation like Osric and Oronte in the plays. They were not trained to write essays, and never got veterans to discourse to them on Style. Yet, as Sainte-Beuve says, they have style, because they have human nature, and they have never tried to get outside

the natural, the simple, the homely. It is the secret of Wordsworth, as it was of Goldsmith, as it was of Homer.

Those masters of style of whom I have spoken were almost all French — Molière, Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, Sainte-Beuve. Style, in truth, is a French art; there is hardly any other style in prose. I doubt if any English prose, when judged by the canons of perfect style, can be matched with the highest triumphs of French prose. The note of the purest French is a serene harmony of tone, an infallible nicety of keeping; a brightness and point never spasmodic, never careless, never ruffled, like the unvarying manner of a gentleman who is a thorough man of the world. Even our best English will sometimes grow impetuous, impatient, or slack, as if it were too much trouble to maintain an imperturbable air of quite inviolable good-breeding. In real life no people on earth, or perhaps we ought to say in Europe, in this surpass the English gentleman. In prose literature it is a French gift, and seems given as yet to the French alone. Italians, Spaniards, and Russians have an uncertain, casual, and fitful style, and Germans since Heine have no style at all.

Whilst we have hundreds of men and women to-day who write good English, and one or two who have a style of their own, our French critics will hardly admit that we show any example of the purest style when judged by their own standard of perfection. They require a combination of simplicity, ease, charm, precision, and serenity of tone, together with the memorable phase and inimitable felicity which stamp the individual writer, and yet are obvious and delightful to every reader. Renan had this; Pierre Loti has it; Anatole France has it. But it is seldom that we read a piece of current English and feel it to be exquisite in form apart from its substance, refreshing as a work of art, and yet hall-marked from the mint of the one particular author. We have hall-marks enough, it is true, only too noisily conspicuous on the plate; but are they refreshing and inspiring? are they works of art? How is it that our poetry, even our minor poetry of the day, has its own felicitous harmony of tone, whilst *our prose is notoriously wanting* in that mellow refinement of form which the French call Style?

If I hazard a few words about some famous masters of language, I must warn you that judgments of this kind amount to little more than the likes and dislikes of the critic himself. There are no settled canons, and no accepted arbiter of the elegances of prose. It is more or less a matter of personal taste, even more than it is in verse. I never doubt that the greatest master of prose in recorded history is Plato. He alone (like Homer in poetry) is perfect. He has every mood, and all are faultless. He is easy, lucid, graceful, witty, pathetic, imaginative, by turns; but in all kinds he is natural and inimitably sweet. He is never obscure, never abrupt, never tedious, never affected. He shows us as it were his own Athene, wisdom incarnate in immortal radiance of form.

Plato alone is faultless. I will not allow any Roman to be perfect. Cicero even in his letters is wordy, rhetorical, academic. Livy is too consciously painting in words, too sonorous and diffuse for perfection; as Tacitus carries conciseness into obscurity and epigram into paradox. Of Latin prose, for my own part, I value most the soldierly simplicity of Cæsar, though we can hardly tell if he could be witty, graceful, pathetic, and fantastic as we see these gifts in Plato.

One of the most suggestive points in the history of prose is Boccaccio's "*Decameron*," where a style of strange fascination suddenly starts into life with hardly any earlier models, nay, two or three centuries earlier than organic prose in any of the tongues of Europe. For many generations the exquisite ease and melody of Boccaccio's language found no rival in any modern nation, nor had it any rival in Italy, and we have no evidence that anything in Italy had prepared the way for it. It is far from a perfect style, for it is often too fluid, loose, and voluminous for mature prose; but as a first effort toward an ordinary array of lucid narrative it is an amazing triumph of the Italian genius for art.

Prose, as you all know, is always and everywhere a plant of much later growth than poetry. Plato came four or five centuries after Homer;

Tacitus came two centuries later than Lucretius; Machiavelli came two centuries after Dante; Voltaire a century after Corneille; Addison a century after Shakespeare. And while the prose of Boccaccio, with all its native charm, can hardly be called an organic, mature, and mellow style, in poetry, for nearly a century before Boccaccio, Dante and the minor lyrists of Italy had reached absolute perfection of rhythmical form.

Although fairly good prose is much more common than fairly good verse, yet I hold that truly fine prose is more rare than truly fine poetry. I trust that it will be counted neither a whim nor a paradox if I give it as a reason that mastery in prose is an art more difficult than mastery in verse. The very freedom of prose, its want of conventions, of settled prosody, of musical inspiration, give wider scope for failure and afford no beaten paths. Poetry glides swiftly down the stream of a flowing and familiar river, where the banks are always the helmsman's guide. Prose puts forth its lonely skiff upon a boundless sea, where a multitude of strange and different crafts are cutting about in contrary directions. At any rate, the higher triumphs of prose come later and come to fewer than do the great triumphs of verse.

When I lately had to study a body of despatches and State papers of the latter half of the sixteenth century, written in six modern languages of Europe, I observed that the Italian alone in that age was a formed and literary language, at the command of all educated men and women, possessed of organic canons and a perfectly mature type. The French, German, Dutch, English, and Spanish of that age, as used for practical ends, were still in the state of a language held in solution before it assumes a crystallized form. Even the men who wrote correct Latin could not write their own language with any real command. At the death of Tennyson, we may remember, it was said that no less than sixty poets were thought worthy of the wreath of bay. Were there six writers of prose whom even a log-rolling confederate would venture to hail as a possible claimant of the crown? Assiduous practice in composing neat essays has turned out of late ten thousand men and women who can put together very pleasant prose. It has not turned out one living master in prose, as Tennyson was master in verse.

I have spoken of Voltaire as perhaps the greatest master of prose in any modern language, but this does not mean that he is perfect, and without qualification or want. His limpid clearness, ease, sparkle, and inexhaustible self-possession have no rival in modern tongues, and are almost those of Plato himself. But he is no Plato; he never rises into the pathos, imagination, upper air of the empyrean, to which the mighty Athenian can soar at will. Voltaire is never tedious, wordy, rhetorical, or obscure; and this can be said of hardly any other modern but Heine and Swift. My edition of Voltaire is in sixty volumes, of which some forty are prose; and in all those twenty thousand pages of prose, not one is dull or labored. We could not say this of the verse. But I take "Candide" or "Zadig" to be the high-water mark of easy French prose, wanting, no doubt, in the finer elements of pathos, dignity, and power. And for this reason many have preferred the prose of Rousseau, of George Sand, of Renan, though all of these are apt at times to degenerate into garrulity and gush. There was no French prose, says Voltaire, before Pascal; and there has been none of the highest flight since Renan. In the rest of Europe perfect prose has long been as rare as the egg of the great auk.

In spite of the splendor of Bacon and of Milton, of Jeremy Taylor and of Hooker, and whatever be the virility of Bunyan and Dryden, I cannot hold that the age of mature English prose has been reached until we come to Defoe, Swift, Addison, Berkeley, and Goldsmith. These are the highest types we have attained. Many good judges hold Swift to be our Voltaire, without defect or equal. I should certainly advise the ambitious essayist to study Swift for instruction, by reason of the unfailing clearness, simplicity, and directness of his style. But when we come to weigh him by the highest standard of all, we find Swift too uniformly pedestrian, too dry; wanting in variety, in charm, in melody, in thunder, and in flash. The grandest prose must be like the vault of heaven itself, passing from the freshness of dawn to

the warmth of a serene noon, and anon breaking forth into a crashing storm. Swift sees the sun in one uniform radiance of cool light, but it never fills the air with warmth, nor does it ever light the welkin with fire.

Addison, with all his mastery of tone, seems afraid to give his spirit rein. *Il s'écoute quand il parle:* and this, by the way, is the favorite sin of our best moderns. We see him pause at the end of each felicitous sentence to ask himself if he has satisfied all the canons as to propriety of diction. Even in the *Spectator* we never altogether forget the author of Cato. Now we perceive no canons of good taste, no tragic buskin, no laborious modulations, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," which in its own vein is the most perfect type of eighteenth century prose. Dear old Goldie! There is ease, pellucid simplicity, wit, pathos. I doubt if English prose has ever gone further, or will go further or higher.

After all I have said, I need not labor the grounds on which I feel Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Macaulay, and Carlyle to be far from perfect as writers, and positively fatal if taken as models. Old Samuel's Ciceronian pomp has actually dimmed our respect for his good sense and innate robustness of soul. Burke was too great an orator to be a consummate writer, as he was too profound a writer to be a perfect orator. Gibbon's imperial eagles pass on in one unending triumph, with the resounding blare of brazen trumpets, till we weary of the serried legions and grow dizzy with the show. And as to Macaulay and Carlyle, they carry emphasis to the point of exhaustion; for the peer bangs down his fist to clinch every sentence, and "Sartor" never ceases his uncouth gesticulations and grimace.

In our country Charles Lamb and Thackeray, I think, come nearest to Voltaire and Madame de Sévigne in purity of diction, in clearness, ease, grace, and wit. But a living writer — now long silent and awaiting his summons to the eternal silence — had powers which, had he cared to train them before he set about to reform the world, would have made him the noblest master who ever used the tongue of *Milton.* Need I name the versatile genius who *labored here in Oxford so long* and with such success? In the mass of his writings John Ruskin has struck the lyre of prose in every one of its infinite notes. He has been lucid, distinct, natural, fanciful, humorous, satiric, majestic, mystical, and prophetic by turns, as the spirit moved within him. No Englishman — hardly Milton himself — has ever so completely mastered the tonic resources of English prose, its majesty and wealth of rhythm, the flexibility, mystery, and infinitude of its mighty diapason.

Alas! the pity of it. These incomparable descants are but moments and interludes, and are too often chanted forth in mere wantonness of emotion. Too often they lead us on to formless verbosity and a passionate rhetoric, such as blind even temperate critics to the fact that it is possible to pick out of the books of John Ruskin whole pages which in harmony, power, and glow have no match in the whole range of our prose.

And now I know I must not end without hazarding a few practical hints — what betting men and undergraduates call "tips"; for general remarks upon literature have little interest for those whose mind runs on sports, and perhaps even less for those whose mind is absorbed in the schools. But, as there are always some who dream of a life of "letters," an occupation already too crowded and far from inviting at the best, they will expect me to tell them how I think they may acquire a command of Style. I know no reason why they should, and I know no way they could set about it. But, supposing one has something to say — something that it concerns the world to know; and this, for a young student, is a considerable claim, "a large order," I think he calls it in the current dialect — all I have to tell him is this. Think it out quite clearly in your own mind, and then put it down in the simplest words that offer, just as if you were telling it to a friend, but dropping the tags of the day with which your spoken discourse would naturally be garnished. Be familiar, but by no means vulgar. At any rate, be easy, colloquial if you like, but shun those vocables which come to us across the Atlantic, or from Newmarket and Whitechapel, with which the gilded youth and journalists "up-to-date" love to salt their language. Do not make

us "sit up" too much, or always "take a back seat"; do not ask us to "ride for a fall," to "hurry up," or "boom it all we know." Nothing is more irritating in print than the iteration of slang and those stale phrases with which "the half-baked" seek to convince us that they are "in the swim" and "going strong" — if I may borrow the language of the day — that Volapük of the smart and knowing world. It offends me like the reek of last night's tobacco.

It is a good rule for a young writer to avoid more than twenty or thirty words without a full stop, and not to put more than two commas in each sentence, so that its clauses should not exceed three. This, of course, only in practice. There is no positive law. A fine writer can easily place in a sentence one hundred words, and five or six minor clauses with their proper commas and colons. Ruskin was wont to toss off two or three hundred words and five-and-twenty commas without a pause. But, even in the hand of such a magician, this ends in failure, and is really grotesque in effect, for no such sentence can be spoken aloud. A beginner can seldom manage more than twenty-five words in one sentence with perfect ease. Nearly all young writers, just as men did in the early ages of prose composition, drift into ragged, preposterous, inorganic sentences, without beginning, middle, or end, which they ought to break into two or three.

And then they hunt up terms that are fit for science, poetry, or devotion. They affect "evolution" and "factors," "the interaction of forces," "the co-ordination of organs"; or else everything is "weird" or "opalescent," "debonair," and "enamelled," so that they will not call a spade a spade. I do not say, stick to Saxon words and avoid Latin words as a law of language, because English now consists of both: good and plain English prose needs both. We seldom get the highest poetry without a large use of Saxon, and we hardly reach precise and elaborate explanation without Latin terms. Try to turn *precise* and *elaborate explanation* into strict Saxon; and then try to turn "Our Father which art in Heaven" into pure Latin words. No! current English prose — not the language of poetry or of prayer — must be of both kinds, Saxon and Latin. But, wherever a Saxon word is enough, use it; because if it have all the fullness and precision you need, it is the more simple, the more direct, the more homely.

Never quote anything that is not apt and new. Those stale citations of well-worn lines give us a cold shudder, as does a pun at a dinner party. A familiar phrase from poetry or Scripture may pass when imbedded in your sentence. But to show it round as a nugget which you have just picked up is the innocent freshman's snare. Never imitate any writer, however good. All imitation in literature is a mischief, as it is in art. A great and popular writer ruins his followers and mimics, as did Raphael and Michael Angelo; and when he founds a school of style, he impoverishes literature more than he enriches it. Johnson, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin, have been the cause of flooding us with cheap copies of their special manner. And even now Meredith, Stevenson, Swinburne, and Pater lead the weak to ape their airs and graces. All imitation in literature is an evil. I say to you, as Mat Arnold said to me (who surely needed no such warning), "Flee Carlylese as the very devil!" Yes! flee Carlylese, Ruskinese, Meredithese, and every other *ese*, past, present, and to come. A writer whose style invites imitation so far falls short of being a true master. He becomes the parent of caricature, and frequently he gives lessons in caricature himself.

Though you must never imitate any writer, you may study the best writers with care. And for study choose those who have founded no school, who have no special and imitable style. Read Pascal and Voltaire in French; Swift, Hume, and Goldsmith in English; and of the moderns, I think Thackeray and Froude. Ruskin is often too rhapsodical for a student; Meredith too whimsical; Stevenson too "precious," as they love to call it; George Eliot too laboriously enamelled and erudite. When you cannot quietly enjoy a picture for the curiosity aroused by its so-called "brush-work," the painting may be a surprising sleight-of-hand, but is not a masterpiece.

Read Voltaire, Defoe, Swift, Goldsmith, and you will come to understand how the highest charm of words is reached without your being

able to trace any special element of charm. The moment you begin to pick out this or that felicity of phrase, this or that sound of music in the words, and directly it strikes you as eloquent, lyrical, pictorial — then the charm is snapped. The style may be fascinating, brilliant, impressive: but it is not perfect.

Of melody in style I have said nothing; nor indeed can anything practical be said. It is a thing infinitely subtle, inexplicable, and rare. If your ear does not hear the false note, the tautophony or the cacophony in the written sentence, as you read it or frame it silently to yourself, and hear it thus inaudibly long before your eye can pick it forth out of the written words — nay, even when the eye fails to localize it by analysis at all — then you have no inborn sense of the melody of words, and be quite sure that you can never acquire it. One living Englishman has it in the highest form; for the melody of Ruskin's prose may be matched with that of Milton and Shelley. I hardly know any other English prose which retains the ring of that ethereal music — echoes of which are more often heard in our poetry than in our prose. Nay, since it is beyond our reach, wholly incommunicable, defiant of analysis and rule, it may be more wise to say no more.

Read Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, if you care to know what is pure English. I need hardly tell you to read another and a greater Book. The Book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form — except for scientific precision, practical affairs, and philosophic analysis. It would be ridiculous to write an essay on metaphysics, a political article, or a novel in the language of the Bible. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to write anything at all in the language of the Bible. But if you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, noble prose — mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue.

Frederic Harrison.

The *Nineteenth Century*, LONDON.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

English as she is spoke is not more remarkable than English as she is writ sometimes by men who labor long hours "dashing off" something for the press. Probably no one has a keener appreciation of the bulls and blunders possible to writers than that member of the staff of a small paper upon whom devolves the duty of editing "county correspondence."

Not many months ago two peculiar statements escaped the editorial blue pencil and appeared in a Chatham paper's account of a fashionable country wedding: "The bride looked charming in her bridal costume of cut flowers," and "Miss G—— came up the aisle upon the arm of Mr. L——, who had the honor of being bridesmaid." It is safe to assume, *however, that for every* error that escapes detection by the copy reader ninety and nine are either "killed" or rectified. Here are a few gleanings from contributions that had to be edited for the *Chatham Weekly Planet:*—

One correspondent wrote these two interesting items: "Mr. Legallis our enterprising merchant here met with a very painful accident by cutting his foot with an axe which will in all probabilities be laid up for some time." "Mr. Thompson has moved another house into the village owned by Mrs. Brown. The latter is now being occupied by Mr. Cummings."

Another correspondent, describing with great particularity "A straw-stack death," wound up with the elegant bull, "When the unfortunate man was rescued it was found that life was extinct."

Complaining bitterly that his territory had

been encroached upon, another correspondent put this paragraph at the end of his weekly batch of items: "In the last corresp. we noticed some items that the regular authentic cor. did not know. The work was the work of an imposture and was a base misrepresented forgery."

A correspondent one week gave an account of the satisfactory manner in which "the cristle weding of Mr. & Misses Johnson was consummated at which a company of 50 persons were there and partook of a Sumptious repass."

Every country editor has had experience with the darkly mysterious correspondent, who hints at awful things, presumably in the hope of wounding somebody's feelings, making trouble in a family or two, and incidentally clearing up the surcharged moral atmosphere of a painfully quiet community. His efforts are many, but seldom reportable.

A genius seeks to immortalize in song a cross-roads event of more or less moment, and goes at it in this strain:—

'When the Golden Son is setting
And your mind from Care is free,
When absent friends and thoughts engage
Think of the watch Dog that lays in the Corn Crib."

A budding humorist, who must be heartlessly turned down, writes: "Mr. Thomas Watson's 25 years ould coult Diead last weak."

The plague of plagues, however, is the little man with a grievance. A big man whose sore displeasure has been incurred goes out and thrashes somebody, and so rights his wrongs to his own satisfaction without making any unseemly fuss about it. The thing is done quietly and without publicity. With the little man it is different. He seeks the seclusion of his chimney corner, and, when he has become unmanageably desperate, sits down and anonymously writes his wrongs to the nearest paper. The result is invariably libel.

For some months a few years ago, the township of Dover seemed to be the business centre of an epidemic of pathmasters and stage-lines. Every mail brought in a notice or two to the effect that "Baptiste Charon has resumed his stage route out the sixth concession," or, "Jules Goudreau, pathmaster of the 8th con. is keeping the track in excellent shape." At last it occurred to the editor that Dover must be literally over-run with pathmasters and stage-routes, and inquiry established the fact that the correspondents had adopted this means of dressing up items which experience had taught them would be waste-basketed as offensive personalities. There was a marked and immediate falling off in the stage-line business; then singing schools innumerable bobbed up at once to fill their place.

I remember one talented correspondent who told of a "bang up swaree" at which the inevitable "repass" was "splendedly served in corceses"; and who wound up his description of the subsequent proceedings with these words: "Many of those present forgot that they were ever afflicted with rheumatism and laughed till tears trinkled from their eyes."

Another told of the "sudden disease of Mr. S—— who was sick for eight years now and then but more exceedingly during the past two months and increasingly so up to the very hour of his death. He was married twice and during his career on earth one son was born by his first wife. During his long invalidity he lost his last dear wife. The remains," continued the writer, "will be confered in Union Semetary. All are corgely invited."

In one grist of items was found a report of an accident, which opened thus: "We are sorry to report that George Smith escaped on Saturday what might otherwise have been a fatal accident."

An able correspondent wrote: "It is reported Mrs. C. Gill is in an unfavorable condition of recovery. Suffering from that contemptable disease Dieabitis."

Growing facetious, another journalist referred to the *Banner* reporter in his district as "a right down good jovial predominating little fellow; writes very eligible and his punctuation abilities do not at all times require criticism."

Similar quotations might be made almost ad infinitum; but these will suffice to show country correspondents some of the many things that the editor does not expect of them.

Robert Smyth.

CHATHAM, Ont.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. AUGUST, 1898. NO. 8.

The perversity of types made the paragraph about Tudor Jenks printed in the July WRITER, after speaking of the "vein of grotesque humor" that characterizes the volume published by him, miss the point in the title of the volume, which is not "Imaginations," but "Imaginotions."

***

Mr. Harrison's essay on "Style," useful as it is in many respects, is not written in faultless English. Such sentences as: "When I accepted your invitation to address the Bodley Society on 'Style,' *it* escaped me that *it* was a subject," etc.; "I find myself talking on a matter whereof I know nothing, and could do you little good *if I did*"; "About Style I think *the young student should* trouble himself as little as possible; *when he does;*" and "There are no settled canons and no accepted arbiter," etc.; and such words as "cultured" and "whilst" are certainly "newspaper English," and need editing.

***

To make room for Mr. Harrison's essay, some matter prepared for this number of THE WRITER has had to be left over for next month.

***

"Those who write," says the *Chicago News*, "are often troubled how to begin. Gibbon for a very long time was unable to decide how to begin his famous history, and Tasso worried over five subjects before he finally chose one for his ode. When Gray was trying to write his installation ode he went nearly crazy thinking of the first line. Finally, a friend who came to call was met at the door by the poet, who greeted him with frenzied eye in these words: 'Hence, avaunt! 'Tis holy ground.' It seems these were the words of the first line which had puzzled Gray so long. Anthony Trollope went through days of agonizing doubt before he could begin a novel. Hall Caine has the same experience, except that he has it with each chapter."

***

The old proverb, "Every beginning is hard," applies to writing as it does to other things. Beginnings in literary work would be easier, however, if before sitting down to write authors knew precisely what they desired to say. The writer who has thought out his story, or essay, or sermon from beginning to end, and who has a complete idea of it in his mind before taking pen in hand, is not going to have much trouble with his beginning when he sits down to write.

***

Carolyn Wells is a living refutation of the slander that a woman cannot be a humorist.

***

Under the new rule of the post-office department, which has ordered that second, third, and fourth class mail matter shall no longer be returned to the sender or forwarded to another address until extra postage has been prepaid, THE WRITER will not reach subscribers who have changed their addresses unless they have

notified the publishers, or have arranged to have the postage for forwarding the magazine prepaid. The classes of matter affected by the new rule include newspapers and all periodicals, books, pamphlets, circulars, and the like, and merchandise. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Of 3,700 American war pensioners residing in foreign countries at the time of the last report, ten only resided in Spain.—*New York Sun.*	Of 3,700 American war pensioners residing in foreign countries at the time of the last report, only ten lived in Spain.
Patrick Fay, an octogenarian waiter, who died in Boston last week, left $25,000 to city Catholic institutions which he had acquired in tips.—*New York Mail and Express.*	Patrick Fay, an octogenarian waiter, who died in Boston last week, left to city Catholic institutions $25,000 which he had acquired in tips.
The article on which Patrolman Scobey bases his complaint appeared last week and charged the officer with neglect of duty, in vigorous language.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*	The article on which Patrolman Scobey bases his complaint appeared last week, and in vigorous language charged the officer with neglect of duty.
No more decaying fish are to be sold from push carts or wagons by order of the board of health.—*New York paper.*	By order of the board of health, no more decaying fish are to be sold from push carts or wagons.
Canine of intelligence.—*St. Louis Republic.*	Smart dog.
The amount is growing smaller.—*Boston Transcript.*	The amount is becoming smaller.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Charles J. Bayne, author of the poem, "Thou Shalt Not Walk Alone," in the June number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, is the editor of the *Augusta* (Ga.) *Herald*, one of the leading dailies of the South. He was born in Milledgeville, Ga., in 1870, and has been engaged in newspaper work since he was old enough to write. He has traveled a great deal. He made a knock-about visit to Cuba while he was still in his teens, and in his journeys over Europe, made largely on foot, he extended his excursions beyond the beaten paths. When he resumed newspaper work in America he spent some time as a correspondent at Washington. He has been more than ordinarily successful on the lecture platform. Of the poem in the *Woman's Home Companion* for June he says: "It was written five years ago and filed away, forgotten, in my private archives until, casually finding it, I sent it to the *Home Companion*, which promptly accepted and printed it. The *Companion* now has in hand two more of my poems, while other periodicals have six in reserve just at present. My collected work, entitled 'Perdita, and Other Poems,' will probably appear in the fall. The title poem consists of forty-four stanzas, and is my longest work."

Charles Waddell Chesnutt, author of the story, "The Wife of His Youth," in the July *Atlantic*, lives in Cleveland, O., where he was born, just before the civil war, of Southern parents. His youth and early manhood were spent in North Carolina, to which state his parents removed in 1865. He began teaching in public schools at the age of sixteen, and at twenty-four became principal of the State Normal School at Fayetteville, N. C. He was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1887, and has since followed the profession of law, or pursuits closely related to it. Mr. Chesnutt began writing in 1885, and has since written for McClure's syndicate, *Puck*, *Tid-Bits*, the *Atlantic*, the *Overland*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals. Most of his stories deal with negro life and character, which he has had ample opportunity to study from different points of view and in different sections of the country.

"Aldis Dunbar," the author of "Concerning G. Buchanan," which appeared in *Short Stories* for July, is a resident of Western Pennsylvania, and has published several stories dealing directly or indirectly with music. Coming of a family of musicians, "Aldis Dunbar" has resided for some time abroad, but is a Philadelphian by birth and by affection.

Charles Moreau Harger, author of the paper, "New Era in the Middle West," in *Harper's* for July, is the editor and one of the owners of the *Abilene* (Kan.) *Daily Reflector*. He is not a native Kansan, having been born at Phelps, N. Y., in 1863. He lived on a farm, except for school life, till he was twenty-three. He removed to Kansas in 1879, and has lived there ever since. For three or four years he herded cattle and sheep on the prairies, and devoted

himself to wheat raising. Then, during "the boom period," he made one of a surveying party, and afterward became a teacher. He was principal of the Hope (Kan.) schools, when, in the spring of 1888, he took a place on the *Abilene Reflector*. During his school teaching Mr. Harger did a good deal of writing, including stories for syndicate publication, and for *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other periodicals. He also had a good many verses published. Since he became an editor he has done a great deal of outside work for such periodicals as the *North American Review*, *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, the American Press Association syndicate, the *Youth's Companion*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Harper's*, *Puck*, the *Independent*, the *New York Sun* and *Post*, and the *Outlook*. For two years he has been a regular contributor on Western topics to the editorial page correspondence of the *Times-Herald* of Chicago. Married to a Kansas-born girl in 1889, he has two daughters, lives in one of the pleasantest homes in Abilene, and is contented and prosperous. His outside literary work is now done as ordered, and he has requests for more "copy" than he has time to produce.

Gertrude Heath, who wrote the verses, "A Queer Boy," in the July number of *St. Nicholas*, is known at Gardiner, Me., where her home is, as G. E. Heath, M. D. Her real work is professional, and her writing is but a side issue. Still she has found time to write many poems and "jingles," which have been printed by the *New York Times*, *Pansy*, *Our Little Ones*, the *Youth's Companion*, and *St. Nicholas*. Some of her verses appeared in *Little Folks* for July, and *St. Nicholas* has more of her jingles for future use. In the early fall a little book called "Rhymes and Jingles" will be published.

Ida Kenniston, the author of "The Comedy of the Herr Professor," in the June number of *Harper's Round Table*, — the story which was awarded the first prize in that magazine's Short Story Competition, — is a young Boston writer. Although but few stories from her pen have yet appeared, some of her work has been published by such periodicals as *Munsey's*, *Peterson's*, the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, and others.

Ellicott McConnell, whose story, "'Captain Crackers' and the Monitor," in *St. Nicholas* for July, is the story of a little boy's pranks in the navy yard, is a mechanical engineer, at present acting as chief engineer aboard the U. S. S. Peoria. The story in *St. Nicholas* was his first literary effort, and was undertaken more for amusement than anything else.

George Barr M'Cutcheon, the author of "The Maid and the Blade," published in the July number of *Short Stories*, is the city editor of the *Lafayette* (Ind.) *Daily Courier*, and has contributed many short stories to the magazines. He is thirty-two years old, and has now in preparation a novel, soon to be issued. He is the eldest of three brothers, all writers and artists — John T. M'Cutcheon being now at Manila with Dewey as artist-correspondent for the *Chicago Record*, while Ben F. M'Cutcheon is doing art-work for the same paper. Among Mr. M'Cutcheon's more prominent sketches have been "The Tale of a Tune," "The Ante-Mortem Condition of George Ramor," "Love and the Blind Man," "The Strange Killing of Follett," "Love in Chaos," and several farces. He has already done some excellent work, and better things may be expected from him.

Viola Roseboro', who wrote the story, "The Embroidered Robe," in *Short Stories* for July, writes in response to an inquiry: "It must be about eight years since my first stories were published in the *Century*. The Century Company publishes a volume of my little tales under the title of 'Old Ways and New.' Like my parents before me, I am a Tennesseean by birth, but I have been living by my pen in New York city for a dozen years, doing a great deal of journalistic work of various kinds, and, besides the literary attempts I have mentioned, I've written for *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic*. I'm glad to be called on to exploit myself as the author of 'The Embroidered Robe,' for I take great delight, not in my work, but in the material that I therein tried to set forth. Except for a little juggling with the time schedule

of events, and a very slight manipulation of outward circumstances, the thing is as true as my poor powers could make it. I simply could not get into it the quaintness, and humor, and pathos it had in life, because I'm not genius enough. I essayed the stage some years ago, coquetted with it, in fact, for three years, long enough to get some sense of it, and I've done several stories laid in that world, and want to do more. It is a field almost untouched in English literature, though worked so continually and brilliantly by the French. The longest thing I've ever done, the only thing beyond the limits of the short story, is a stage story now at *Scribner's*, in type — but that does not prove it will be out soon, alas!"

Jenny Terrill Ruprecht, whose sonnet, "Midsummer," appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, is an Ohioan by birth, and lives in Cleveland with her husband, Charles Ruprecht. Mrs. Ruprecht was born near the little village of Liverpool, which is about twenty-five miles from Cleveland. Her childhood and girlhood, with the exception of two or three years, were spent in the country, and to this circumstance is due no doubt the fact that many of her poems deal with Nature in her various moods and phases. Mrs. Ruprecht comes of good old New England stock on both sides. Many of her ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War. She is a charter member of the Cleveland Woman's Press Association. Much of her earliest work was done under a pen-name. She has contributed largely to the papers of her home city, to a large number of newspapers, and to many religious weeklies, as well as to a number of magazines. Her poems have been widely copied. She has also done a large amount of work for children, consisting of poems, stories, and articles. Mrs. Ruprecht has in preparation a book, a story for children. She hopes soon to issue her poems in book-form.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Stannard. — Mrs. Henrietta Eliza Stannard, better known as "John Strange Winter" and "Violet Whyte," has just published her fiftieth book. So far as the quantity of writing is concerned, the amount printed by Mrs. Stannard is not remarkable. A novel of the average size has about 300 pages, and approximately 300 words to a page, thus containing about 90,000 words; fifty novels each of 90,000 words would aggregate 4,500,000 words, or 2,250 columns of a daily newspaper. There are newspaper writers in abundance who compose a column a day of matter for the press, and at the rate of one column a day, in less than seven years a writer for the newspapers would equal the quantity produced by Mrs. Stannard. There are numbers of writers for the press who average two columns a day, and at this rate only three years, or, at most, three and one-half, would be required to equal the literary production of Mrs. Stannard, whose work, by the way, shows little evidence of having been produced with more care than the work of an ordinary writer for the press, and to all appearances has been prepared quite as hastily, and shows as few signs of revision or condensation. That Mrs. Stannard's activity is not exceptional, even among people who write only books, is shown by the work of numerous writers who, in quantity, have produced more, and, in quality, better work, and work of a more permanent character than that which has come from the most voluminous authoress of England at the present day. The amount of matter written by Walter Scott is in excess of that by Mrs. Stannard. The volumes by Dickens contain a greater amount, and Dickens was a comparatively slow, though steadily laborious, writer. "La Comedie Humaine," as planned by the author, comprised hundreds of volumes — even as completed was more voluminous; Jokai, the Hungarian, has produced more than seventy volumes, and is still writing. After all, quantity counts for nothing in comparison with quality. Bernardine de St. Pierre wrote almost as many books as Mrs. Stannard, but is remembered only by "Paul and Virginia"; Bacon's philosophical treatises fill whole shelves, but men carry his "Essays" in a coat pocket; Swift's writings fill twenty-four volumes, but "Gulliver's Travels" represent all that the average man knows of the dean of St. Patrick's; Defoe was the most voluminous writer of his age, his works are legion, but all are forgotten save "Robinson Crusoe."

Not how much, but how well, is a motto which might very appropriately be placed above the door of every man who takes pen in hand to furnish matter for the press.—*Boston Transcript.*

Thackeray.—"Just after the completion of 'The Newcomes,' Thackeray told me how he was walking to the post-office in Paris to send off the concluding chapters when he came upon an old friend of his, who was also known to me. 'Come into this archway,' said Thackeray to his friend, 'and I will read you the last bit of 'The Newcomes.' The two went aside out of the street, and there Thackeray read the scene of the Colonel's death. His friend's emotion grew more and more intense as the reading went on, and at the close he burst out crying, and exclaimed: 'If everybody else does like that, the fortune of the book is made!' 'And everybody else did!' was my comment. 'Not I,' replied Thackeray, 'I was quite unmoved when I killed the Colonel. What was nearly too much for me was the description of "Boy" saying "Our Father." I was dictating that to my daughter, and I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my voice and not letting her see that I was almost breaking down. I don't think, however, that she suspected it.'"—*E. Wilberforce, in London Spectator.*

Ward.—Mrs. Humphry Ward worked very hard over her last novel, and she says she means now to take a little rest. The country house so minutely described in the story is a genuine historical house in the Cumberland country, in which she spent nearly six weeks studying up details. The rest of the book was written at her country home, Stocks, near Tring, a quaint and beautiful old manor house, standing on an estate mentioned in "Doomsday Book." Here, among the beauties of nature, she draws the inspiration which results in stories which delight the world. Her London home sees very little of her, for she thinks that brick walls contain no romance for her, and she only goes up to town from time to time to be with her husband, who is art critic of the *Times*. Mrs. Ward is extremely conscientious, and writes and rewrites her work. At one time she suffered greatly from writer's cramp and used to talk her compositions into a phonograph. She has certainly broken the record as regards the prices received by British novelists, as she is said to have made more than $90,000 by her last book.—*New York Mail and Express.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

WAR. Being true stories of camp and battlefield, by Nelson A. Miles, Captain Musgrove Davis, Major Alfred R. Calhoun, Captain T. J. Mackey, Major Philip Douglas, George L. Kilmer, and Ernest Shriver. 193 pp. Cloth, 25 cents. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1898.

The stories of the civil war gathered in this little volume are all interesting. Mr. Shriver's sketch, "Stealing Railroad Engines," in particular, is a valuable addition to the history of the war.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER LESSONS. By Mrs. M. V. Longley. 48 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Co. 1898.

POEMS NOW FIRST COLLECTED. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. 210 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1897.

PERPETUA. A tale of times in A. D., 213. By Rev. S. Baring Gould. 290 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1897.

UNDER THE STARS, AND OTHER SONGS ON THE SEA. By Wallace Rice and Barrett Eastman. 62 pp Paper. Chicago: Way & Williams 1898.

HER HEART'S DESIRE. By Charles Garvice. 263 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: George Munro's Sons. 1898.

SOME OF NEW YORK'S "400." By A. O. C. 194 pp. Paper. Boston: American Humane Education Society. 1898.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EDWARD BELLAMY. W. D. Howells. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE PROPER BASIS OF ENGLISH CULTURE. Sidney Lanier. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

MR. GLADSTONE. Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and an Estimate.—I. George W. Smalley. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

THE DEMOCRACY OF FICTION. Annie Steger Winston. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

THE POLICE REPORTER. Vance Thompson. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

GORMLEY'S SCOOP. A newspaper story. E. A. Walcott. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

RICHARD LEGALLIENNE AS A LITERARY MAN. With portrait. Charles G. D. Roberts. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

THE PASSING OF BEARDSLEY. Illustrated. John Northern Hilliard. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. Illustrated. W. L. Calver. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. With portrait. *Ram's Horn* (13 c.) for June 25.

MR. GLADSTONE. Illustrated. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Justin McCarthy, M. P. *Forum* (38 c.) for July.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GERMAN DRAMA.—II. Dr. Ernst von Wildenbruch. *Forum* (38 c.) for July.

DREAMLAND IN FICTION. Frank Foster. *Arena* (28 c.) for July.

HOW "AMERICA" WAS WRITTEN. Illustrated. Herbert Heywood. *Demorest's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. With portrait. *Every Where* (13 c.) for July.

SOME ELEMENTS IN AMERICAN POETRY. Caroline M. Sheldon. *Midland Monthly* (13 c.) for July.

DISRAELI THE YOUNGER. Charles Whibley. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 2.

MR. GLADSTONE. Canon Malcolm MacColl. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 9.

NOVELS OF AMERICAN LIFE. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 16.

MR. GLADSTONE'S THEOLOGY. George W. E. Russell. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 16.

ON STYLE IN ENGLISH PROSE. Frederic Harrison. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 23.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 23.

THE INFLUENCE OF BALZAC. Emile Faguet. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 23.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. With portrait. Helen Leah Reed. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for July 2.

TENNYSON AND HORACE. Wilfred P. Mustard. *Nation* (13 c.) for June 9.

SEEING AND HEARING WEBSTER. With portrait. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for July 14.

NEWS AND NOTES.

George W. Cable has returned to his home in Northampton, Mass., after three months in England.

Advancing age has compelled W. J. Stillman to resign his position as correspondent in Rome of the *London Times*. Mr. Stillman is now engaged upon a history of Italy, and also upon his autobiography.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller has resigned her position as dean of the Woman's College of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., and will devote all her time to literary work.

Richard LeGallienne is going to write a new rhetoric for the Cosmopolitan University.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has taken a house at Warren's Cove, Plymouth, N. H., for the summer.

South Carolina has a colored poet, Mary Weston Fordham, of Charleston, who has recently published a little volume entitled "Magnolia Leaves."

A biography of William Morris will be written by his friend, J. W. Mackail.

Horace E. Scudder, who has just returned to Boston after a year in Europe, has resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Walter H. Page, who has filled his position during his absence, has succeeded him.

Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., the new editor-in-chief of the *Universalist Leader* (Boston) — not the *Christian Leader*, as a note in the July WRITER wrongly had it — graduated from Tufts College Divinity School in 1873, and for fourteen years has been the leading Universalist pastor in Pennsylvania.

After sixty years of active service in the New England book trade, William Lee retires from the publishing house of Lee & Shepard. The business has been purchased by E. Fleming & Co., the Boston bookbinders, and will be continued under the old name, with W. F. Gregory as general manager.

An event of interest in the publishing world is the reorganization and incorporation July 1 of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, founded by Frank Leslie in 1855, and since 1880 the exclusive property of Mrs. Frank Leslie. The president of the new company is Mrs. Frank Leslie, while Frederic L. Colver, who has managed the property for the past three years, is secretary and treasurer. Extensive improvements will be made soon in the printing plant, and in all departments of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*.

The *Bohemian* (Philadelphia) is dead. *Ainslee's Magazine* (New York) will fill out its subscriptions.

The *Chap Book* has been absorbed by the *Dial* (Chicago).

The *American Angler*, formerly published by W. C. Harris, is now issued from the office of the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

Four O'clock, (Chicago) is to be removed to New York.

The chief awards in the *Black Cat* prize competition were made as follows: H. J. W. Dam, London, Eng., $1,500 for "The Tax on Mustaches"; Walter Wellman, Washington, D. C., $500 for his "Glen Echo Mystery," and Frank E. Chase, Boston, $500 for his "White Brick," the second prize of $1,000 being equally divided on account of evenness of merit. There were nine other prizes paid May 24.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* offers five hundred dollars in prizes for photographs of the prettiest suburban houses.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* wants new, fresh, and unpublished anecdotes of famous people now living. For the best anecdote submitted during July a prize of five dollars will be given. All others accepted will be generously paid for. The *Journal* also wants any new idea or method of celebrating any of the various wedding anniversaries: glass, tin, china, wooden, silver, or gold. For the best idea submitted before September 1 a prize of ten dollars will be given; for the next best five dollars. All manuscripts for these prizes should be addressed to "The Editor's Prize Box," the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia.

The *Youth's Companion* in its issue for July 14 makes its annual offer of prizes for amateur photographs.

The *Church Choir* (New York) has offered a series of prizes for compositions and articles. The articles must contain about 2,000 words, and must be on subjects of interest to church musicians. The compositions must be in anthem form, the text scriptural, requiring not more than five minutes — preferably three minutes — for performance. Competitors for the prizes must send in their manuscripts before September 15.

The *Argonaut* (San Francisco) offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best Western American story containing not more than 3,000 words.

The twenty-two page editorial article on Gladstone in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July was written by J. N. Larned, of Buffalo.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia) announces that it is in want of two editors, and will be glad of the assistance of two bright persons — men or women. One is wanted to edit the fashions department, and the other to write for children. Both must be largely endowed with originality, and applicants should set forth the lines upon which they would conduct the work.

As an illustrated high-class weekly journal, the *Wave* is a credit to San Francisco and to the Pacific coast.

"Gormley's Scoop" in *Scribner's Magazine* for August is a newspaper story turning on a supernatural event, written by E. A. Walcott, a San Francisco journalist, and grotesquely illustrated by Peter Newell.

Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" in the July Magazine Number of the *Outlook* takes up Lowell's experience as an editor. Dr. Hale says: "Let me say a word about any presumption that Lowell was a mere figurehead, and that some one else did the work. Trust me, for I know. I have worked under many editors, good and bad. Not one of them understood his business better than Lowell, or worked at its details more faithfully."

L'Art de la Mode (New York) for August contains seven colored plates and nearly 100 other illustrations.

Of more than fifty pictures in *Collier's Weekly* for July 23, thirty-five were from photographs ashore and afloat near Santiago.

In the August *Harper's*, George W. Smalley presents the first of a series of "Reminiscences and Anecdotes" of Mr. Gladstone, whom he met frequently in private life during the years of Mr. Gladstone's most important public work.

A fine photogravure of Perugini's "Cup and Ball" forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for August.

Eric Mackay died in London June 2, aged forty-seven.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lynn Linton died in London July 14, aged seventy-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 9.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THEOLOGICAL TERMS MISAPPLIED. *Pamela McArthur Cole.* 129
SOMETHING MORE ABOUT STYLE. *William J. Beck.* . 130
HOW TO SUCCEED AS A JOURNALIST. *Charles H. Taylor.* 131
LITERARY DISTORTION OF GEOGRAPHY. *Ernest R. Holmes.* 134
EDITORIAL. 136
Better Times for Writers, 136 — Good and Bad Reporting, 136 — "'Newspaper English' Edited" Edited. 137
QUERIES. 137
THE SCRAP BASKET. 137
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 138
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 138
A. E. Bonser, 138 — Clyde Scott Chase, 138 — Thomas S. Denison, 139 — Edward William Dutcher 139
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 139
George W. Cable, 139 — Paul Leicester Ford, 139 — Bret Harte, 139 — "Anthony Hope," 140 — Dr. Alexander McLaren, 140 — "Pansy," 140 — James Whitcomb Riley, 141 — Henryk Sienkiewicz, 141 — Harriet Beecher Stowe. 141
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 142
NEWS AND NOTES. 143

THEOLOGICAL TERMS MISAPPLIED.

THE WRITER once called tbe attention of its readers to the misapplication of certain theological terms. It is surprising to note the ignorance on such matters displayed by many persons who would blush to he found so ill-informed on any other subject.

In New England country towns a Presbyterian church is rarely to be found; but I have often heard the name applied to Congregational societies by persons who, on being corrected, would say with an air of childlike simplicity: "Oh! is n't it all the same?" In some cases it was evidently thought that the less familiar word must be the more impressive.

The Immaculate Conception is often carelessly referred to as "an article of Trinitarian belief," supposed by such speakers to refer to the birth of Christ. It is nothing of the kind. It is a question concerning the Virgin Mary, which for centuries agitated the Roman church. Exactly at what stage of existence she "received sanctification" was a point on which theologians fiercely disputed. "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin" was at length publicly proclaimed as a "doctrine," in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, December 8, 1854.

Whatever may be the private opinion of any individual, this is a question which does not enter into the profession, covenant, or creed of Protestant denominations. To many the matter may seem thoroughly unimportant, but it is surely well for writers to inform themselves about the meaning of a phrase so well known, words indicating a question which has rent the theological world with strife, even those important authorities, fire and sword, being called to help in the discussion.

Another word commonly abused is "christen." To hear of the christening of a vessel is a shock to those who use the word reverently, and understand it as meaning to give a name to a human being as one of Christ's followers, and in pursuance of a Divine command. Yet, though a travesty of a sacred rite, the christening of a vessel is giving a name. But when persons say they are going to "christen" a new book or a pair of overshoes, the unmeaning phrase is not only profane, but ridiculous.

Why not enrich one's vocabulary by using the good old British word "handsel"? It has much surely to recommend it in sound and association; moreover, it is a genuine word, not perverted from its original signification, but meaning just what is meant when, seeking

some expressive word, one informs a listening world that she is about to "inaugurate" or "dedicate" a new bonnet.

Still another word often misused is "cathedral." A cathedral is large and decorated,—therefore some think that a church (especially if devoted to Roman Catholic worship) of remarkable size and beauty must be a cathedral, and the word is often thus applied by persons who should know that a cathedral is the bishop's church, and thus named from his official seat (*cathedra*).

In Great Britain a town having a cathedral is a "city," however small, and no town without one is a city, however large or important.

A word more sacred than any of these seems to have become permanently perverted. The private room of an official is familiarly called a "sanctum," and the Latin seems to veil, but dimly, the profanity of this use of the original *sanctum sanctorum*.

If people would dwell on the significance of the phrase, or picture the awful sacredness of the place called by that name, the word as now used would soon be superseded by some other word more suitable.

Pamela McArthur Cole.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT STYLE.

The writers of essays on "Style" seem to have but little, after all, to offer to the searcher after something practical. "Read Newman, Matthew Arnold, Lang," says one. "Read Thackeray, Swift, Addison," says another. All this is very palatable, pleasant advice, and can be lazily followed. I am not finding fault with these advisers; they can do no more unless they strike more vigorously a thought they now and then but lightly touch,—and that is the value of hard, conscientious pen and pencil work on the part of the aspiring writer. It takes this to form, this to round, this to perfect, this to harden and polish a style that is worth the name, a style of one's own, not borrowed from anybody; for the style is the man, after all—it is personal. A composite literary style, like a composite photograph of several individuals, is a counterfeit; it represents nobody, and is valuble only as a contribution to the queer.

Given, a person of liberal education, with a good knowledge of the laws of grammar and rhetoric and with ideas to express, nothing can help him so much in his effort to succeed as careful, painstaking labor to express himself with clearness and precision,—labor which, persevered in day after day with downright earnestness, cannot but end in the formation of the best literary style to that person attainable. If that style be not good, it has the merit of being genuine; it is not imitative.

I would not affect to belittle the value of good reading. It is valuable for recreation, amusement,—for aid, too, most certainly. But WORK, hard, careful, painstaking work, is the thing that counts for most. Without it, all else is futile, vain. Like the smith, one needs to hammer to white heat. Then is the formative period. Then is SELF expressed. And SELF-expression is the only style worthy of the name.

Carlyle's style of literary expression was Carlyle himself. I mean by that that his peculiar way of saying a thing was so distinctly Carlylese that there is to be found in his writings no suggestion of any outside influence. The charm of his style came from the quaint, rugged quality of his nature, and not from any quality,—any glaze or glitter, reflected from the writings of others. He would have been less a master if he had been less himself. So

also is it with all others, I venture to say, whose writings have to-day a high place, judged solely by their style. Style is the man expressed. It must come from within; it cannot be gained from without. Reading may incite to effort, — may inspire. But it never formed a style, unless an imitative one.

We point to these masters and say: "Draw from them." From whom did they draw? From no one. Every one of them grappled with, put the reins on, controlled and disciplined the powers within himself, until the peculiar, characteristic quality of his own personality shone from his writings.

The real, the genuine, that which has vitality, strength inherent, which is worth anything, can be relied on, comes from the fountain, self. If it comes slowly, grudgingly, here then lies the efficacy in reading the masters, — that this fountain may be uncovered, excited, stimulated.

William J. Beck.

COLUMBUS, Ind.

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A JOURNALIST.

How to succeed in life is a very hard question to answer. I think that hard work has been the chief reason for success in the lives of most men and women. Good looks, attractive manners, circumstances, friends — each or all may help in the battle of life, but earnest, honest, hard work secures most of the results. There may be such a thing as luck in the world, but I have noticed that as a rule the people who do the fighting, the workers who are struggling early and late to get ahead and make progress, are those who find what luck there is. The man or woman who waits for luck to come to him or her will be sadly disappointed.

The best rule for success in life that I have ever found is to do a little more than is expected of you.

Whatever your position in life may be, whether in an office, factory, store, or workshop, under any and all circumstances, do a little more than is expected of you, and you will never be overlooked, be the establishment large or small. It is the people who begin about noon to look at the clock and commence to feel afraid that they will not be "washed up" and dressed and ready to rush through the door at the exact minute when the clock strikes or the bell rings who usually fail to win any success

In my own case, I owe my entrance into journalism wholly to the fact that I was industrious and willing to work. I naturally had that ambition, hence I do not state it as a quality for which I am entitled to any great credit. I was employed as a boy in an office where I had very little to do, and got very little for it, to wit: $1.50 a week. A schoolboy friend of mine was at work in a Boston newspaper office. where he had to work through the day and four, nights in the week until 10 or 11 o'clock. For his services he was receiving $3 a week. As he was always groaning because he was overworked, and I was complaining because I did not have enough to do, I proposed to him that we exchange places. I introduced him to the firm for which I worked, and then went and applied for his position, and secured it. I was willing to work to get on, and he was not. I worked long hours then, and did for many years afterward. For all kinds of success one has to pay a price equal to the result. At one time, for a period of more than five years, I worked in my present office from 8.30 a. m. till 11.30 p. m. without a single vacation. Perhaps the reader may get an impression that I am press-

ing home this point about work a little too strongly, but it is the basis of substantially all of the success which has been achieved by men and women in all lines of life, and in all positions of power and influence from the beginning of the world.

One of the most successful men I have ever known won his position and a large fortune because he possessed certain qualities which would have attained success in any profession or occupation. He possessed industry and ambition, he was economical, he was honest and truthful, and he was always just and helpful to others.

To succeed in journalism, one needs about the same qualities that are required in the other professions, or any kind of business. Men who are born journalists, like those who are born physicians, or poets, or preachers, or mechanics, or great traders, find it much easier to succeed than men who have not great natural aptitude. Journalism offers three distinct careers — literary, business, and mechanical. Men can be trained for either of these divisions. The measure of success which can be secured depends upon the ambition, the industry, and the fighting qualities of the individual. There is no royal road to success. It is hard to tell exactly what special lines of study and investigation are required for each of these divisions. Men who have natural qualities and special tastes will easily excel in that for which they are best fitted. The ablest and most successful men and women will work out their salvation in their particular field.

I might sum it all up by saying, as Rudyard Kipling said the other day in reply to a question by a young author as to what he should do to succeed: "Keep on trying till you either fail or succeed."

It may be, however, that when I was asked to write this article on "How to Succeed as a Journalist," it was expected that I would give some practical hints to that large class of young Americans whose ambition it is to become efficient writers for the daily press, and eventually to graduate to editorial positions. This is, to be sure, only one branch of journalism, but no doubt it is the one most attractive to young men just starting out in life. To such young men I may offer, perhaps, a few helpful suggestions.

To begin with, a young man who proposes to enter the wide, yet keenly competitive, field of reporting and editorial work for the daily press will do well to be quite sure that he has an aptitude for such work. It is true of every profession and trade that some men who are in it are peculiarly well-fitted for its duties, while others are not quite so well-fitted, and still others are not fitted at all. There is doubtless a place for every willing and capable man somewhere in the busy world, but it is also true that many men never find the place which is truly theirs. Henry Ward Beecher once remarked that a large part of the misery in the world was due to the fact that too many square men were in round holes, and vice versa, and that he had known many poor musicians who might have made very superior carpenters.

The idea that I wish to convey is that the highest success as a reporter or editor is not to be hoped for by any man whose temperament and abilities are not well suited to the peculiar work which newspaper reporters and editors have to do. There is such a thing as "the journalistic temperament." There is such a thing as "the nose for news," by which term is meant a quick, practically instantaneous appreciation of what is news, and how much value one piece of news has when compared with another piece of news that comes in at the same time. This faculty of knowing what news is, and of weighing its relative value and importance is closely allied to another equally necessary, namely, the faculty of seeing where a good piece of news may be dug out and brought to the surface right in the nick of time, when it is most interesting and valuable. I am inclined to think that this gift of news-hunting is born with some men, and that they make the best journalists in the reportorial and editorial sense. And if this gift is not a part of the young man's natural equipment, if he does not have a keen and all alive sympathy with the events of the day, as they present themselves every morning and evening, then I advise him to try some other occupation; for I doubt if the gift is ever acquired by any amount of industry, when the man is not naturally built that way.

It requires a very broad and comprehensive mental taste to be an efficient member of a staff of newspaper writers. Men whose minds naturally tend to some one line of thought should avoid the newspaper field, because a newspaper is a kaleidoscope, in which the topics to be written about are changing every day. To-day war is the foremost topic, next week the Klondike will be at the front again, and a little later it may be that yachting or baseball will be the all-absorbing theme. Suddenly, in the fall, the scenes will shift, and politics will be the staple news of the day.

Hence it follows that a newspaper writer who aims to rise to any of the higher editorial positions must have a wide range, not only of information, but of sympathy. He must be able to know something of a great many things, rather than to know any one thing profoundly. He must be able to switch his train of thought from one track to another suddenly, and to throw his pen with something like equal intelligence and spirit upon half a dozen different subjects within the same week. It follows, therefore, that success as a writer for the daily press will be greatly helped by wide rather than deep reading. I do not mean by this to say that the writing journalist should know "a little of everything and nothing much," but only to say that if he is deeply read and thoroughly informed on one topic only, — say on politics, for example, — he will never achieve success as an all-round newspaper man.

I think no young man contemplating a career as a reporter and editor will make any mistake in laying a foundation by a course of reading which will acquaint him first with the history of his own country; secondly, with the history of his own state and city; thirdly, with the history of England; and fourthly, with the general knowledge of the present condition of the leading European nations, enough to enable him to feel that he is informed correctly as to their relative population, wealth, and resources, and the general drift of their present policies in relation to other countries, and particularly in relation to our own. Twelve months of close reading, giving to it from three to four hours a day, making notes of the main points as he goes, will be well given to this preparatory work.

This is a scientific age, and he should study the popular sciences sufficiently to enable him to write an intelligent account of a new electrical machine, or a new locomotive. If he aims to become an editorial writer, then all knowledge is his proper province, and he should never consider his education finished, but should read omnivorously. It is true of newspaper writing as of everything else, that what a man does not know he cannot tell, and it is only the subjects with which a man is familiar that he can write about with credit to himself or profit to his reader.

I would further advise young men who aim at success in the field of newspaper writing to master the useful, though somewhat difficult, art of shorthand writing. There is no occupation of our day in which the ability to take down rapidly the exact words of a speaker is more valuable. I do not mean by this that it is at all essential for a newspaper writer or editor to be a verbatim stenographer. As a matter of fact, there is very little verbatim reporting done in the daily press, but there are one hundred and one emergencies in a newspaper writer's life in which the ability to make shorthand notes rapidly is extremely useful, and gives him a decided advantage over the man who has to trust either to his unaided memory, or to such longhand notes as he can hurriedly jot down. I might instance in this connection the work of the interviewer who seeks out a citizen of prominence and desires to obtain a full expression of his views on some important public question. He may make a fair and tolerably accurate report of the man's remarks by the help of his memory and his longhand notes only; but if he is a good shorthand writer, he can make the interview photographically correct. Moreover, if he is called upon to make hastily a literal copy of some document of which he can have possession only for a short time, — possibly at a consulting library, — it is easy to see that he can bring his shorthand writing into service with great effect. It seems to me, also, that there is a large and growing field of special newspaper correspondence in foreign countries, in which brilliant and highly-paid work is called for, in the doing of which a knowledge of other languages than English is

indispensable. I would advise the ambitious young man who is thinking that he has in him the making of a good foreign or war correspondent to acquire a workable knowledge of French, Spanish, and German.

Beyond these things, the successful newspaper writer needs to cultivate the art of making friends. He must learn most, after all, from men, not books. It is very important to him to gain the confidence of public men, official and unofficial — of all sorts of men and women who have news to give and information to impart. To this end he must learn the meaning of the little word "tact." It requires tact above all things to win the personal confidence of people, and obtain from them the assistance that is constantly necessary to be obtained in gathering news and preparing articles for the daily press.

I do not know that I can say anything more of practical value to young men who intend to try their chances on the reporting and editorial side of journalism. I may add, however, that the same solid qualities of character which help men to success in other fields of work will help them in this. The man of good habits, who keeps his head clear, his stomach sound, and his general health good, will have at least three chances of success to every one that the man who is physically unfit will have. Newspaper work is arduous and exacting, and if any young man is thinking of a newspaper career as an easy and gentle occupation into which he will not need to put as much hard labor, both physical and mental, as into any other, I advise him to keep out of it altogether; for he is entirely mistaken. *Charles H. Taylor.*

The *Globe*, BOSTON, Mass.

LITERARY DISTORTION OF GEOGRAPHY.

Max Pemberton had a story in the June *Cosmopolitan* called "Guillaumette." It is a pretty little tale, with a motif much the same as that in "Pippa Passes," the influence of a lively and innocent girl in changing the current of a world-weary life. I read it with the keener interest because the scene was familiar to me in consequence of a delightful wheel trip made a few years ago.

The action lies in and between the village of Voreppe and the Grande Chartreuse monastery in the south of France. The geographical names puzzled me a little in their relations to each other and the plot of the story, so I turned to my little French guide book that was my sole companion through the region. In thus applying the chart and the surveyor's chain, I uncovered the problem of how much latitude a writer is allowed in distorting geographical *facts and conditions* of transportation from one point to another of his story. A little figuring showed that the pretty French girl performed almost incredible feats of pedestrianism and equestrianism. Here are the figures: —

The hero, going to the monastery to entomb himself, meets the girl Guillaumette in the road between Grenoble and Voreppe, close to the latter. He persuades her to go with him part of the way toward the monastery, ostensibly to have her show him the road, but really to enjoy her diverting companionship. Voreppe is perhaps justly called a village, having only 2,869 inhabitants. The pair take a glass of milk at the "village of Voiron." Voiron had 11,954 inhabitants in 1893, and is regarded as an important industrial point. The time of the story is not indicated, but the introduction of a telegram precludes going very far into antiquity. Certainly now no native would call

Voiron a village. This is nine and one-half kilometres from Voreppe. The story says: "She left him at sunset at a place called 'the desert,' a gloomy defile in which the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse is built." The "desert" is the name given to the gorge that begins just above St. Laurent du Pont and extends rather indefinitely toward the convent. The convent is not built in the gorge, but a mile or two after one leaves the narrow part of the valley. To fix further the point of parting of the man and the girl we have: "This had been her word of farewell at Guiers-Mort," and from that point she is said to have run "quickly toward the village." Guiers-Mort is a river, not a place. The pair would first reach its banks at St. Laurent du Pont, sixteen kilometres from Voiron. The beginning of the "desert" is a little above the village, but shortening the distance as much as possible, the traveler decoyed the girl twenty-five and one-half kilometres, or more than fifteen miles, from her home, and then left her to "run quickly back to the village."

It happens that the shortest route back to Voreppe, by the road over the Placette, makes the distance only fifteen kilometres, or nine and three-eighths miles, still a rather long run. Any horseman not in a story would have taken this direct road, instead of going away around by Voiron. We have no means of judging that the girl went back by any other means than afoot. The ten miles would be over a pass 186 metres higher than St. Laurent and 316 metres higher than Voreppe. It would take pretty swift walking to get the girl home by 10 p. m.

To the traveler the next morning, an hour after sunrise, the prior hands a telegram. This he learns later was taken to the monastery by the girl he left at sunset at St. Laurent, "running quickly" toward the village, presumably Voreppe. The girl says, when in the early morning he finds her in Voreppe: "They did not know for whom the telegram was, but I guessed, and took it up to the monastery, monsieur." The story would have us believe that at this moment the village was still sleeping. The distance from Voreppe to the monastery by the shortest road not a mere mountain path is twenty-seven kilometres, or seventeen miles. The girl must have doubled that, then, in the night, after 10 p. m. and before the villagers rose in the morning. The round trip of thirty-four miles could hardly have been done in less than eight hours, especially in the dark, and a wilder ride could scarcely be imagined, over crags and through gorges. But here was the girl in the early morn, fresh as a rose after having the afternoon and night before covered seventy-five kilometres, or forty-seven miles, mostly on foot, so far as we learn. The only hypothesis to shorten the distance would be to have the girl find the telegram at St. Laurent and walk back the nine kilometres to the convent before going home to Voreppe, thus making an all-night journey home. French telegraph officials are not in the habit of entrusting telegrams to strange girls who come along. This whole wild night trip is undertaken on a guess as to the telegram being for the unknown stranger.

The traveler has his conference with the prior an hour after sunrise, say, 5 o'clock. He makes the trip to Voreppe, twenty-seven kilometres, assuming that he had sense enough this time to take the shorter road, before anybody in the village but the girl is up. At the rate he made on the up trip from St. Laurent this would take him three hours and a half. Those Voreppe people must have been late risers.

A writer who deliberately gives a geographical setting to his story should be consistent with facts. There is no particular reason why Voreppe should have been chosen over any other of the villages near the Grande Chartreuse, and a nearer town would have left the story probable. A few computations on a map would have set the writer right, if he had no personal knowledge of the region.

Of course these stories of "furrin parts" are in most cases read by people to whom one name is as good as another, and from whom any inconsistencies are concealed by hazy ideas of the regions told about so glibly; but I do not believe that a writer of fiction is privileged to distort geography and give wrong ideas of real places. Perhaps this is only a newspaper man's prejudice for facts, but I hope not.

Ernest R. Holmes.

LINCOLN, Neb.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1898. NO. 9.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Now that the war is over, and an era of business prosperity is apparently at hand, the publishing business is likely to be more profitable than it has been of recent years. Books that have been ready for several months, but have been held back by publishers on account of the unfavorable conditions of the market, are beginning to appear, and new manuscripts are looked upon with more favor than they have been for some time. Publishers are not advertising for manuscripts even now, but an author with a manuscript may at least get a respectful hearing, instead of being turned away summarily, as the chances are he would have been six months ago.

***

The periodical market, too, is in better condition now than it has been for some time. The hard times have ended the existence of a good many weak and unstable publications, and the support they have received will be given now to the better magazines. Editors, too, have drawn largely on their reserve stock of manuscripts, as a consequence of being cautioned to buy as few manuscripts as possible, and now that better times are coming they will need to secure a stock of fresh material. Both for magazine contributors and for book writers, therefore, the prospect is brighter than it has been. Still it will not be advisable even now for an author to refuse a good offer for a manuscript in the hope that he may get a better one.

***

"The right and the wrong way of reporting a thing were illustrated the other morning by several accounts of Orderly Keller's description of the wounding of General Worth at San Juan," says "Droch" in *Life*. "One perfectly correct and colorless reporter said of Keller: 'He was most enthusiastic about the bearing of General Worth in the engagement.' That is called 'boiling it down to hard facts' in some newspaper offices. But the *Sun's* young man knew his business better than that. He reported Keller as saying: —

> But, say! You just ought to have seen my little colonel! About all you could see of him was his little goatee, sticking right out straight, a little gray hair under his campaign hat, and the flash of his sword. He headed the procession as long as he could, and, I tell you, it was amazing pleasant to hear him say every now and then: —
>
> "Just keep steady now, boys! Shoot when you see something to shoot at, and shoot quick!"

That touch of reality is worth a column of careless reporting. It is n't padding, either, and it conveys not only fact, but a distinct conception of General Worth and a sidelight on Keller. This same ability to create a distinct

impression of a character and a situation is a valuable literary gift for a novelist."

* * *

In other words, the concrete is always more vivid than the abstract. The colorless reporter simply says there is a fine picture on exhibition at the Art Museum. The good reporter describes the picture briefly, and you get from his description an idea of what it is.

* * *

The *Washington Times* and the *Boston Traveler* both think that THE WRITER had no business to edit the expression "Canine of intelligence," used by the *St. Louis Republic*, into "Smart dog," as it did not long ago. The *Traveler* says: "'Smart' is a vulgar Yankeeism for 'clever,' 'intelligent,' and in good usage, for which THE WRITER is such a stickler, means an entirely different thing." The *Times* says: "It is not unnatural for the reader to inquire why 'smart' is better English than 'intelligent.'" It is n't, of course, and "smart dog" will have to give place to "intelligent dog," even though, now that we are all Yankees, "Yankeeisms" are perhaps excusable.

* * *

The writer in the *Times* says further: "THE WRITER also coins the verb 'to waste-basket.'" As a matter of fact, the word "waste-basketed" appeared in THE WRITER in a contributed article, signed by the author, who must be held chiefly responsible for the innovation. "To waste-basket," however, is a convenient verb to express something that happens very frequently; and any editor who can say glibly of a manuscript, "I waste-basketed it," is certainly sober enough to do credit to a prayer-meeting.

* * *

The *Traveler* critic, by the way, clearly misunderstands the spirit in which "newspaper English" is "edited" in THE WRITER. The editor of the magazine does not set himself up as an infallible authority, and he has no doubt that glaring examples of "newspaper English" may be found in his own writing. He does not go out of his way "to dig out journalistic slips" — not an altogether happy expression, is it? — nor does he "alter them with consummate assurance," either for the better or the worse. He merely notes such typical examples of awkward English as come to his attention in his daily reading, and "edits" them as an ordinary desk editor on a daily newspaper might do, not for the purpose of belittling the writer whose phrase is quoted, — and whose slip, as a general rule, is due to carelessness, — but for the purpose of showing other writers pitfalls that they should avoid. He undertakes the work with a full appreciation of his own shortcomings, and when he tumbles into a hole himself he will always be grateful if the *Traveler* critic or anybody else will help him out, and brush the dirt off his clothes, and hand him back his hat, and say: "I hope you did n't hurt you much!" and set him on the right road, like a good Samaritan. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will you kindly in your "Queries" of an early date inform me whether the abbreviation of "street" should be written with a capital "S" or a small "s"? Should I write "Washington St.," or "Washington st."? E. S. L.

[Either "St." or "st." is correct as an abbreviation for "street." The modern tendency is to use fewer capital letters, and in some reputable publications all generic words like "street," "square," "avenue," "place," etc., whether abbreviated or not, are uniformly printed with small letters. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

It is dangerous to meddle with words one does not understand. Perhaps it was well to imitate a foreign fashion in the use of the participle *née*. To say "Mrs. Thomas Jones, *née* Western," is useful, as we are able at once to understand which addition to the numerous Jones family is meant; but many newspaper correspondents use such a form as, "Mr. and Mrs. T. J., *née* W." The height of elegance was recently attained in a Boston paper, which

advertised a "lecture by Margaret L Shepherd, *née* Sister Magdalene Adelaide, of Arnos Court Nunnery, Bristol, England." C.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The information it gives is very correct. — *White Mountain Life.*	The information it gives is correct.
The last number of the Massachusetts Labor Bulletin. — *New York Times.*	The latest number of the Massachusetts Labor Bulletin.
Most unique railway train in New England. — *Boston Globe headline.*	Queerest railway train in New England.
The Vendome cottage on Sea Foam avenue, where the Bram witnesses are stopping. — *Boston Evening Record.*	The Vendome cottage on Sea Foam avenue, where the Bram witnesses are staying.
Can this be possible? — *The Outlook.*	Is this possible?

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

A. E. Bonser, who wrote the old-fashioned fairy tale, "The Treasure at the End of the Rainbow," in *St. Nicholas* for July, lives in London. To write good fairy tales one must have a lively imagination. That Mr. Bonser is well equipped in this respect is shown by the following sketch of himself, which he has forwarded to THE WRITER in response to a request or personal information: —

"Mine has been a somewhat monotonous career. At the tender age of five I gave a foretaste of my future habits by contributing a fairy tale to an infants' magazine. Two years later I was captured by Lalee pirates, who cast me into a loathsome dungeon, and there left me to languish. By unravelling my socks and vest I constructed a cord by which I effected an escape, and at once I made for the desert of Sahara. I wandered therein a whole month, friendless and alone, until, just as I was on the point of succumbing from thirst, and hunger, and lions, I was discovered by a party of Bedouin marauders and sold into slavery. Eight years of confinement told upon my somewhat enfeebled health, but nothing could quell my proud spirit. With my life's blood I wrote a *letter which* a trusty native conveyed in the sole of his shoe to Her Majesty's minister at Timbuctoo. The home government interfered. I was free.

"Yearning to visit once more the land of my birth, I took passage for London, but a furious storm drove the vessel out of her course, and she was wrecked, while I was cast — the sole survivor — on the inhospitable coast of Labrador. Thence I made my way on foot to the States, and expanded my mind by traveling in your great country. Literature now became to me a second mother. Though the favorite of royalty and the darling of society, innate modesty has always disposed me to take a back seat when I might have adorned the platform chair. Artemus Ward owed his most brilliant witticisms to my prompting. He once remarked to me, with a tear: 'Ah! what would Artemus be without thy guiding hoof, Old Horse?' Yes, sir, he said just that.

"I am forty years of age.

"I am an orphan.

"My family came in with William the Conqueror, — in fact, the Conqueror could not have come in without my family, — and some of our folks were related to Queen Elizabeth, and some to General George Washington. To the latter circumstance I attribute our love of the truth.

"At Waterloo I lost an arm, at Sebastopol a leg. One eye is glass, the other was permanently damaged during the Indian mutiny.

"I have had hairbreadth escapes.

"I am not so bald as many.

"I love the Stars and Stripes, and am devoted to freedom and woman's rights.

"I am an enthusiastic collector of coins, — sovereigns preferred."

Clyde Scott Chase, who wrote the story, "Storm Conquered," published in *Short Stories* for July, was born at Fairmount, Minn., some thirty years ago. That part of Minnesota then was a wild frontier country. There the child lived for five years among the Sioux, rattlesnakes, prairie flowers, and buffalo bones, when his mother, whose health demanded removal to her native state, went East with her small family The next ten years of his life were spent principally at school in Maine. The boy was character-

ized by a diligent application to his studies, and a natural bent to indulge in feats of foolhardy daring, such as hanging by one hand and foot to a swiftly running horse, Indian fashion, and walking along the face of a brick wall in the city of Boston, where a misstep would have sent him a hundred feet down from the narrow foot-ledge to certain death. At the age of fifteen he completed his studies and returned to the West, where he spent several years in the region of Lake Superior, in that time making frequent journeys to different parts of the middle West, and finally drifting to the new and promising state of Washington. Mr. Chase has a natural talent for drawing, and one of his sketches won the prize for original pencil drawings at a state fair held at Minneapolis, but he has never given much thought to this kind of work, as he has had since childhood a desire to enter the field of literature, and has devoted his spare moments largely to literary efforts. Of late, while filling the office of city clerk of the town in which he lives in the state of Washington, he has written many short stories, some of which have been flatteringly received by the standard publishers.

Thomas S. Denison, author of the poem, "The March of the Dead Brigade," in the July *Century*, is a Chicago publisher, who has had a varied experience, having been, as he says, "farmer, school teacher, miner, publisher, and a sort of jack-at-all occupations." His principal work has been amateur play writing — thirty-five plays — and fiction, two novels, "An Iron Crown" (1885) and "The Man Behind" (1888), and "My Invisible Partner," now in press with Rand, McNally, & Co. He is now at work on a novel illustrating life in West Virginia — his native state — at the time of the war and just afterward. For nine years Mr. Denison has been a member of the Chicago Press Club, although he is not a newspaper man.

Edward William Dutcher, whose poem, "The Nation's Future," appears in the September number of the *Home Magazine*, lives in Minnesota. His poem, "The Wind," which was printed in the February *Pall Mall Magazine*, with a two-page illustration, has been widely copied. He has recently had another poem accepted by the *Pall Mall Magazine*. His work has appeared also in *Outing* and other publications.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Cable. — George W. Cable is writing a novel based on his experiences as a cavalry soldier in the civil war. It is as yet unnamed. "I never succeed in naming a story until I have finished it," he says. "I name it to myself a dozen times, but these names are mere scaffolding, and the real task and agony of getting the right name is one of the finishing touches." Mr. Cable has another story in the hands of *Scribner's Magazine* awaiting publication. It is called "The Entomologist," and the scene is laid in New Orleans during the great epidemic of 1878.

Ford. — Paul Leicester Ford has one of the best equipped literary workshops to be found on this side of the water. His home is unassuming enough from the exterior, being one of the many substantial old residences to be found on Brooklyn Heights; but it contains at least one room which cannot be duplicated in any private house in Greater New York. This room is the library. It is not one of those fancifully decorated "dens" affected by the dilettante pen wielders. It is just what it is meant to be, a literary workshop. A well ordered and well kept workshop it is too. There is no litter of chips on the floor. It is a great square room, fifty by sixty feet, and lighted by a big skylight. Around the four sides in an unbroken line extend bookcases and racks containing boxes filled with letters, pamphlets and memoranda, all filed and indexed so as to be readily available when needed. In the center of the library are two broad writing tables whose flat tops are heaped with books, manuscripts, proofs and other tools of the author's trade. Why two? Because Paul Leicester Ford is an historian as well as a novelist, and with the training of an expert workman, he likes to keep his tasks separate. — *Sewell Ford, in Atchison Globe.*

Harte. — In the course of a conversation which a correspondent of the *Daily News* had not so long ago with the departing American ambassador, Mr. Hay told him an interesting

anecdote of the origin of "The Heathen Chinee." He and Bret Harte especially delighted in the following lines from a chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon": —

"Who shall seek, who shall bring,
And restore thee the day
When the dove dipped her wing
And the oars won their way
Where the narrowing Symplegades whiten
The straits of Propontis with spray?"

"The melody of that poem," said Mr. Hay to me, "rang in Bret Harte's ears and mind till he wrote 'The Heathen Chinee' in that measure." — *London Daily News.*

"**Anthony Hope.**" — Mr. Hawkins left Oxford in '85, and at once devoted himself to the profession of law. He was called to the bar in '87, and followed his profession for six or seven years. "It was," he says, "my choice, and I did fairly well." But almost at the very first he had a longing to enter the profession of literature. He says: "I fancied I could write a story, and I began to write short ones in my spare time." He was not, however, immediately successful. Far from it. Though he sent his contributions to one magazine after another, most of them were rejected. "I had the usual experience, you know. I wasted my good stamps on returned stories. I published 'A Man of Mark' — this was in '90 — but it did n't sell." Indeed, during this period of his career, Mr. Hawkins was successful in getting only two stories of all he wrote into type. He tried publishing in book form, but his "Father Stafford," after being "declined with thanks by nearly every publisher in London," was issued by the Cassells only to prove a financial failure. In time, however, he found a welcome for his contributions in the *St. James Gazette*, the same publication that has the honor of having given Stanley Weyman and Gilbert Parker their start in life. To this journal he contributed the stories which afterward were republished in the volume entitled "Sport Royal," his first book which had any sale at all. Then followed "Mr. Witt's Widow," which was a partial success. This again was followed by "A Change of Air" and "Half a Hero," which, though fairly well received, were only partial successes. But early in '94 appeared "The Prisoner of Zenda," which, despite what critics have called its "boyishness," was an instant and lasting success. — *Antoinette M. Reagin, in the Chicago Record.*

McLaren. — Dr. Alexander McLaren's method of sermon preparation is, perhaps, not to be recommended for general adoption. He has sometimes said that it takes him more time to find a text than to make a sermon. He has a book in which he enters all texts that strike him in the course of his reading, and this is frequently turned to in emergencies. Saturday is devoted to the preparation of Sunday's sermon, which slowly takes shape as he sits in his big armchair, the floor round him strewn with solid-looking German and Hebrew volumes. Little conversation is got out of him on Saturday; all his thoughts are bent on his work. He writes nothing, as a rule, till the evening, and even then only fragmentary notes, leaving the clothing of these bones to the inspiration of the moment of delivery. Dr. McLaren has these notes at hand in the pulpit, and though they are never used, he has sometimes said that he could not preach unless he knew they were there. He still keeps up the practice which he has continued for many years, of beginning the day by reading a portion of the Hebrew Bible or Greek Testament, a practice which has so largely contributed to the formation of the special characteristics of his preaching. — *The Christian Commonwealth.*

"**Pansy.**" — Mrs. Isabella M. Alden, better known as "Pansy," was trained, as soon as she learned to write, to express her thoughts on paper, keeping a little journal recording the events of the day for the benefit of her parents, and she also printed long letters each week to her absent sister. She enjoyed this work very much, encouraged as she was by her parents' appreciation and gentle criticism. When "Pansy" was about ten years old she wrote the first story which was published for her. It was on the subject of an old clock which had many tender associations for her father and mother, and when she submitted the paper to them for criticism she was startled to see the tears come to her father's eyes. He was so pleased with the production that he wished to have it in print for better preservation, and suggested that she sign it "Pansy," because that was his pet name for her, and because it stood for "tender and

pleasant thoughts," which she had given to him with her story. Her first book was "Helen Lester," a story which she wrote in competition for a prize, and which was successful. From that first little book her literary work has been constant and successful, and she has written more than sixty volumes, besides doing a great deal of work for various papers. For twenty-five years she has been writing serials for the *Herald and Presbyter*, and other papers and magazines. She has prepared the Sunday-school lessons for the primary department of the *Westminster Teacher*, and has edited the *Primary Quarterly*. For nearly twenty years she edited *Pansy*, a magazine for boys and girls, in which there was always a serial from her pen, a continued Golden Text story, and many short stories. She also conducts that department of the *Christian Endeavor World* called "Endeavorers in Council," and in the summer time she has given her time largely to normal class work at the principal Sunday-school assemblies in many States. She has said, "My rule has been to write when I can get a chance, subject to interruptions which come to a mother, a housekeeper, and a pastor's wife." — *Union Gospel News*.

Riley. — Talking about poetry, James Whitcomb Riley said: "A man should be conscientious with his work. He should take time with it, and do the very level best that's in him. Not long ago I began a little poem. I sat up with it, and after a pretty long sitting I thought it must be midnight; looked at my watch and was surprised to find that it was 3 a. m.!"

"You had finished the poem, of course?"

"No. I had written only eight lines!"

— *Atlanta Constitution.*

Sienkiewicz. — Sienkiewicz's method of making a book is as follows: He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes it in his head, and lets it "seethe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work, he divides his time, not into days, but weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, the second week a similar amount, and so on, week after week. He writes without correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript — the one which he sends to the printer. Each week's work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the "seething and fermenting" in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant. To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, to create works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis?" by a series of efforts, each one of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing *tour de force* in literary experience. Sienkiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself; visits and studies the places which he needs to see; and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires, and shuts himself in with them during working-hours, which for him are from eight or nine till lunch at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening, and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance. — *Jeremiah Curtin, in the Century.*

Stowe. — A friend of Harriet Beecher Stowe tells how that author was, one day, in the early stages of her career, induced to leave the household duties, which were crying aloud for her supervision, and finish a story long since overdue. Down sat the author in the kitchen and began to write, meanwhile directing Mina, the new "girl."

"Here," said I, after she had tried dictating to me, "let me attend to Mina, and write a while yourself."

Harriet took the pen, and patiently set herself to work. For a while my culinary knowledge and skill were proof to all Mina's inquiries, and they did not fail until I saw two pages completed.

"You have done bravely," said I. "Now you must direct Mina a while. Meanwhile dictate, and I will write."

Never was there a more docile lady; without a word of objection she obeyed.

"I am ready to write," said I. "The last

sentence was, 'What is this life to one who has suffered as I have?' What next?"

"Shall I put in the brown or the white bread first?" asked Mina.

"The brown first," said Harriet.

"'What is this life to one who has suffered as I have?'" I repeated.

Harriet brushed the flour from her apron, and sat down for a moment in a muse. Then she dictated: "'Under the breaking of my heart, I have borne up. I have borne up under all that tries a woman; but this thought — O Henry!'"

"Ma'am, shall I put ginger into this pumpkin?" queried Mina.

"No, you may let that alone, just now," said Harriet. Then she proceeded, "'I know my duty to my children. I see the hour must come. You must take them, Henry. They are my last earthly comfort.'"

"Ma'am, what shall I do with the egg shells and all this truck here?" interrupted Mina.

"Put them in the pail," answered Harriet.

"'They are my last earthly comfort,'" said I. "What next?"

She continued to dictate: "'You must take them away. It may be — perhaps it must be — that I shall soon follow; but the breaking heart of a wife still pleads a little longer, a little longer!'"

"How much longer must the gingerbread stay in?" inquired Mina.

"Five minutes," said Harriet.

"'A little longer, a little longer!'" I repeated, and we burst into a laugh.

Thus we went on, cooking, writing, and laughing, till I finally accomplished my object. The piece was finished, copied, and the next day sent to the editor. — *Youth's Companion.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE. — I. Charles Townsend Copeland. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

A LAWYER WITH A STYLE (Sir Henry Maine). Woodrow Wilson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

MR. RILEY'S POETRY. Bliss Carman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. Gustav Kobbé. *Forum* (38 c.) for September.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' EXPERIENCES IN THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN. Richard Harding Davis, Edward Marshall, Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, and Howard Chandler Christy. Illustrated. *Scribner's* (28 c) for September.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE WAR IS REPORTED. Ray Stannard Baker. *McClure's* (13 c.) for September.

INCIDENTS OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADE. Experiences of a newspaper despatch boat. Walter Russell. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

ALONE IN PORTO RICO. A war correspondent's adventure. Edwin Emerson, Jr. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE AND HIS BOOK ON AMERICA — SIXTY YEARS AFTER. Daniel C. Gilman. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

SOME VAGABOND WORDS. E. F. Andrews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for September.

MR. GLADSTONE — REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND AN ESTIMATE. — II. George W. Smalley. *Harper's* (38 c.) for September.

THE EQUIPMENT OF GLADSTONE. Illustrated. T. C. Crawford. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for September.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER IN WAR TIME. Great Problems of Organization Series. Illustrated. Arthur Brinsbane. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for September.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN. Kate Upson Clark, Lina Jeanette Walk, Margaret Compton, Elizabeth G. Jordan, Margaret E. Sangster. *American Queen* (13 c.) for September.

W. GRANVILLE SMITH, ILLUSTRATOR. Illustrated. A. L. Samson. *Metropolitan* (13 c.) for September.

CHRONICLES OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL AUTHOR. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. Illustrated. Robert de la Sizeranne. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for September.

"IN MEMORIAM" AS A REPRESENTATIVE POEM. Eugene Parsons. *Homiletic Review* for September

AN ARTIST WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET. Illustrated. Walter Russell. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

THE POLICE REPORTER. Vance Thompson. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

THE DEMOCRACY OF FICTION. Annie Steger Winston. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

SHAKESPEARE IN 1898. Edmund Gosse. *North American Review* (53 c.) for August.

R. L. STEVENSON: CHARACTERISTICS. J. A. McCulloch. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for August.

POETRY, POETS, AND POETICAL POWERS. "Judius." Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for August.

MR. GLADSTONE. — I. Canon Malcolm MacCall. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for August.

MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING. Elizabeth Lecky. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) fo August.

REMINISCENCES. — IX. Charles A. Dana. *McClure's* (13 c.) for August.

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE. William Archer. Illustrated with portraits of the poets. *Pall Mall Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

OUR ANCIENT IRISH BARDS. Norah M. Holland. *Canadian Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

DISRAELI, THE MAN AND THE MINISTER. Illustrated. A. H. V. Colquhoun. *Canadian Magazine* for August.

ENGLISH NOVELISTS AS DRAMATISTS. Edward Morton. *Bookman* (23 c.) for August.

THE IMAGINATION IN WORK. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Bookman* (23 c.) for August.

MEN'S WOMEN IN FICTION. Reprinted fro n *Westminster Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 30.

LANDSCAPE AND LITERATURE. Rudyard Kipling. Reprinted from *Spectator* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 6.

R. L. STEVENSON. J. A. MacCulloch. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 20.

THE MEDICAL WOMAN IN FICTION. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c) for August 27.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S IDEAS ON ART. René Dominic. Translated from *Revue des Deux Mondes* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 27.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT. Portrait. *Leslie's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 28.

MR. CABLE BEFORE LONDON LISTENERS. Alice Meynell. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 30.

THE WELLMAN POLAR EXPEDITION. With portrait of Walter Wellman. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 30.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS. Illustrated. Edward Everett Hale. *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 6.

RICHARD REALF. *Chicago Tribune* for August 7.

MISS MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. With portrait. *Truth* (8 c.) for August 17.

MISS UPTON'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT (newspaper story). John J. a' Becket. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for August 25.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mason A. Green, now on the staff of the *Rutland* (Vt.) *Herald*, is to write the life of Edward Bellamy.

Dr. and Mrs. Workman, authors of "Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia," cycled after January 1 from Tuticorin, southern India, to Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, 4,000 miles. They are at present finishing a three months' caravan trip from Kashmir through Gadakh and Nubra to Garkand. During the coming winter they hope to continue their Indian cycling journey, visiting all places of interest from Calcutta west.

The Bentleys, the London publishers, who have sold out to the Macmillans, were early publishers of Charles Dickens, and they were among the first to bring Poe to the attention of English readers. They used to reprint his most striking tales in *Bentley's Miscellany*, which preceded *Temple Bar*.

An authorized "Life of Eugene Field" is being prepared by Slason Thompson of the *Chicago Evening Post*. He will have the hearty coöperation in his labor of the family of Mr. Field, who will place at his disposal all of the literary remains of the poet. It is the intention to make the biography a full and final record of the letters as well as the life of the subject, and to this end any persons having letters or drawings by Mr. Field are asked to forward them to Mr. Thompson for use in the work.

Godey's Magazine has stopped publication.

The *Citizen* (Philadelphia), the journal of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, suspended publication with the August number.

The *Universe* (New York) has been enlarged to magazine size. Edward J. Wessels, president of the Universe Publishing Company, has bought all right, title, and interest in *Sunbeams*, and the entire property has been transferred to him. He will merge *Sunbeams* in the *Universe*.

The *International Magazine* (Chicago) has reduced its price to ten cents a number. Heretofore the fiction of the *International* has been taken almost entirely from foreign sources, but from now on it will include stories by American authors.

Good Housekeeping has changed hands. John Pettigrew is the new publisher, and the office is at 66 Fuller Building, Springfield, Mass.

The price of *Ainslee's Magazine* (New York) has been increased from five to ten cents a number.

The prizes in *Life's* short-story contest have been awarded as follows: First prize, Robert Alston Stevenson, New York. second prize, W. R. Rose, Cleveland, O.; third prize, Duffield Osborne, New York.

The *San Francisco Evening Post* offers a prize of $100 for the best essay on the subject, "The Government of Our Insular Possessions." There are no restrictions, excepting that no essay shall contain more than one thousand words, and that all essays shall be sent in, or mailed, before October 1.

A prize of $15 will be paid for the best storyette submitted to the *Woman's Home Companion*, Springfield, Ohio, before October 15. It must not contain more than eight hundred words; must be bright and original, and may be founded upon fact. or purely fictitious if the point is good. Storyettes that do not win the prize will stand a chance of being accepted and liberally paid for. As the mission of these little stories is to provide a department of light reading, they must be of an amusing character. Nothing in a pathetic or tragical vein will be available. Competitors should mark plainly on their manuscripts, "Prize Storyette," together with the name and address of the author.

The Sabbath Association of Maryland offers a prize of $25 for the best article setting forth the advantages to manufacturers, railroads, contractors, and all employers of labor, in the changing of their pay-day from Saturday to Monday. The articles must be adapted for publication in the secular papers and especially addressed to employers of labor. Articles must not contain more than 1,000 words, and must be mailed before October 12 to Rev. Oliver Hemstreet, Room 51, Bank of Baltimore Building, Baltimore, Md. The prize will be awarded November 15. All articles sent are to be the property of the Association.

The souvenir "Historical and Pictorial Description of Chelsea, Mass.," published by the *Chelsea Gazette* is a most attractive book. It is interesting to literary people because it contains portraits and sketches of B. P. Shillaber, Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Rev. Ross C. Houghton, and other writers, who are, or have been, residents of Chelsea.

There is in England a paper, called the *Ostrich*, which aims to gloss over everything disagreeable in the way of news, and to present prominently only that which is pleasant. Very sad news is printed in the very smallest type; hence the experienced reader is warned. Some articles of sensational character are merely outlined in brief paragraphs, beneath which appears the legend, "Continuation on Page 13." And there is no "Page 13."

In the August number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, William Archer, the English critic, examines the work of a few of the younger American verse makers. The poets whose work he surveys are, in alphabetical order, Miss Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Miss Caroline and Miss Alice Duer, Richard Hovey, Henry Johnson, Charles G. D. Roberts, and John B. Tabb, and their pictures accompany the article.

The *Photographic Times* (New York) for September is everything that a first-class photographic magazine ought to be.

Woodrow Wilson's paper, "A Lawyer with a Style," in the September *Atlantic*, is a clear and comprehensive account of the life and achievements of Sir Henry Maine of England, famous for his share in the government of India for many years, and for his lectures and writings upon the historical side of laws and legal customs.

To *St. Nicholas* for September Miss E. F. Andrews contributes a study of "Some Vagabond Words," showing the peculiar origin of many current expressions and slang phrases.

Scribner's for September is a "War Number," and in it Richard Harding Davis, Edward Marshall, and J. E. Chamberlin, war correspondents, and H. C. Christy, artist, describe their experiences and tell what they saw at Santiago. Edward Marshall is the correspondent who dictated his account of the Rough Riders' fight after the surgeon told him he was mortally wounded. He is now slowly convalescing in a New York hospital.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for September is a photogravure reproduction of Orchardson's painting, "A Social Eddy." The same number has many other good pictures, including one of Alphonse Daudet and his daughter.

Dr. George Maurice Ebers died at Tutzing, Germany, August 7, aged sixty-one.

Mrs. Ellen Louise Demorest, publisher of *Demorest's Family Magazine*, died in New York August 10, aged seventy-four.

George Edgar Montgomery died in New York, August 24, aged forty-four.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1898. NO. 10.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

HOW TO FILE EMBRYO MSS. *Idah Meacham Strobridge.* 145
THE PASSING OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE. *H. A. Schuler.* . . 146
THE CHANCE OF THE UNKNOWN WRITER. *Ruth Hall.* 148
EDITORIAL. 149
A Warning to Writers, 150 — Does the New Writer Have a Chance? 150
QUERIES. 151
Copyrighting under a Pseudonym, 151 — Selling Photographs to Newspapers and Magazines, 152 — "Magazine Mold" and "Newspaper Style" Compared. 152
THE SCRAP BASKET. 155
BOOK REVIEWS. 156
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 158
A. Conan Doyle, 158 — Richard Malcolm Johnston, 158 — Richard Wagner. 158
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 158
NEWS AND NOTES. 159

HOW TO FILE EMBRYO MSS.

There are numberless times when the theme for a good story, or sketch, or essay suddenly suggests itself to one who works in literary ways; and a half a dozen paragraphs easily form themselves in language which runs so trippingly off the tongue, — which strikes so pleasantly on the ear, — that even he who has fathered the thought is satisfied with its creation.

The writer, however, may be occupied at the time with some matter so wholly foreign to anything pertaining to literature that he cannot begin his manuscript immediately, although determining to do so at some future time, and the sentences not being transferred at once to paper, their wording is lost. Twenty-four hours afterward it would be an impossibility to express one's self in the same wording, or, in all probability, as well. When the writer goes to begin his desk work in a methodical way — intending to introduce the effective scene, or the sentence, or whatever it may have been — he finds that the "kobolds" have stolen into his cranium, and so snarled and knotted the threads of his former musings that it is impossible to pick out the tangle so that he can write out his thoughts in the wording of yesterday. Unless he is in the habit of taking down these fragments of thought, his happy phrases or ideas have been irretrievably lost.

Such fleeting guests of the brain must be photographed and made tangible, else we, in a measure, forget their features. They must be caught while they are still new to us if we would recollect them precisely as they were.

Those thoughts which intrude themselves into the recesses of one's mind invariably are the brightest and best — the ones most worthy of preservation. They seem to possess a quality of originality, — even of vitality, if one may so express it, — which makes them better worth retaining than the other thoughts we have, those that we encourage and invite. It is for this reason that one should jot down all thoughts, ideas, suggestions,— whatever occurs to one's mind having any bearing upon a contemplated manuscript.

Every young writer should carry, for this purpose, a note-book in which to transcribe thoughts that are worth preserving, as well as to make notes outlining subjects to be treated upon. But such a book can be supplemented with a convenient arrangement which simplifies one's work, and at the same time classifies all material to be used in proposed manuscripts.

Take the large size manila manuscript envelopes — say, those about six by nine inches in size. Each subject to be written upon must have its separate envelope (you will probably have

from twenty-five to seventy-five in embryo at a time, corresponding in number to the activity of your mind), and into each of the twenty-five or seventy-five envelopes bearing titles of proposed work put the leaves torn from your note-book each day — distributing them as they belong.

On these slips of paper may be written but ten or twenty disconnected words, — notes to remind one of certain things to be borne in mind when writing the manuscript, — or they may be complete and finished sentences, to be introduced into the article itself, or dates and data collected for its construction — memoranda of any and every kind that might be useful in the work.

Whatever items are collected, whatever material may be of use in the preparation of a manuscript, should go into the envelope till such a time as you are ready to take up that particular subject, and, with a view to making it a readable piece of literature, sift the wheat from the chaff. You find yourself, some day, with leisure from your regular work to devote to one of these half-a-hundred fragmentary ideas filed away in envelopes and pigeonholed, it may have been, for weeks, awaiting your attention.

Like old Brierly's children in "Haworth's," "Lor', how they do 'cumulate, to be sure!" There is much recorded here that long ago passed from your mind. Just a word here, a paragraph there, a half-formulated sentence, a suggestion; but enough to be of great assistance just now in making fresh in your mind the idea you had when first you planned the manuscript. Just these suggestions start a whole train of thought moving, and revive your interest in the work of construction. Your memory is freshened, and you are eager to get to your work. Your eye runs over the memoranda, and, grasping your pen, you bring order out of chaos, and in a briefer time than you could have believed before you looked into the manila envelope, you have covered page after page, and — presto! a manuscript is done.

You may now use the empty envelope for holding one copy of the manuscript, which of course you retain until the other is placed with some publication where it has "a local habitation and a name." If you use a typewriter (and I assume you do; if you do regular literary work, it is up-hill work without one), you write both original and duplicate at the same time on your typewriter with the aid of a sheet of carbon paper.

Put the copy that you intend keeping in the now empty envelope, and file it until the fate of the copy sent out is decided. On the back of it you may, if you wish, keep a record of the number of words the manuscript contains; the dates when it is sent to the different publications; the addresses of the publications; whether views for illustrations were sent with it; the price you put on it, and any other items you wish to make notes of in connection with it.

Idah Meacham Strobridge.

HUMBOLDT, Nev.

THE PASSING OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

That it is part of THE WRITER'S purpose to render aid in writing pure and good English is shown by the fact that it has a standing head of "'Newspaper English' Edited," and that it has frequently discussed the "use and misuse of words." This is entirely proper and praiseworthy, and I am emboldened thereby to submit some remarks on a point which, so far as I am able to find, has rarely yet been touched in its columns. I have in mind the steadily growing use of the indicative forms of the verb instead of the subjunctive.

The subjunctive mood, my text-book on English grammar teaches me, denotes what is

ideal, what is subjoined or added dependently to something else. It may express a future contingency, a mere wish or supposition, a mere conception, conclusion, or consequence. It is usually introduced by a conjunction, such as "if, though, lest, unless, except, whether, that, till," and the like. Its tenses, three in number, move forward in time; thus the present subjunctive implies future, the past subjunctive present, the past perfect, or pluperfect, subjunctive simply past time. Its distinctive forms are very few. Excepting the verb "to be," which in the singular of the past subjunctive has "were, wert, were," instead of "was, wast, was," the past and past perfect subjunctive are always like the same tenses of the indicative. In the present subjunctive the verb remains invariable throughout, while the indicative modifies the second and third person singular (in the neuter verb also the first person, "I am"), and this constitutes the only other difference.

So much for theory; now for practice. According to my grammar we ought to say: "If he be there, I shall not stay"; "I wish I were at home"; "He talked to me as if I were a widow"; "It were useless to resist." But experience tells me that ninety-nine out of a hundred speakers will say and a decided majority of writers will write: "If he *is* there"; "I wish I *was* at home"; "He talked . . . as if I *was* a widow"; "It *would be* useless to resist."

The general rule for the use of the subjunctive is that it should be applied whenever doubt or uncertainty are to be expressed. But what shall we say of constructions like these: "They are a greater menace to our fleet than if all the rest of the Spanish navy was brought to these waters"; "Unless the situation assumes an entirely different aspect soon, a strike will be declared"; "It seems as if I was doomed, anyhow"; "He said that unless he was given a chance to answer, he would resign"; "He expressed the belief that war was certain, unless it was averted by Spain"? These examples, with a good many others, were gathered in a very few days, without specially looking for them, from the columns of a Philadelphia newspaper. Similar ones may be found in almost any paper or magazine of our day. I have noticed such phrases in THE WRITER also. For examples of the correct use of the subjunctive I refer to the March number of the present volume, page 33, first column, lines 9 and 6 from below; page 34, second column line 17; page 36, first column, line 18.

It seems to be a general tendency of modern speech to strip off inflections and supply their loss with prepositions and circumlocutory forms — to use fewer word-forms and more words. Latin is a highly inflected language; French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, its modern representatives, have few inflections, but a great number of little words instead. The same tendency is observed in the development of our modern English from the Anglo-Saxon, as shown in that interesting "Brief History of the English Language" prefixed to Webster's International Dictionary. We there learn that the Anglo-Saxon had three numbers, at least for pronouns: singular, dual, and plural. It had five cases: nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, and instrumental; we have but three, distinguished by form in pronouns only. Some Anglo-Saxon nouns had six forms, as: fisc (fish), fisces, fisce, fiscas, fisca, fiscum; English nouns never have more than four, and then we must be chary, for the sake of euphony, in using the possessive forms. Anglo-Saxon adjectives were declined indefinitely and definitely in three genders and two numbers; English adjectives are invariable, except to express comparison. Anglo-Saxon verbs are classed as of primary or secondary inflection, strong or weak; the former class is sub-divided, according to the leading vowel, into ten kinds. In English we make but two classes, regular and irregular, the latter properly including those known as defective. Have we not lost inflections enough, and must we go on to strip the subjunctive mood of the very few that it has left?

But, some one will say, what matters it whether we say "was" or "were," "is" or "be," so long as our meaning is clear? "Aye, there's the rub"; this manner of speaking does not always make the meaning clear. For example, if I say: "Though he were my friend, I would not spare him"; it is plain that he is

not my friend, and that I am merely supposing a case. But if another, who ignores the distinction between indicative and subjunctive, says: "Though he was my friend, I would not spare him"; what does he mean? Does he suppose a case, or does he relate a fact?

But, it may be still urged, this has come to be the prevailing fashion of speech, and we had better follow it, no matter what the grammar says. I yield that point. Certainly the grammar must follow the custom of the "best writers and speakers," when these refuse to follow the grammar. Language is constantly changing, and it is as useless to protest against the dropping of words and word-forms as against the introduction of new ones. We old fellows, who are inclined to be conservative, must follow suit or be laughed at as antiquated and pedantic. Still, I must confess to being old-fashioned enough to regret the threatened loss of the subjunctive, for I am convinced that our language will therewith also lose some of its power of expression.

ALLENTOWN, Penn. *H. A. Schuler.*

THE CHANCE OF THE UNKNOWN WRITER.

The testimony that I produce, for and against the contention that a famous name takes undue precedence of one that is unknown in literature, is all based on personal experiences or communications, and the statements made are absolutely true.

First, let us take the affirmative side.

One of the best-known writers in America once told me: "No one will ever succeed who lives in the country and contents himself with sticking manuscripts in envelopes and sending them off. No publisher is unprejudiced to the extent of accepting such manuscripts in preference to work offered by tested writers, or endorsed by them, or personally introduced."

Another author of forty years' observation, and herself the life-long favorite of a great editor, assured me: "I never yet knew a periodical which did not have its ring; no outsider can get in unless he does work impossible for any of the ring to do."

My private experience fully corroborates this last statement. I have written literally thousands of articles for perhaps a hundred of our publications, and sometimes I have found myself a member of the favored circle, and sometimes not, but I have always found the circle. My own career proves that one must possess some exclusive information indispensable to the publication addressed, or one must struggle against the wall that shuts in those already proven competent, and from whom nine-tenths of the articles are ordered. The editor of one of our four best magazines wrote to an artist who sent him a beautifully illustrated poem which he personally admired: "There are too many jealous poets on the staff to permit me to insert your verses." The editor of one of the second-class magazines has often asked my help in reading manuscripts, and the remembrance of that help makes me smile at the confident assertion: "All articles submitted must, for the editor's own sake, have a careful examination, that no gem of literature escape attention." She would flutter the leaves of a manuscript, read a paragraph here and there, mutter a word or two, throw it down, and exclaim: "I don't believe I want this. How is yours?" I would begin an analysis of what struck me as a good sort of story. She would push back the pile of papers, seize her gloves, and say: "Oh, I think I'll send them all back. I don't see anything here that I particularly fancy. And we have such lots on hand. Let's

go to luncheon." Of course she thought she could tell the worth or worthlessness of the work by these hurried skimmings over it, but she certainly did not weigh it carefully, and she certainly was prejudiced in favor of her literary friends who contributed largely to her magazine.

Another publication in New York is filled from cover to cover by the impecunious acquaintances of the soft-hearted and widely-known editor. Whenever one sees an especially poor article in that periodical — backed by a wealthy concern that could buy the best at the highest rates — one is sure to learn, afterward, that it was written by some widow or orphan on Mrs. ——'s calling-list.

Next to being on that list is, in all of these cases, having a powerful friend there. The position of backer is perfectly understood and properly valued in the world of letters. Great writers are obliged, for their own peace of mind, to assure young ones that introductions do no good. Now this is the sensible view of the situation: We are all influenced by the opinion of others; and if an author of reputation draws attention to the matter, it would be a strangely perverse publisher with whom this introduction went for nothing. We know that, if two pieces of work were presented to our inspection, one by a stranger, and the other by a friend, or the friend of a friend, which we should regard with inclination.

Every collection of letters of literary folk is full of this sort of favor. Lowell, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Hemans, Prescott and Ticknor, Hamerton — there is no end to the list. They all sent the manuscripts of others about, and advised editors and coaxed publishers in behalf of struggling scribblers. Whittier worked diligently to give Lucy Larcom the first recognition she received in book form. But the most surprising of all these revelations lies in the story of Hamerton's relations with Stevenson. Editors tell us that they are constantly upon the lookout for fresh genius. Now we can't expect that they will have, very often, more striking manifestations of genius offered to them than those of Robert Louis Stevenson. Yet this youth was forced to ask the aid of his acquaintance and admirer, Hamerton, in order to gain access to English or American publishers, and he was neither a tyro nor altogether unknown, for he had succeeded in getting two books upon the market — the charming "Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage." That it is possible for one to gain a hearing without help is proven by the appearance of these two books; that an unaided literary journey is most difficult for any one is shown when such a man as Stevenson has to beg for help.

This brings us to the other side.

Within the past year the *Century* published one poem, at least, by an unknown young girl, in spite of the fact that poetry is the hardest of all things literary to place. *Harper's Magazine* took a poem recently from another woman equally far from fame. In the beginning of the dialect rage some one had a first story of that popular kind accepted by *Scribner's*, and some one else had the same luck with *Harper's*. I, myself, certainly without influence, and at the first of my writings, had two poems published within a year in *Harper's Monthly*. I know two other young women who had stories taken there, and one was a first attempt. These are, I believe, exceptions to a rather wide rule. However, as we all hope to be the exception, probably we shall continue to write, in the face of discouragement.

And then this fact is patent. No matter how celebrated the author, he, too, has his articles sent back. Not long ago the man and the woman who far outrank all other fiction writers in America both had stories rejected, as I happen to know, and not by the best of our magazines, either. A tale by him who is, perhaps, the best-paid, as well as the most belauded, of living tale-tellers was hawked about New York at the height of the writer's fame, and could not find a buyer. We all have to take our turn at rejection. But what I contend is that the celebrated men do have a tremendous advantage over all others. From a commercial standpoint it would be insane not to give it to them. Whether it is sane to push the favoritism so far is another question. It is undoubtedly pushed to its utmost limits.

Ruth Hall.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. OCTOBER, 1898. NO. 10.

Writers will do well to go slow in dealing with advertisers living in little towns in Virginia, or Minnesota, or other states distant from the publishing centres, who throw out the tempting bait "Authors' Manuscripts Bought. Cash Paid," etc. Authors' common sense should tell them that a man in West Brownsville, Mo., for instance, whose name is wholly unfamiliar, is hardly likely to control a large literary market, and the presumption is that authors who send manuscripts to him for sale will pay something for the experience they get. Writers should never submit manuscripts for any purpose to anybody else than reputable agents or publishers who have a known place of business and who are manifestly responsible. *If any* concern calls for a "membership fee," or asks for anything except a definite payment for a clearly-defined service, it should be regarded with suspicion. If writers would use ordinary business caution in dealing with advertisers who have no reputation, loss of money and manuscripts would be less frequent.

***

The common assertion that new writers have no chance of getting into the leading magazines is shown to be unfounded by the contents tables of the magazines themselves. For instance, take the *Century* for August. In the list of contributors the names of S. Weir Mitchell, Sarah Orne Jewett, and "Mark Twain" are, of course, familiar to every reader. Names well-known, but probably not universally familiar, are those of Charles W. Shields, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Herbert D. Ward, Richard Hovey, George Edward Woodberry, and Charlotte Fiske Bates. Names still less familiar, although known to many readers, are those of Meredith Nicholson, John C. Van Dyke, Lloyd Mifflin, Frederick A. Ober, and Gustav Kobbé; while it is safe to say that the names of Mary Bradford Crowninshield, Charles Henry Hart, Frank A. Vanderlip, Wallace Cumming, Walter Russell, Mrs. J. D. Hammond, George M. Sternberg, Osgood Welsh, James Morris Morgan, John Thompson Mason R,—why "R," by the way?—Minnie Leona Upton, and E. Kay Robinson are absolutely new to ninety-nine out of every one hundred readers of the magazines.

***

What is true of the August number of the *Century* is true of most numbers of that magazine and of all other leading periodicals. Those who have followed closely the "Writers of the Day" sketches in THE WRITER must have observed how many writers there are who have attained more than ordinary literary success and have had contributions published in many of the leading magazines, and yet whose names are practically unknown to the great majority of readers. Evidence similar to that given by the *Century* contents table, moreover, is afforded by the list of author's names in the "Annual Literary Index" for 1897. At a rough estimate, the list includes the names of 6,500 writers who had one or more contributions

published in the leading English and American periodicals last year. Certainly 5,000 of these names are to the ordinary magazine reader wholly unfamiliar. The editor of THE WRITER is fairly well acquainted with the names of writers, and yet of 100 names on one page of the "Index," taken at random, only fourteen are familiar to him. The evidence is conclusive that instead of finding it difficult to gain entrance to the magazines the unknown writer really writes the greater part of them.

***

If there is a "literary ring," its members do not get from it the advantage of frequent publication. Mr. Howells, for instance, had only five magazine contributions published during 1897 — two in *Harper's*, one in *McClure's*, one in *Munsey's*, and his short *Scribner* serial. Richard Harding Davis, whose name is mentioned in print more frequently now than that of any other author, had only six magazine contributions published during the year — four in *Harper's* and two in *Scribner's*, including "Soldiers of Fortune," which was published as a serial. Frank R. Stockton had four contributions published — one each in *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Munsey's*, and the *Century*. Rudyard Kipling had seven — five in *McClure's* and two in *Scribner's*. "Octave Thanet," whose name the reader expects to find now in about any magazine that he takes up, really had only seven stories published in the magazines during 1897 — two in *Harper's*, two in *McClure's*, two in *Scribner's*, and one in the *New England Magazine*. Sarah Orne Jewett had only one story published — in the *Atlantic Monthly* — and Mary E. Wilkins only two — one in *Harper's* and one in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. James Whitcomb Riley, who some people think is the leading American poet at the present time, published during the year just three magazine poems — one in the *Arena*, one in the *Century* (running through two numbers), and one in *McClure's*. Thomas Bailey Aldrich had one contribution in the *Atlantic*, and E. C. Stedman one in the same magazine, while Louise Chandler Moulton and Mrs. Fields, and many other well-known writers did not get into the magazines at all. Julian Hawthorne had five articles in the *Cosmopolitan* and two in the *Century*, and Owen Wister had three stories published, all in *Harper's*. "Mark Twain" wrote nothing directly for the magazines, although some extracts from his new book were published in one number of *McClure's*.

***

Enough has been said to show that the unknown writer has a good chance among the periodicals. All that he needs is to have something to say and the ability to say it well, and, in spite of "literary rings," the magazines will make a place for him. On the other hand, the writer who has only a single magazine contribution published in a year should not despair. In 1897, as the "Annual Literary Index" shows, Louise Imogen Guiney, Margaret Deland, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Paul Laurence Dunbar, John Fox, Jr., Amélie Rives, Samuel Minturn Peck, Clinton Scollard, and Robert Grant, with many others as widely or more widely known, had no better fortune.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will you kindly inform me whether a production can be copyrighted under a pseudonym? Suppose, for instance, that my name be John Smith, and that I write under the pseudonym of George Robinson, can I copyright my prose or verse by writing under it "Copyright by George Robinson, 1898"? If not, how can a copyright be obtained by an author writing under a pseudonym, without revealing his identity? X. Z.

[The *Youth's Companion* is marked "Copyright, 1898, by Perry Mason & Company," although it is generally known that "Perry Mason & Company" is a fictitious name. The only use of a copyright entry is to enable the holder of the copyright to establish his right in any suit for infringement that he may bring. If he makes the copyright entry under a fictitious name, in case a legal action should become necessary, he would have to establish the fact of his connection with the pseudonym.

Unless there is likelihood of infringement, a pseudonym is as good as a real name for copyright purposes. The copyright office makes no inquiry, and simply records title and name submitted with the proper fee. The usual rule, however, in the case of books published under a pseudonym is to have the copyright either in the real name of the author or in the name of the publishers. In the latter case an assignment of copyright may be made by the publishers to the author, but such an assignment would have to be recorded at Washington.—W. H. H.]

What do newspapers and magazines pay for the photographs from which they make their illustrations? C. L. P.

[The presumption is that "C. L. P." wants to know what a photographer, amateur or professional, can get from a newspaper or a magazine for a photograph suited for its use. There is no regular rate of payment for such material. An editor will pay for a picture what he thinks it is worth to him, or get it for nothing if he can. Many amateur photographers decline to accept payment for their work, being unwilling to be regarded as "professionals," and many are sufficiently rewarded by the compliment of having their work reproduced in print. The editors of some of the illustrated magazines depend largely for their pictures on photographs submitted gratuitously by amateur photographers, whose only desire is to see their pictures published. Newspapers in the large cities are generally ready to buy pictures that have news interest. Some newspapers allow their regular correspondents a dollar for each picture used, whether it be a portrait, a picture of a railway wreck, or anything else. Other newspapers pay for pictures according to their relative value, the price being fixed by the editor according to his estimation of the subject. From $2 to $5 is an ordinary price for the use of a news picture by a newspaper, and higher prices can readily be obtained if the pictures are of unusual interest. Important newspapers generally have their own photographers, but the outsider with a camera, if he has a nose for news and keeps his eyes open, can get a good many snap shots that he can sell at comfortable prices. Sometimes a picture may be sold more than once. F. Huber Hoge in an article in the *Photographic Times* for July speaks of having five views of the Henley regatta, the right of reproduction of which at $2 or $3 apiece he sold for four years in succession, sometimes having them appear in several papers at once, so that they have netted him more than $50, and he still has the prints. Any one who had pictures, out of the ordinary, of Manila or Porto Rico two months ago could have found a ready sale for them. Photographs of news value, such as pictures of sporting events, wrecks, or fires, for instance, as Mr. Hoge points out, must be finished and offered to the editor at the earliest possible moment. An exclusive picture of a big railway wreck may be worth $25 if offered to a newspaper editor within an hour after the accident, and nothing if not submitted until next day. Mr. Hoge advises that to gain time the negative be printed before it is dry, by the old process of thoroughly washing the plate, squeegeeing bromide paper to it so as to secure perfect contact, exposing, and developing in the ordinary way. The bromide paper should be enameled, as a glossy print is the best to reproduce. Blue prints, by the way, cannot be used in process reproduction. Magazines pay higher prices than newspapers for pictures, but they require as a rule photographs of fine quality that can be reproduced by the half-tone process. As Mr. Hoge suggests, prints that may not be marketable by themselves will often find a ready sale if an article is written to go with them. Similarly the sale of an article is often made easier if it is accompanied by one or more interesting photographic illustrations.—W. H. H.]

You say, on page 89 of the June number of THE WRITER, that an attempt to answer "X. Y. Z.'s" questions would be "bathos." Well, bathos or pathos, the questions were sincerely put, and I wish that I might have them really answered. I am just as green on the subject as my questions imply, and "there are others." What *is* "literature," in the sense referred to by the editor who said that my "spirited and very interesting account" was not "it"? What are the essential and characteristic requirements of an article to comply with "maga-

zine mold"? Did the magazine editor himself know what he meant? X. Y. Z.

[When "X. Y. Z.," or somebody else, can formulate an infallible rule that can be applied in any case to determine beyond question whether or not a painter's work is Art or a sculptor's skill is Genius, then Literature may be defined. The dictionary — which makes a business of definition, and fails about as often as men in business do — informs us that literature is "the class of writings distinguished for beauty of style or expression, as poetry, essays, or history, in distinction from scientific treatises and works which contain positive knowledge." "X. Y. Z." and the "others" of whom he speaks can get little satisfaction from such a definition. At the same time it answers the questions that were so ably propounded in the June WRITER as far, perhaps, as they can be answered. The editor in question undoubtedly knew what he meant, which was that he did not want "X. Y. Z.'s" article for his magazine. The excuse he gave, that its style was not up to the requirements of the magazine standard, may have been his only reason for not wanting it, or there may have been, as "X. Y. Z." says, "others." A running account of a trip in foreign lands may or may not be "literature," according to its style. If it is slangy, carelessly written, crude in expression here and there, it is not literature, even though it may be bright and entertaining, and full of interesting and important facts. In such case it ought to be rewritten before being published in any magazine, although it might well be published without change in newspapers, which care more for facts than for beauty of expression, and do not necessarily object to slang or crudities in style if an article is fresh and bright. The literary standard of the magazines should be higher than that of the newspapers, whether it really is or not. The magazine is prepared at leisure, while the newspaper is put together in a rush. The reading public does not expect so much from the newspaper as it does from the magazine, in the way of careful writing. Magazine literature is far from being ideal, but as a rule it is of a higher grade than newspaper writing, although many things are printed in newspapers that would grace any of the magazines. That is what "X. Y. Z.'s" editor meant when he said that his article was not cast "in magazine mold." The chief value of the article was in the matter it contained, and its manner, in the judgment of the editor, — who very likely was in the wrong, as editors more than occasionally are, — was not the manner of the magazines, or of his magazine, at least.

To repeat somewhat, the difference between newspaper style and "magazine mold" is substantially this: Newspaper editors require only that articles for publication shall be new, interesting, bright, and unobjectionable. Magazine editors make, or should make, the same requirements, and in addition they require, or should require, that the literary standard of articles for publication should be high. They should demand from their contributors not uncut jewels, but finely polished gems.

The difference between the uncut jewel and the gem in literature is not always easy to define. It is the same difference as that between the chromo and the masterpiece, the fiddle and the violin, mediocrity and Genius. Opinions differ, and the painting that to one critic may seem an exquisite landscape, to another may be but a sorry daub. The preponderance of cultivated opinion, of course, settles the matter throughout the domain of Art, and in the domain of Literature as well. Sometimes the gem is so beautiful and so finely polished that there can be no question of its value. Leigh Hunt's "Jenny kissed me," for example, no one could dispute is Literature. If it were written: "Jenny jumped up and kissed me when I came in, and I don't care how old, and ill, and poor, and dull, and lonely you may call me, so long as she did that," the world would have appreciated the value of the compliment to Jane, perhaps, but it would have been forgotten in a minute. Byron's reference to Mont Blanc's "diadem of snow" is cast, so to speak, "in magazine mold"; "Mont Blanc's snow-cap," on the contrary, would be newspaper style. "The centre of the universe" is ordinary; "the Hub of the universe" is Literature.

"General culture," as "X. Y. Z.'s" magazine editor said, or, general cultivation, as he should have said, helps to make a newspaper stylist a

magazinist. All the cultivation in the world, however, will not necessarily enable an ordinary writer to achieve Literature. Literature — with a large "L," whether it begins a sentence or not — implies Genius. Given Genius and cultivation together, — sometimes Genius alone,— and Literature is achieved.

One of the readers of THE WRITER, Louis M. Elshemus, expresses somewhat tartly his views on the question raised by "X. Y. Z." "In answer to 'X. Y. Z.,'" he says, "allow me to define newspaper literature, magazine literature, and true literature. The first is invariably distinguishable by its display of 'catchy' news interpolated in a manufactured short story. To be successful in that branch it is necessary to rack one's brain to invent humorous situations, to develop utterly impossible plots, and to tell falsehoods broadcast. Such labor is recompensed munificently; and the editors pay well because they know their readers enjoy such writing. The second can be immediately recognized by its strict adherence to high-wrought sentimentality, dialect conversations, and wild sensationalism. To win laurels, the writer should drink hard before taking his pen in hand; since the more improbable and uncanny the stories are, the greater will be the applause of the readers. Magazines prefer invention to facts. Now, true literature is blazoned with the eternal light of Truth. Sincerity is visible in all it has done. True literature is the record of an author's experiences through life, or if he rehabilitates the life of olden times, he still adheres to facts; and we learn truth from his works. For this, remuneration is very small; and, as editors know that the majority of their readers prefer sensation, amusement, and dialect compositions, the editors return such true literature with thanks to the author. However, there is one consolation in the fact that the two former are written for the day — while the third is written to last till time shall end."

Another reader, Edwin Wildman, ably says: "I do not wish to criticise 'X. Y. Z.,' nevertheless I do not understand how any newspaper man of fifteen or twenty years' experience should, at the expiration of that time, fail *to perceive* a difference between newspaper and magazine style — a difference aptly summed up in the criticism of 'X. Y. Z.'s' friend: 'A running account of a trip is not literature.'

"The difference between the newspaper style (which is no style at all) and magazine standards is as evident and marked as the distinction between the dramatic art of the finished actor and the feeble attempts of the amateur — as regards the effective use of grammatical and rhetorical English. A graphic tale may be recited by the most ignorant backwoodsman; so a newspaper writer, with a tale to tell, is forgiven for incongruities and methods of expression, if he gives the news correctly, concisely, quickly.

"In the magazinist, first of all, we look for style. It is the leading principle of eligibility; it is the requirement of good form in literary work that predominates all fields of culture: society, diplomacy, civil and religious assemblages. Words must be properly dressed, arranged according to the usage of the best speakers and writers, to have grounds for recognition, just as men and women, to appear at official, religious, and social functions, make themselves ridiculous and unwelcome unless they are properly dressed. So much for form and style.

"Next, the magazine writer must have color, environment, temperament — in other words, his picture must be complete; a finished work, varnished, framed, and ready for hanging upon backgrounds and in lights sympathetic, appreciative.

"To the magazinist we look for Literature; to the newspaper writer, for history or a chronicle. In the work of the magazinist there should be appreciation of artistic standards; a precise realization of the value of words; the effect of method — technique, balance of values, and a reverence for pure diction, plain narration. The newspaper stylist, on the contrary, seeks to startle; seeks to push forward pyrotechnical effects, and his words go hot on the wire or straight to the boiling lead. There is no demand for literature in newspaper writing; there is no time to spare for standard making or atmosphere fictioning — the blue pencil is the arch enemy of most attempts to introduce literature into newspaper writing. The magazine writer must be a picture builder; the

newspaper writer is called upon each day to contribute but a fragment of the human history, with the previous chapters of which his readers are all acquainted.

"Let me tell 'X. Y. Z.' a little story about 'Mark Twain,' whom he quotes in defense of his point. 'Mark Twain' is a 'crank' on style. He sometimes rewrites an article a dozen or more times, studying the whole range of syntax to give precision and lucidity to a thought. For some fourteen summers he lived at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Crane. One day he disappeared and no trace of him was found until at dinner-time he reappeared at the house. 'Where in the world have you been all day?' he was asked. 'I — have — been — hunting — for — a — word,' replied Mr. Clemens, in that drawl peculiar to him. 'And — what's — more, — I've — found — it, — too,' he added.

"A. N. Drake, the *Century's* art chief and literator, and the author of those little gems, 'Midnight Stories,' once told me that he worked a whole week, neglecting his regular task, upon a single sentence, 'and then it was barely satisfactory,' he said. And such as these are the workmen who make 'literature.'"

Perhaps with all this "X. Y. Z." will feel that his question has been partly answered. Critics everywhere will tell him that it is much easier to determine what is not Literature than what is Literature. So far as the magazines are concerned, each editor must judge manuscripts according to his own ability, and hampered by his personal limitations. Usually he knows instinctively what he wants, but nine times out of ten he would find extreme difficulty in explaining to another just why a given manuscript fell short of his requirements. Editors are fallible, and all magazine articles are not Literature, by any means. On the other hand, additions to Literature are often printed first in newspapers. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

To the "Theological Terms Misapplied" noted in THE WRITER for September should be added the word "ablegate." "The word ablegate," says a well-known Roman Catholic priest, "seems to have a weird fascination for the American press; for, though it has been explained hundreds of times that the representative of the Pope in this country is not an ablegate, but an Apostolic Delegate, which is a grade higher, at least seven out of ten papers habitually refer to Archbishop Martinelli as an ablegate. An ablegate is a temporary representative of the Pope for some special function, while an Apostolic Delegate is his permanent representative in a foreign country. The funniest thing is that some papers use the two words in the same article to describe Archbishop Martinelli. It is as if a writer should refer to Mr. McKinley as President and Vice-President." N. T.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

The reasons given in the April number of THE WRITER why one should say "Rev. Mr. Brown" and not "Rev. Brown" are good. But there is another, an emphatic reason: the occupant of a pulpit is sometimes "Rev. Mrs. Brown."

Here is a suggestion as to how to prepare typoscripts to please editors and Readers: —

After your manuscript is thoroughly corrected, so that you are reasonably sure you will not undertake any extensive revision, take a ream of typewriting paper (500 sheets legal cap) and have it cut in half. This will give you 1,000 sheets 6½ inches long by 8 inches wide. Place the sheet in the typewriter "widthwise," page at the top in the centre, leaving a half inch margin, and regulate the gauge so as to leave an inch and an eighth margin on the left side of the sheet. Write twenty lines (single space) on each sheet. This gives about two hundred words to a page, or 1,000 words to every five sheets. If you have a book of 50,000 words, you will have it on 250 sheets. One ream of paper, therefore, will give you four copies of your story — if you desire. Put your sheets together, adding a few extra sheets in front and back (of each single copy, of course), take an awl, or a long wire nail, or any other sharp-pointed instrument, and make three holes about one-eighth of an inch from the left side margin; draw a piece of strong twine (white corded is the best) and

tie it in a sling knot; then paste a piece of white paper over the back with liquid glue. Finally, go to any bookbinder or printer and have the typoscript trimmed top and bottom. This makes a handsome, clean, handy booklet, which the rushed editor or Reader can slip in his pocket and read on his way to anywhere. Should you desire to make a change on any page, untie the knot, take out the page, have it done over again, replace it, and glue together as before. Bits of cardboard set in a piece of cloth as covers will insure the return of your work — if such be your fate — in good order, and if the cover has met with a slovenly Reader, change it, send your fancy's child on another errand, and have the satisfaction of knowing that the next Reader will think he is the first one favored. *Adolphe Danziger.*

San Francisco, Calif.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller. Illustrated. 330 pp. Cloth, $2.50. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company. 1897.

Joaquin Miller has written some genuine poetry, and his admirers will be glad to have this complete volume of his poems — complete, at least, in the sense that, as the author says himself, "All I wish to answer for is here." They will prize also the frank "Introduction," and the notes scattered through the book, in which the poet briefly writes his autobiography, and describes the circumstances in which he has done his literary work. Speaking of his "Pacific Poems," he says: "A thin little book, and my watch was in pawn before it was out, for I could not find a publisher. One hundred were printed, bearing the name of the printer as publisher. What fortune!" Speaking of the pictures of himself at different ages that are included in the present volume, he says: "The photographs are put in to show that, whatever there may be in eccentricity of dress and manner, I dressed and bore myself as others, and kept quietly and plainly along about my work, like other men mainly." Addressing other writers, he says: "Nothing ever has paid, nothing ever will pay, a nation like poetry. . . . Finally, use the briefest little bits of baby Saxon words at hand. The world is waiting for ideas, not words. Remember Shakespeare's scorn of 'words, words, words.' Remember always that it was the short Roman sword that went to the heart and conquered the world, not the long, tasselled and bannered lance of the barbarian. Write this down in red, and remember. . . . We have not time for words. A man who uses a great big sounding word when a short one will do is to that extent a robber of time. A jewel that depends greatly on its setting is not a great jewel. When the Messiah of American literature comes he will come singing, so far as may be, in words of one syllable." Speaking of the time after his first London book was out, Mr. Miller writes: "One evening Rossetti brought me Walt Whitman, new to me, and that night I lay in bed and read it through — the last book I ever read. I could not bear any light next morning, nor very much light ever since, nor have I ever since looked upon any page long without intense pain. Hence the 'eccentricity' of never having books or papers about me, of writing as few letters as possible, and these on colored paper or unruled paper. White paper hurts me so that I must look aside, and what with a crippled arm, too, I write a sad hand. Pardon all this detail, but the facts may save pain to some young writers whom I surely would answer if I could." In another place, addressing himself to other writers, he says: "Having peace, repose of mind. rest the body, keeping in mind the careful training of the physical athlete continuously. As to the position of the body when at work, that is as you please. I generally found George Eliot doubled up on a sofa, her legs up under her, and a pad on her lap. I read that Mrs. Browning always wrote in bed. I know that Mrs. Wagner — "Madge Morris" — does; while Miss Coolbrith writes, she tells me, on her feet, going along about her affairs till her poem is complete, and then writing it down exactly as she has framed it in her mind. Harriet Prescott Spofford writes on a pad in her lap in the parlor, under the trees with a party, takes part in the talk as she writes, and is generally the brightest of the company. Lady Hardy told me she could write only with her face to the blank wall, while Mrs. Braddon, the prolific, showed me her desk bowered in her Richmond Hill garden, where she wrote, to the song of birds, about forty popular novels. I find that men differ quite as widely in their preference of place and attitude. For instance, Anthony Trollope, a ponderous man, always wrote standing straight as a post to a high desk, his watch before him. beginning always at a certain minute and ending exactly the same. That watch would have landed me in a madhouse. Whittier and Longfellow wrote on their desks with everything at hand and in order, and had perfect quiet. I am told that the other great scribes of New England were all of the same discipline. Bret Harte is equally exacting and orderly. He told me once that his first line was always a cigar, and sometimes two cigars.

I reckon Walt Whitman could write anywhere. I once was with him on top of a Fifth avenue omnibus, above a sea of people, when he began writing on the edge of a newspaper, and he kept it up for half an hour, although his elbow was almost continuously tangled up with that of the driver."

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX—1897. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 253 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: Office of the Publishers' Weekly. 1898.

"The Annual Literary Index" should be part of the library equipment of every newspaper writer and magazine contributor, and it will be useful to every reader. It indexes both under titles and under names of authors everything that appeared in 141 leading American and English periodicals during 1897, together with important essays and chapters of books published during the year. It makes readily available, therefore, the wealth of recent periodical literature, and not only shows the writer what has been written recently on any subject, but gives him access to the latest published information on any topic about which he may be writing. Appendices include a list of the bibliographies, American and English, published in 1897, a necrology of writers deceased during the year, and an index to the dates of principal events for 1897, which serves practically as an index to any daily newspaper.

THE ESSENTIALS OF ARGUMENTATION. By Elias J. MacEwan, M. A. 412 pp. Cloth, $1.12. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1898.

Mr. MacEwan's book is an outgrowth of a dozen years' experience with classes in one of the leading agricultural colleges of the country. It is adapted either for classroom use or for individual study, and it is sensible and practical throughout. The author does not claim to present anything new, but the old principles are set forth in orderly fashion, with modern illustrations that are generally well chosen. Any writer will do better argumentative work after studying the book.

BIRD NEIGHBORS. An introductory acquaintance with 150 birds commonly found in the gardens, meadows, and woods about our homes. By Neltje Blanchan. With introduction by John Burroughs, and fifty-two colored plates. 234 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1898.

The fascinating study of birds is made easy and delightful by this admirable book. As John Burroughs says in his "Introduction": "The book is reliable, and is written in a vivacious strain by a real bird lover, and should prove a help and a stimulus to any one who seeks by the aid of its pages to become better acquainted with our songsters. The pictures, with a few exceptions, are remarkably good and accurate, and these, with the various groupings of birds according to color, season, habitat, etc., ought to render the identification of the birds, with no other weapon than an opera glass, an easy matter." The colored plates, Mr. Burroughs further says, "the reader will find quite as helpful as those of Audubon or Wilson." They are certainly the most beautiful and accurate colored bird-pictures ever given in a moderate priced and popular book. All the popular names by which birds are known are given both in the descriptions, which are untechnical, clear, and vivid, and in the complete index.

THE SPANIARD IN HISTORY. By James C. Fernald. 144 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1898.

The present relations between Spain and the United States make Mr. Fernald's book peculiarly interesting and timely. Its purpose is not to give a chronological history of Spain, but simply to show in clear light, through leading incidents of Spanish history, some salient traits of Spanish character which have influenced the destiny of the Spaniards and have affected other nations. Among the most interesting chapters are: "The Conquest of Granada," "The Inquisition," "The Expulsion of Jews and Moors," "The Spaniard on the Throne," "The Spaniard in the Netherlands," and "The Spaniard on the Sea." The final chapter is brought so nearly up to date that it includes an account of Dewey's achievement at Manila.

THE ARITHMACHINIST. By Henry Goldman. Illustrated. 128 pp. Boards, $1.00. Chicago: The Office Men's Record Company. 1898.

"The Arithmachinist" is devoted mainly to describing the nature and use of a mechanical computing device invented by the author. Incidentally it sketches the history of mechanical arithmetic, and describes various computing machines, from the Chinese abacus down to the latest development of the present day.

AN OBSTINATE MAID. Translated from the German of Emma von Rhoden by Mary E. Ireland. Illustrated. 323 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 1898.

Mrs. Ireland is a skillful translator, and the books that she selects to be put into English are always interesting, wholesome, and instructive. By special arrangement the ladies of the Aid Society of the Eastern Presbyterian church of Washington are able to offer "An Obstinate Maid" for one dollar a copy, or ten dollars a dozen copies, and Mrs. J. H. Jamison, 208 North street, N. E., Washington, D. C., will fill orders at these prices.

MUSINGS OF MORN. By Junius L. Hempstead. 217 pp. Cloth. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 1898.

AFTER MANY DAYS, and Other Stories. By Junius L. Hempstead. 360 pp. Cloth. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 1897.

These companion volumes show the range of Mr. Hempstead's talent, which finds expres-

sion with perhaps equal facility in romance and in verse. One of the best things in "After Many Days" is the amusing sketch entitled "A Boston Prose Idyl." In "Musings of Morn" the gentle personality of the poet is shown not only by the dedication, "to my little friend, Miss Beulah Fitch," but by the tender sentiment of many of the verses. A half-tone portrait of Mr. Hempstead forms a frontispiece for the volume.

BEFORE THE DAWN. A book of poems, songs, and sonnets. By Joseph Leiser. 145 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Company. 1898.

The verses of this volume are selections from Mr. Leiser's literary efforts of the last year in college and the first year in a professional career. "The words of my poems may be nothing," the author says, "the drift and latency of them everything."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Doyle. — Speaking of "Micah Clarke," his second long story, Conan Doyle says: "And then under more favorable circumstances I wrote 'Micah Clarke,' for patients had become more tractable, and I had married, and in every way I was a brighter man. A year's reading and five months' writing finished it. I sent it to a friend in London who read for one of the leading houses, but he had been bitten by the historical novel and very naturally he distrusted it. From him it went to house after house, and house after house would have none of it. Blackwood found that the people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; Bentley, that its principal defect was that there was a complete absence of interest; Cassell's, that experience had shown that a historical novel could never be a commercial success. I remember smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some reckless, sporting kind of publisher were suddenly to strike in and offer me forty shillings for the lot. And then suddenly I bethought me to send it to the Messrs. Longmans, where it was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Andrew Lang. From that day the way was smoothed to it, and, as things turned out, I was spared that keenest sting of ill success — that those who have believed in your work should suffer pecuniarily for their belief."

Johnston. — Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston was nearly fifty years of age before his first stories of Georgia life were published. These appeared in the *Southern Magazine* of Baltimore, in 1870, and were written for amusement and were not paid for. They attracted the attention of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, however, and Mr. Johnston was asked to contribute to that publication. Johnston's friend, Sidney Lanier, took a story called "Neelus Peeler's Conditions" to *Scribner's Magazine*, and later surprised Colonel Johnston by handing him $80, the price paid for the story.

Wagner. — The story of "How Richard Wagner Wrote His Operas" is told by one of the great composer's most intimate friends in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. Wagner carried an opera in his mind for years before he began to set it down on paper. The work once begun, however, it was performed with lightning-like speed. Even when an old man he wrote down the score for one of his famous operas with such rapidity that two trained amanuenses were unable to keep up with him.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BISMARCK. Personal and Collected Impressions. William Milligan Sloane. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

EDOUARD DETAILLE, PAINTER OF SOLDIERS. Illustrated. Armand Dayot. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

GRAY EYES IN FICTION. Nina R. Allen. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

MR. GLADSTONE: REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND AN ESTIMATE. — III. George W. Smalley. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

AN AUTHOR'S READING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. A story. Mrs. Burton Harrison. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

AFLOAT FOR NEWS IN WAR TIMES. John R. Spears. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. With frontispiece portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN AID TO THE DECORATION OF A BOOK. Rev. F. C. Lambert. Illustrated. *Photographic Times* (38 c.) for October.

JUSTICE IN FICTION AND IN LIFE. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

THE FREE LECTURE SYSTEM. Illustrated. S. T. Willis. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for October.

CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF ROGER PAYNE, BINDER. Illustrated. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for October.

W. W. DENSLOW, ILLUSTRATOR. Illustrated. Leroy Armstrong. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

STARTING A VILLAGE LIBRARY. Neltje Blanchan. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

A GIRL'S BEST READING. Ruth Ashmore. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

ON STYLE IN ENGLISH PROSE. Frederic Harrison. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

NOTES FROM THE COUNTRY OF "ADAM BEDE." John Hyde. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

AMERICAN "YELLOW JOURNALISM." Elizabeth L. Banks. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. Richard Burton. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

CLYDE FITCH (American Playwrights.—IV.). Edward Fales Coward. *Book Buyer* (18 c.) for September.

COUNT TOLSTOY. With a new portrait. Nathan Haskell Dole. *Book Buyer* (18 c.) for September.

TOLSTOY AND HIS THEORIES. Roger Riordan. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

DR. MAURICE JOKAI: A SKETCH. Neltje Blanchan. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Cornelia Atwood Pratt. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

THE LATE GEORGE EBERS AT HOME. Illustrated. P. G. Hubert, Jr. *Critic* (23 c.) for September.

CHARACTERISTICS OF R. L. STEVENSON. With portrait. J. A. MacCulloch. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for September.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, NATURALIST. With portrait. Eunice V. Pennywitt. *Self Culture* (13 c.) for September.

THE ESSAY OF MALTHUS: A CENTENNIAL REVIEW. *Yale Review* (78 c.) for September.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Gelett Burgess. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

MRS. LYNN LINTON. With portrait. Beatrice Harraden. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

HOW SUCCESS IS WON IN LITERATURE. John Strange Winter. *Gentlewoman* (13 c.) for August.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CELIA THAXTER. Mrs. E. N. Fuller. The *State* (Tacoma) for August 20.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY. With portraits of Disraeli, Bright, and Gladstone. Justin McCarthy. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for September 1.

AMERICAN "YELLOW JOURNALISM." Elizabeth L. Banks. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 3.

POEMS OF THOMAS EDWARD BROWN. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 10.

OLD AND NEW ESSAYISTS. Reprinted from *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 17.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY. E. Baumer Williams. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 24.

THE HOUSE OF BENTLEY. Reprinted from *London Times* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 24.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS.—XII. Edward Everett Hale. *Outlook* (13 c.) for September 3.

JOHN H. HOLMES. *Time and the Hour* (8 c.) for September 3.

WALTER H. PAGE (editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*). *Time and the Hour* (8 c.) for September 24.

THE BUSINESS LETTER. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 10.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. With portrait. Theodore Dreiser. *New York Times* for September 11.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Richard Harding Davis is at Marion, where he will remain till the last of October.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with Mrs. Aldrich and two sons, left Boston August 31 for a tour of the world. The party will spend three months in China, and will then visit the Philippines and Asiatic ports, returning home by way of Egypt and the Suez Canal.

"Gyp" having proposed a general boycott of the Jews, her publishers, MM. Calmann-Levy, have informed her that they will no longer publish her books.

R. L. Middleton, who was arrested at Woodstock, Ont., recently, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, had in his possession two letters from H. Rider Haggard, in one of which, written last April, Mr. Haggard accepts an offer to write a story of Macdonald's life, experiences, and discoveries in the British Northwest Territories, Alaska, and the Arctic regions, for a consideration of £10,000, nine thousand to be paid in cash and the rest to be taken in shares in a Klondike mining company.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow says that her father always pronounced "Evangeline" with the "i" short, and that she never heard it with a long "i" until quite recently.

Little, Brown, & Co. have sold more than 600,000 copies of "Quo Vadis."

The first portraits taken of Mary E. Wilkins which she has ever liked are printed in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. There are nine of them, and they show the famous New England story-teller at home and with her friends around her.

Miss Madeline Vaughan Abbott has resigned her position as secretary of Bryn Mawr College, to become the associate editor of the *Literary World.*

Book Notes is an interesting new literary magazine published by the Siegel-Cooper Company, New York.

Mrs. Frank Leslie will resume control of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, beginning with the November number. The form of the magazine will be changed, and its price will be reduced to one dollar a year.

The September number of *The Critic* contains a timely article on "The Late Georg Ebers at Home," giving many interesting details as to the home life, methods of work, etc., of the author of "Uarda." It is illustrated with a portrait of Dr. Ebers, a picture of his villa near Lake Starnberg, and a view of the interior of his library.

The *True Flag* (Boston) has changed hands. Madame Francis Higgins-Glenerne is the new proprietor and editor.

Way & Williams announce the transfer of their publishing business to H. S. Stone & Co., who will hereafter assume all contracts made with authors and pay royalties earned.

Brentano's (New York) is in the hands of a receiver, but it is hoped that an adjustment will be made, so that the firm will not be compelled to give up business.

The reasons why Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" was published anonymously are given in the September *Pall Mall Gazette* by his friend, Carlyle Smythe.

Louis T. Golding has been appointed receiver for the Godey Company, publisher of *Godey's Magazine.* The application was made with the idea of getting the proceeds of the September issue of the magazine, which could not be reached by an execution. The entire plant of the company was covered by a chattel mortgage of $25,000, to secure bonds.

Certain social and literary developments in America are cleverly satirized by Mrs. Burton Harrison in her story, "An Author's Reading and Its Consequences," in the October *Harper's.*

The *Arena* has suspended publication. The October number will not be issued.

Self Culture (Akron, O.) has increased its size, and at the same time reduced its price to one dollar a year. Its addition of thirty-two pages is to make room for a somewhat higher class of articles than have thus far appeared in the magazine, — articles similar to those of the *Forum* and the *North American Review.*

In the October *Atlantic* Professor Mark H. Liddell makes another vigorous appeal for the teaching of English, taking Shakespeare for his theme and showing how even to-day we do not half understand the language or meaning of our greatest writer. The Carlyle correspondence is brought down in the same number to the end of 1842, and is replete with personal touches and details of domestic life, together with suggestive and illuminating details of Carlyle's methods of labor in acquiring the material for his "Life of Cromwell."

The *Publisher's Weekly* for September 24 was the Fall Announcement Number, and contained a 22-page classified list of forthcoming new books, with an editorial article on "The Fall Outlook" and a 28-page descriptive summary of fall announcements arranged alphabetically by names of publishers.

Few readers of magazines or newspapers have other than a vague idea of the difficulties and hardships endured by the men who write the accounts of the doings of the army and navy. John R. Spears, author of "A History of the Navy," and a famous newspaper correspondent, gives some of his own and others' experiences in "Afloat for News in War Times," in *Scribner's* for October.

Blanche Roosevelt died in London September 10, aged forty years.

Dr. Samuel Eliot died at Beverly Farms, Mass., September 15, aged seventy-seven.

Rev. Dr. John Hall died at Bangor, Ireland, September 17, aged sixty-nine.

Miss "Winnie" Davis died at Narragansett Pier September 18, aged thirty-four.

Richard Malcolm Johnston died at Baltimore September 23, aged seventy-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 11.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE USE OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE. *Eugene Parsons.* . 161
"TIMELY" ARTICLES. *Clifton S. Wady.* 162
A TALK WITH DR. HEPWORTH ABOUT THE NEW YORK HERALD. *Charles Welch.* 163
NEWSPAPER READING AS AN AID TO LITERARY WORKERS. *Alfred Stephen Bryan.* 164
JOAQUIN MILLER'S NOTES TO HIS POEMS. *Louis M. Elshemus.* 165
EDITORIAL. 166
The Chance of the New Writer Again, 166 — A Poet's Offer, 166 — Plots and Suggestions in Newspapers, 166 — The Size of Newspapers, 167 — The Newspaper of the Future. 167
CORRECTIONS IN TYPEWRITING. *R. L. Hollis.* . . . 168
QUERIES. 168
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 169
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 169
Charles Love Benjamin, 169 — Elizabeth Carpenter, 170 — Helen Whitney Clark, 170 — Beulah Marie Dix, 170 — Catharine Young Glen, 171 — Lizzie M. Hadley, 171 — Charles Bryant Howard, 171 — Eva Rice Moore, 172 — Harrison S. Morris, 172 — Charles Gordon Rogers, 172 — Anne H. Woodruff. 173
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 173
John Burroughs, 173 — Harold Frederic. 174
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 174
NEWS AND NOTES. 175

THE USE OF THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a growing tendency on the part of newspaper men and other rapid writers to discard the forms of the subjunctive. There are reasons for preferring the indicative in certain conditional clauses, but probably haste or carelessness is responsible for most of the lapses noted by a contributor to THE WRITER for October in his article, "The Passing of the Subjunctive."

The rule laid down by Lindley Murray is a good one, that "when something contingent or doubtful is implied, the subjunctive ought to be used." Murray further says: "The conjunctions if, though, unless, except [lest], whether, etc., generally require the subjunctive mood after them." This implies that there are exceptions, when the indicative is allowable after these words. Perhaps an attempt to explain the *rationale* of the indicative thus used may not be labor spent in vain.

In many instances there is a gain in euphony by using "is" instead of "be" after "if." Here is an example: "Hence, it is clear that, if society is to maintain its corporate life, no differentiation can take place without integration." (W. H. Hudson, "Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," p. 119.) The subjunctive would not sound well in this sentence: "If this is to be done, let it be done quickly."

It is evident, too, that "if," "though," and "unless" are frequently used when the matter is not in doubt. A statement of fact is plainly intended in these sentences: "If there is a God, then rest assured the tragedies in Crete and Armenia will not go unpunished." . . . "Though the tale exists only in these English sources," etc. . . . "Experienced mariners have no difficulty in steering clear of the rocks by aid of the Lizard and St. Anthony lights, unless, of course, there is a fog." The foregoing clauses introduced by "if," "though," and "unless," can hardly be called conditional in the strict sense of the word.

When a general truth or first principle is expressed for convenience's sake with the conjunction "if," it is manifestly not to be classified with the "condition contrary to fact" of the Greek and Latin grammars. There is no hypothesis in the following sentences, and hence the indicative is preferable: "If the principle of the universality of gravitation is true, the theory of evolution is true." . . . "If a law of nature is uniform, it follows that there is an element of stability in the universe on which philosophers can always depend." Here the word "if" has the value of "since" or "as."

The fact is patent that the hack of to-day is

inclined to slovenliness of speech. Editors who persistently sin against syntax cannot expect reporters to be over-careful in constructions. Even college professors and essayists are not so particular as they might be to avoid blunders like these: —

"If the majority decides for a twelve-year course," etc. (*The Dial*, March 16, 1896.)

"Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." (Herbert Spencer, "The Principles of Ethics.")

"No doubt if such a story was used in a heroic tale," etc. (Brooke, "Early English Literature," p. 86.)

Unfortunately, the writer who is careful in these days has faults laid to his charge for which the printer is to blame. The average printer is prone to take unwarrantable liberties with manuscripts, and it is rather trying to the patience of the writer who has no opportunity to correct the proof. I find this sentence in an article of mine printed the other day: "I very much doubt whether the mass of the American people, East and West, wishes it." If my memory be not at fault, I wrote "wish," for I try to discriminate the proper use of the verb in the interests of good English.

Eugene Parsons.

CHICAGO, Ill.

"TIMELY" ARTICLES.

"Timely" articles must he sent in ahead of time, to be in time. For instance, if a writer has a Valentine verse intended for February use, it ought to be in the hands of the editor far in advance of apparent need, especially if an illustration is necessary. Just before February thousands of writers bethink them of the possibilities of a timely article or poem touching St. Valentine, and immediately load the mails with such matter; but when it gets to the various publication offices, lo! it is no longer "timely." It is late, — dead, — and so it is returned with thanks. Some more thoughtful writer has sent in good material — no better than that rejected, possibly not so good — at an early hour, and the wise editor has made his hay while the sun was shining.

A great deal of Christmas matter comes into editorial sanctums when all December forms have gone to press, and even when the Christmas papers are in the mail. Two or three months before the glorious Fourth of July material of a "Fourth" flavor ought to be in hand, if it is designed for the big monthlies. Large editions necessitate an early press day. The weeklies can hold open their pages for seasonable matter very much later than the monthlies, of course, and some of them really use articles written pretty well up to date; but the dilatory writer runs a risk. If drawings and cuts are to be made, the business-like editor will accept matter 'way ahead, and thereby bar out "timely" manuscripts that are not received until the time comes.

The moral is that writers should look ahead and write about spring while they are yet hovering over the steam radiator, and burn midnight oil to produce burning jokes about the nation's Independence Day, and write soft summer nothings due in August while the winds of March render seashores barren and thoughts of surf-bathing cause a shiver!

The weather promised for each month is always a prolific source of inspiration for the writer of short articles, verses, and jokes. Remember March winds, — April showers, — May flowers, — June roses and sunshine, — July and August heat, "vacation days," and all the teeming seashore themes. Then, when summer is here and you sit under the shade of a tree or at your desk, where the heat keeps you writing in self-defense of forgetfulness, ignore the moment: write about September gales, October leaves, November skies, December snows!

In commercial manufacturing such articles as skates, sleighs, and snow-shovels are made in summer; and rowboats, hammocks, and soda fountains are manufactured during the winter. The writer, who is a manufacturer, in his way, must also turn out his product ahead of the seasons, that it may be put before the public in due season.

Clifton S. Wady.

BOSTON, Mass.

A TALK WITH DR. HEPWORTH ABOUT THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The author of the sermons which have been appearing in the Sunday edition of the *New York Herald* for the past three years is, as his many readers will readily imagine, a man of most interesting personality. A fortunate occasion recently procured for me the pleasure of an introduction, and a subsequent interesting chat with him at his hotel, which I have his permission to make public.

For all the world like the finest type of the bluff, hale, hearty, honest, well-to-do English squire, Dr. Hepworth conveys at once a great sense of strength, both mental and physical. Broad-shouldered, athletic, and bronzed, it is evident that he believes in the cultivation of the sound body as the proper home of the sound mind. Like all strong men, he at first gives the impression of being reserved, but his genial, half-humorous, half-sad, but wholly kind expression of face, his friendly and benevolent air, encouraged me to talk to him, and he very soon began to respond by opening up for my benefit some of the treasures of his widely-cultivated and richly-stored mind.

My errand was to talk about his sermons in the *Herald*. He told me the story of their inception, which is printed in the first volume of the collection published by E. P. Dutton & Co., and the transition from this subject to that of the *Herald* itself, and its proprietor, was easy.

Dr. Hepworth told me how this autocrat of modern journalism, living three thousand miles away, is never a day without full and complete information as to the contents of his paper. Owning his own cable between New York and Paris, he receives by it daily not only this intelligence, but the names of the writers of all the important articles, together with full details of the inner political and other movements which have inspired them. Directing this gigantic and powerful machine from such a distance, far from the noise and whirr of its complicated parts, the doctor thinks Mr. Bennett is able to view the daily changing and kaleidoscopic situation at home from a better point of view than if he were in actual constant contact therewith. He has everything before him in truer perspective and proportion than if he were actually on the spot, and thus his advice and governance are of greater help and value.

In its eager search for that inner knowledge of affairs essential to the guidance and shaping of its policy in matters domestic or foreign, the *New York Herald*, says Dr. Hepworth, proudly and justly boasts that it has never betrayed its sources of information. The President of the United States may speak his inmost thoughts and tell of his fullest knowledge into the ear of the *Herald*, in confidence, for he knows full well that neither will be used in any way whatever without his express sanction.

Continuing, Dr. Hepworth said the *Herald* becomes the recipient of the most important state secrets of every diplomat in Europe, but no one of them is ever divulged, or made use of in any public way without the permission of the person imparting it. Thus the *Herald* enjoys not alone the confidence of the heads of the executive of its own country, but that of the courts of Europe, and this, says Dr. Hepworth, gives it the power to form accurate judgments

and faithful forecasts of coming events of world-wide as well as of domestic importance.

A less dignified policy — the policy of eager scrambling to be the first to publish startling news, no matter what may be the effect from the point of view of the public weal — inevitably destroys this confidence and so weakens the power of the newspaper pursuing it.

From this we turned to the subject of book reviews — discussing what they should and should not be — the reason why the *London Times* gives so much more attention to current literature than the New York dailies.

In Dr. Hepworth's opinion book reviews in a daily newspaper should be sign posts for men in a hurry rather than learned and disquisitive criticisms. He would like to see at least two columns of book reviews twice a week in the leading New York dailies, but, he mournfully asked: "How can this be done, when every day matter has to be killed which costs hundreds of dollars to procure, simply for lack of space to crowd it in?"

Charles Welch.

BOSTON, Mass.

NEWSPAPER READING AS AN AID TO LITERARY WORKERS.

If it were possible to enumerate the novels, short stories, jokes, and other literary products, the inspiration for which is unconsciously derived from reading the daily newspapers, the result would be amazing. Few persons realize how much valuable information and how many themes and suggestions for plots are to be found in happenings narrated in the press. For the casual reader these odd or humorous occurrences, these tales of love and hate, of heroism and self-sacrifice, have no significance beyond the immediate interest which the perusal of them awakens. To the literary worker, however, whose love of his calling is wedded to an acute business instinct, the newspapers afford a fecund field for labor and research. He who follows industriously and intelligently the daily reports of any prominent metropolitan journal will be sure to chance upon many stories and situations admirably adapted to his purposes.

Scattered through the daily newspapers are uncounted items, some minute and apparently inconsequential, which could be transformed into narratives of fascinating interest by the arts and graces of the accomplished literary man. Hidden in obscure corners, they contain the kernels of powerful and enthralling tales. In the beginning a writer may experience difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff and in determining on the spur of the moment what may or may not be useful to him. However, experience will enable him to single out an item here and there, which, by amplification and the exercise of ingenuity on his part, may become serviceable. The value of such items lies not so much in what they are as in what they suggest. It is impossible for a writer to create original themes if his mind runs in a groove. Hence he should aim by a study of the newspapers to turn his thoughts into new channels, and to make the bald, unadorned facts of everyday happenings subservient to his designs.

The threadbare adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is daily corroborated by the tales we read in the morning paper. How often do incidents in real life surpass the most involved and fanciful imaginings of the novelist's brain. If a writer seeks untrodden paths and fresh topics for treatment, if he desires the quaint, the whimsical, the startling, the marvelous, yes, even the horrible and the ghastly, he need not lock himself in his den and cudgel his jaded mind until it mutinies against its tormentor. Let him systematically and assiduously examine the daily newspapers for material. I do not mean that he should purloin or merely rewrite. He is neither pirate nor plagiarist. He is sim-

ply in quest of an idea, a hint, which is to form the nucleus of a story. Frequently one thought suggests another, and a train of thoughts is set in motion, the last of which is wholly dissimilar from the first that gave it birth. To read of a novel situation or of remarkable happenings is likely to unfold a vista of possibilities in imagining that may be limitless.

To the writer cursed with a poverty of ideas the daily papers offer a welcome and wholly legitimate fountain of inspiration. He whose pen itches to eclipse the scintillating fancy of Conan Doyle can find in life incidents well calculated to fan the spark of his ambition. He who revels in strange tales of crime and criminals, in mysterious and seemingly unaccountable episodes, in stirring adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, in narratives of love and devotion, of misery, destitution, and vice, can get innumerable hints for plots and situations by a methodical and attentive perusal of the newspapers.

These remarks are prompted in part by Frank R. Stockton's article in the *Cosmopolitan* for October, entitled "The Governor-General." It is founded upon newspaper accounts of the capture of the Ladrone Islands from Spain by the United States cruiser Charleston.

Alfred Stephen Bryan.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NOTES TO HIS POEMS.

The comments of Joaquin Miller on his poems, quoted in the October WRITER, are of great interest to the literary man. I think it would add interest to every book of poems were the author to imitate the California poet, and write a few lines as to the genesis of this and that effusion. The poems of Burns are more relished for having notes of this kind attached to them, and we miss such notes in the poetical works of Tennyson, Longfellow, and others.

Joaquin Miller advocates the use of monosyllables in poetry, but there is no rule acceptable for writing poetry. Each author is at liberty to express his thoughts in a diction suitable to his own bent. It seems to me that those who set up such rules are incapable of other means of expression. Joaquin Miller's poetry is mostly written in short Anglo-Saxon words, and he would like others to follow his way; but Tennyson, could he be asked to give his opinion, would say that long words, derived from the Greek and Latin languages, are necessary to give beauty to a poem, — because his poetry is "loaden" with such, and to his exuberant fancy words like "gold," "good," and such, seemed too simple; he preferred "aural," "benevolent," "serviceable."

Shakespeare did not mind using "multitudinous," or such a long, outlandish word as "anthropophagi." The choice of long words or short is a matter of taste.

Similarly, Poe's dictum against writing epics or long poems shows that Poe could not do good work of that kind. A poet who enjoys creating dramas, epics, or long idyls will naturally be unwilling to take Poe's statement seriously. The length of any poem is dependent on the subject treated. Surely no one would wish "Samson Agonistes" abridged; nor would it improve the "Idyls of the King" to condense the work into a poem of five pages.

All of this goes to prove that rules are generally made as an excuse for the originator's incapacities. Shakespeare defied rules — he wrote as he thought best. His blank verse shows this to be true. He also originated a new sonnet-form. Again, Browning shirked the Shakespearian dramatic, and wrote "Pippa Passes," which is entirely original, in form and conception. A poet learns his prosody well; he then chooses a form to suit his subject; and his genius may alter the rules, and originate a new form, which the critics, in after years, will use to print in the augmented volume on prosody, and thus a new rule is made.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Louis M. Elshemus.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9–14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9–14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1898. NO. 11.

In commenting on the editorial article in the October WRITER on the chance of the new writer, the *Chicago Evening Post* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* both call attention to the fact that a good many of the articles published in the magazines are contributed by people of prominence, who can speak with authority on certain subjects, and whose contributions are for that reason solicited by editors. The *Courier-Journal* says: "Andrée, for instance, with a description of his balloon voyage, would be joyously welcomed by any magazine, whether he could write or not, and his 'stuff' would be revised and put into shape by somebody who could write, and would be published over Andrée's name as a great bit of magazine enterprise. So we shall have many an article ostensibly by men who took part in our recent war, who could not write a thousand words even grammatically on penalty of being hanged from the yard-arm. But such articles are not published from any literary merit. It is not the literary side of the magazine which is sponsor for them. It is 'newspaperism' run to seed, which has its own interest and value altogether foreign from that of literature. That is the one class of combinations in which the unknown writer cannot compete; or, if he would compete, he must throw away his pen, get him a balloon, a gun, a boat, or a bicycle, and do something to set tongues wagging."

***

All poets are not idle dreamers. Here, for instance, is a letter to the *Louisville Courier-Journal* from one who is willing to work, and work hard, and guarantee satisfaction, too, or pay the costs of failure:—

Wa'baseko ark oCt 24 1897—[To the Corier Journal this is a question and i ask you if i write as good or better poems than any regular witer for the Corier Journal will you give me employment I anestly ask you to give me a fair trial in the great news exposes in either edition

Just let write for either ed tion 3 weeks or a month or shorter as you think best

no flipp but an anest man of good moral standing if you will alow me a show i will prove self if i not satisfy any time under a month i will say no hard words about the paper as bright as the Corier Journal and large as the cirlation it should no sipise that a god poete should arise from among its readers and if i dont succeed i will pay all cost and erpenses and will act a kind of agent around where i live where i be the courier Journal one year this will show you i hope that i am in ernest I have been a life long and well spoken of every Where i go if you will hire me i work ernest and promp no puffing up no don careishness I agan ask you to give me a fair trial i will gaurantee satisfaction a poet is bon not made you know and regarcles mess and stuff that you have received pleace dont pass me by but give me fair trial

Yours for the Journal and the south A Subscriber ———.

P S. in case I do not succeed and you alaw m trial as i said i will remain a subscriber for 5 years this is to show ernestness and that i am no crank

And the answer to the letter never came!

***

Mr. Bryan's article in the present number of THE WRITER calling attention to the value of the newspapers as sources of inspiration and material for writers makes some useful suggestions. Many writers have discovered before now that next in value to studying life at first hand is studying it in the stories of human interest furnished daily by the newspapers. Charles Reade is not the only novelist who has depended on newspaper articles for suggestions, facts, and inspiration. Writers need to read the newspapers regularly to keep informed re-

garding the progress of the world, and, as Mr. Bryan says, they can get great help from them if they will read them with a view to finding material and suggestions for literary work. Here, for instance, is a story that was reprinted the other day in the *New York Sun*:—

IMPERSONATED A DEAD FIANCE.

The Impostor Succeeded in Deceiving and Almost in Marrying a Mexican Heiress.

From the Mexican Herald.

There is a young man in this city who nearly succeeded in winning the hand of a rich and beautiful girl by impersonating a youth who was really dead, and to whom the girl had been betrothed by virtue of a sort of family arrangement, since both were infants.

The young pretender is a native of San Luis Potosi, but has for some time past resided in this city, and has attracted attention by his elegance in dress and the freedom with which he spent money. No one, however, knew where his money came from.

Recently the young man came into possession of certain documents belonging to a frontier family which had once been of great note. Through these documents the pretender learned that it had been the intention of the frontier family and another wealthy family of this city to effect a matrimonial alliance. A young man belonging to the frontier family was to marry a young lady belonging to the wealthy and prominent family of this city. But the young people had never met, and the young girl had never set eyes even on a photograph of her intended husband.

Subsequent events interfered with these family projects. The frontier family fell from its high position and the young man himself died.

When the young adventurer learned of this history a plan occurred to him for replenishing his pocket. This plan was no other than the impersonation of the dead youth from the frontier. He learned all he could about the family history of the frontier people and he presented himself to the family in this city, and by telling them plausible stories positively succeeded in imposing upon them. But what was of more importance than anything else, he won his way to the heart of the lady.

It is probable that the marriage would actually have come off had not some friends of the family heard of the plot and presented proof positive to the young lady's family that her suitor was an impostor.

As soon as he was thus unmasked he was threatened by the girl's relatives with being sent to Belem unless he withdrew his suit. This he was obliged to do, and it is supposed that he will now seek a change of air until the memory of this fiasco has passed away.

Would it be difficult to expand this news item into an interesting storyette, or even into a sensational three-volume novel?

***

Those who have been in a position to see the newspapers published in different parts of the country during the past twenty years have observed the general reduction in the size of the newspaper page that has taken place. Twenty years ago the unwieldy folio paper, with four blanket pages, was common, especially among weekly papers. Now a paper of the folio size is an exception, and the quarto, of from eight to ninety-six or even more pages, is the rule. Readers have benefited by the change, and they cannot help being pleased to note that the tendency among periodicals to reduce the size of the page is still active. Not long ago there was a general change among religious weeklies from the newspaper form to the shape of *Harper's Weekly*. More recently still the *Outlook* and the *Independent* have led the way in a further change to the *Harper's Monthly* shape, and in time most of the other religious weeklies are likely to follow their example. Newspapers as yet have been slower to reduce their size below the quarto page, but a movement is noticeable in that direction. For some time the *New York Times*, the *New York Tribune* and the *Boston Journal* have been printing Sunday supplements of the *Harper's Weekly* size, and now the *Boston Journal* has gone a step farther, and has reduced its whole Sunday issue to the same form. Weekly papers like the *Boston Home Journal* did the same thing long ago, and similar changes are being made all the time, one of the most recent examples being the *Boston Beacon*. A conspicuous example of the old blanket sheet still remaining is the *Boston Courier*, which is such an unwieldy, awkward thing, that every one who reads it hopes that it may soon follow in the footsteps of its rivals.

***

The *Harper's Weekly* form for a daily or weekly paper is so convenient to the reader that it is probable that in time it will be generally adopted. The daily paper, of course, must gain in thickness what it loses in size of page, but in the new shape it can be expanded or contracted with ease, as the *Congressional Record* is, to meet the requirements of the day. In London the *Pall Mall Gazette* has long been published daily in the form which in time all newspapers are likely to adopt. It is easy to read, and in places like a crowded car pages

can be turned without the slightest inconvenience. It is more easily bound or filed for reference than the ordinary newspaper of the present day. For family reading, it may be divided into sections, so that each member of the family may have a part at the same time. On the smaller page poster headlines are impossible, so that by its adoption the headline nuisance is reduced. Some business managers think that on smaller pages advertisers would buy less space, but all publicity is relative, and if the same effect were produced, advertisers would no doubt be willing to pay as much for a small "full-page" as they do for a large one now. Besides, there is no law to prevent an advertiser from using more than one page, if he needs space, in a single issue. However this may be, the tendency toward smaller pages cannot be resisted, and now that a few leading papers are setting the fashion, the demand of readers will compel their contemporaries to follow it. The newspaper of the future, daily or weekly, will have an indefinite number of pages of the *Harper's Weekly* size. The religious weekly of the future will take the shape of *Harper's Magazine*. W. H. H.

CORRECTIONS IN TYPEWRITING.

In the interest of the great army of typesetters, in which I rashly enlisted some years before the Spanish war, I want to make one or two suggestions to writers regarding the typewritten manuscripts they prepare for editors and publishers, and eventually — sometimes — for the printers. In the first place, let me beg of them to retain the manifold copy, turned out by the typewriter, for their own protection and delectation, and to send only the original ribbon copy to editor and printer. Next, when they have corrections to make, let them mark the changes as near as possible to the exact places where the errors are in the manuscript, instead of marking them on the margins as a proofreader would do in revising a printed page. For instance, if, in typewriting, an "e" has been struck for an "a," or a "w" for a "j," let them simply write a new letter over the old, instead of cancelling the wrongly-struck letter and marking the change in the margin. If a word, clause, or sentence is to be inserted, let it be inserted between the lines, with a caret, and perhaps a line drawn from the point of the caret to enclose the added matter. If a word or a line is to be cancelled, let the work be done thoroughly with a heavy ink zig-zag line drawn through the word to be marked out, so that the cancelled typewriting shall be thoroughly obscured. If two words need to be separated, let the author simply draw a long perpendicular line between them. If a divided word needs to be brought together, let him bridge the dividing space with curved lines above and below. If a capital has been wrongly struck, let him reduce it to lower case by striking a pencil line through it at an angle. To change a small letter into a capital let him draw three short lines beneath it, or write the capital letter over the lower case letter that he wants to change. If writers generally will only follow these few simple rules, printers generally will rise up from their linotypes, when their work has been put into hot type, and call them blessed. *R. L. Hollis.*

New York, N. Y.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Kindly tell me whether the following extracts from "The Munger Collection" in *Brush and Pencil* for October, 1898, are written in good English? The author is Charles Francis Browne, a gentleman who has charge of the painting class at the Art Institute of Chicago: —

He was charitable to a degree beyond many of equal wealth. Probably the most popular picture in Room 40 of his collection is his Bouguereau, "The Bathers." . . . "The Bathers" will not stand this modern test of realism of technique. But the people say it does stand looking at . . nothing slovenly done or mussed around in an uncertain fashion — everything attempted is masterly done, and that is a great deal. To decry such a work as this as bad — some say, rot — only exposes the narrowness of vision of the speaker and the injustice and partiality of his taste.

The following quotation bears on what we have been saying. No woman painter has her reputation.

Another military picture . . . shows a long line of volunteers, in motley garb, drawn up in a piece of wood.

On the editorial page of this October number I read: "Our material will be new, and written with critical accuracy, and some claim to literary style." *Mary L. Potter.*

[The sentences quoted are certainly not models of literary style. Simplicity, directness,

and lucidity are the three qualities of style chiefly requisite in art criticism, as in other writing, and mannerisms, "impressionist" sentences and phrases, and the use of art jargon must always be avoided. — W. H. H.]

Harry H. Sylvester in the June number of THE WRITER says: "The horse may be a 'noble animal,' but most artists are content to let him alone. He is a severe trial," etc.; again: "Few are anxious to draw a cat. The chances are that the animal will not only take her own time," etc.; again: "A dog will get nervous if he is watched." Why should the words "him" and "he" be applied to a horse, "her" to a cat, and again "he" to a dog? Why is it that with some animals the lines of gender are sharply drawn, as t ger and tigress, lion and lioness, cow and bull, while for other animals we have nothing better than "Tom" and "Maria" and "Pussy" for cats, "Billy" and "Nanny" for goats, while horses are called "horses" indiscriminately? Would it be proper to say: "It is a fine horse"? In a word, what are the rules governing the use of the words "it," "him," "he," "her," when applied to animal life? J. H. B.

[All that can be said in answer to "J. H. B.'s" question is that the common usage is to say "he" in speaking generically of a dog and "she" in speaking generically of a cat, just as it is to say "she" in speaking of a locomotive or a ship, even though in the latter case the vessel be a man-of-war. "It" is not commonly used in referring to a horse, or a dog, or a cat, but is sometimes used in speaking of a kitten, or, by those wretched beings known as bachelors, in speaking of a baby. — W. H. H.]

Can you give me some information about schools where library methods are taught?

P. L. F.

[According to a recent article by Pauline Leipziger in the *New York Tribune*, the pioneer library school at Albany is under the control of the University of the State of New York, and three others have grown out of it. These are the schools connected with the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, with the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and with the University of Illinois at Champaign. The school at Albany occupies a suite in the state capitol. It has ten resident and twenty non-resident lecturers on the faculty, and the course covers two years. The Pratt school in Brooklyn has a one-year and a two-years course, and its director is Miss Mary W. Plummer. The Drexel school, which was opened in 1892, has a one-year course. The Illinois school was first opened in 1893 in connection with Armour Institute, Chicago, and was afterward transferred to the State University at Champaign. It occupies a fine college library building, and possesses the advantages connected with a large university. Miss Katharine L. Sharp, the director, is a full professor in the university. — W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

"Now, my fellow-citizens, it gives me g eat plea-ure to pres nt to you the Secretary of the Treasury, who I am sure you will be glad to hear." — *President McKinley at Red Oak, Iowa.*	"Now, my fellow-citizens, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the Secretary of the Treasury, whom I am sure you will be glad to hear."
Previous to the capture of Santiago. — *Washington despatch.*	Before the capture of Santiago.
In all of the dealings between Admiral Dewey and General Aguinaldo the former has never written a single communication, sending all his m ssages verbally, and has advised that the military commanders follow the same course. — *Manila Letter in Chicago Record.*	In all his dealings with General Aguinaldo Admiral Dewey has never written a single communication, sending all his messages orally, and he has advised that the military commanders follow the same course.
It is probable that when troops are sent to Cuba there will be a force of such size and character as to give the islanders a different impression of the United States soldiers than they now entertain. — *Washington Special in New York Tribune.*	It is probable that when troops are sent to Cuba there will be a force of such size and character as to give the islanders a different impression of the United States soldiers from that which they have now.
This name is given to the highest part of Tibet a bleak and barren wilderness, inhabited only by wild animals, no part of whose surface, it is said, is less than 16,000 feet above sea level. — *Youth's Companion.*	This name is given to the highest part of Tibet a bleak and barren wilderness inhabited only by wild animals. No part of its surface, it is said, is less than 16,000 feet above sea level.
No one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave. — *Ray Stannard Baker, in McClure's Magazine for November.*	No one would think of blaming him, or of asking more than he gave.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Charles Love Benjamin, author of the story, "The Judgment of the Cadi," in *St. Nicholas* for October, was born in Washington twenty-eight years ago, and was educated in various

private and public schools of the capital. At the age of eighteen he became editor of *Printers' Ink*, the little journal founded by George P. Rowell as an exponent of the art of advertising, and, following his natural bent, managed to work a good deal of the literary spirit into the earlier issues of that technical publication. From *Printers' Ink* he went to the genial and congenial habitat of the Century Company, where he found scope for artistic and literary feeling in designing posters, catalogues, and other forms of advertising for the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*. A few years ago he left the Century Company to write and to design on his own account. As an original member of the Brooklyn troop of cavalry, belonging to the national guard of New York, he went early into service during the Spanish war, and has lately returned from campaigning in Porto Rico well supplied with material illustrative of that island and its people. Mr. Benjamin has a tolerant and even sympathetic spirit for other times, lands, and peoples than our own, and all his short stories show, as does "The Judgment of the Cadi," that he writes about them *con amore*.

Elizabeth Carpenter, who wrote the bright verses, "Some P's and Q's," in *St. Nicholas* for October, devotes her time chiefly to lecturing on general history and literature, and her verses are the recreation of a busy woman. She is the compiler of the valuable "Students' Guide to General Literature," published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia, and has printed articles, sketches, verses, etc., in many periodicals. She was on the staff of the *Household News* while it was printed, and now writes regularly for several papers. She has written and delivered nearly a hundred different lectures, and her services are constantly in demand upon the lecture platform.

Helen Whitney Clark, whose poem, "Autumn's Work," appeared in the October number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, lives in Missouri, which is her native state, although her ancestors were from New England. She has written both prose sketches and verse for the last twelve or fifteen years. In that time she has contributed to *Saturday Night*, *Golden Days*, the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Housewife*, *Peterson's Magazine*, the *New York Ledger*, the *Home Queen*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Jenness-Miller Monthly*, the *St. Louis Magazine*, the *Western World*, the *Criterion*, and some other publications. Her sketches and poems have been quite extensively copied by the press.

Beulah Marie Dix, author of the story, "The Mercy of the Righteous," in *Short Stories* for October, was born at Plymouth, Mass., of straight New England stock, English except for a dash of Celtic derived from the fighting O'Briens of Machias. In 1897 she received her Bachelor's degree from Radcliffe College, with highest honors in English. At the same time she received from Harvard University the George B. Sohier prize, which, in the words of the endowment, is given "for the best thesis presented by a successful candidate for Honors in English or Modern Literature" among the students of Harvard and Radcliffe. The subject of her thesis was "Published Collections of English and Scottish Ballads, 1765-1802." In 1898 she received, also at Radcliffe, her Master's degree. Most of Miss Dix's college work was done in the English and History departments, which may have given to her writings the bent they have taken, though possibly childhood in a town with traditions helped turn her to historical work. So far her stories and sketches have all dealt with the England of the seventeenth century. They have been published in *Lippincott's*, *Godey's*, and *Short Stories*. Fully half Miss Dix's time, however, has been given to the writing of plays. She did several — historical, like her stories — which were acted at college. The earliest of these, "Cicely's Cavalier," was published by the Walter Baker Company, in 1896. Another, "Apples of Eden," was given at the Empire Theatre, New York, by the pupils of Mr. Sargent last winter. She expects to have another one produced there this fall. Miss Dix is living at present with her parents in

Cambridge, where she divides her time between seeking a publisher for a boys' story of adventure which she wrote last winter, and collecting material for a story dealing with the early history of Plymouth.

Catharine Young Glen, who wrote the verses "A Grand Financial Bubble," in *St. Nicholas* for October, is a New Jersey girl, though educated in Massachusetts. In 1894 she graduated from Mt. Holyoke College, and after a subsequent tour through France set out to try her fortunes in the literary line. Last June closed her third year of work. "Almost as far back as I remember," she says, in answer to a letter from the editor of THE WRITER, "I have wanted to write. As a child I managed, I think, to get the full good of childhood, and the memories of that Little World, still near and dear to me, are those for which I now find the readiest place. 'A Grand Financial Bubble,' to which you refer, is one of a number of poems written for *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*. I am hoping, in the near future, to bring out a volume of child-verse. I write also stories and poems in another vein, some of which find their way, now and then, into the *Century*, *Munsey's*, *Vogue*, the *Illustrated American*, and other of our magazines."

Lizzie M. Hadley, whose paper, "Artillery Ancient and Modern," appeared in *Lippincott's* for October, writes in answer to a request for personal information: "I am, primarily, that (supposed-to be) 'encyclopædiac' piece of machinery, a public school teacher, and, from necessity, literature is an avocation instead of a vocation. I was born and passed the early years of my life in the little New Hampshire town of Canaan, removing to Lowell when but ten years of age. A few years later, upon my father's death, I returned to Canaan and remained, alternately teaching and attending school, until I completed the course of study at Canaan Academy. After several terms of teaching in Canaan and the surrounding towns, I came to Lowell, and was soon afterward elected to my present position in the Ames-street school. Among my ancestors I claim four nationalities, English, Irish, Danish, and Welsh, and I am the sixth in a direct line from Hannah Dustin of early New England fame. I have always been an omnivorous reader, and at an early age began the writing of what I called stories and poetry, taking, if I remember rightly, decidedly pessimistic views of life. Fortunately, no one thought me a prodigy, and most of these juvenile efforts were consigned to the fire almost as soon as they were written; yet I persevered, and at seventeen I was writing short stories which were occasionally published. An affection of the eyes caused me to lay aside my pen for a while, and it is only within the last ten or twelve years that it has been resumed to any extent. During this time, aside from a few stories, verses, and several articles upon general subjects, my work has been chiefly for educational publications, and I frequently have more orders from these than I can fill."

Charles Bryant Howard, author of the story, "A Tackle in Time,' in *St. Nicholas* for October, began about ten years ago writing short stories, most of which have been accepted by the *Youth's Companion*, while others have appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *Short Stories*, the *Black Cat*, and other publications. He was born in Roxbury, January 19, 1866, and was educated at Bishop's College school, Quebec, and the Brookline, Mass., high school. He spent fourteen months in the Philippines, which formed a basis of material for several stories and descriptive articles, the latter having appeared in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the *Massey Magazine* (of Toronto), and several dailies, particularly the *Boston Transcript*. Another Philippine story of his, entitled "Juanita and Jefe," appeared in the August *St. Nicholas*, and several others have been published lately in the *Companion*. Being occupied from morning to night with editorial and other work connected with the business of Lamson, Wolffe, & Co., publishers, Mr. Howard is unable to devote much time to his own literary work, but like all other busy men, he manages

to accomplish a great deal in the spare moments that he finds at his disposal.

Eva Rice Moore, who wrote the story, "'Twere Folly to Be Wise," in the *Canadian Magazine* for September, was born and has lived nearly all her life in Buffalo, N. Y. Her parents are of straight New England stock, her father being a native of Lowell, Mass. A great-great-grandfather on both the paternal and the maternal sides fought against the British in the War of the Revolution. Mrs. Moore has spent a number of years in different parts of Canada, and has lived in Chicago, and Kansas City, and other places in the United States. She is at present located on a farm not many miles from Niagara Falls. Nine years ago she was married to Edwin F. Moore, a Canadian, a descendant of U. E. Loyalist stock. He has been for many years a writer upon political, social, and miscellaneous subjects. The *New York Ledger* published Mrs. Moore's first short story — "As in Duty Bound." "'Twere Folly to Be Wise," the story in the *Canadian Magazine*, was written for that publication, and was accepted immediately. The editor had previously accepted a story entitled "For Her Dear Sake." This story has not yet been published. Mrs. Moore contributed a number of short articles and one story to the *Family Herald and Weekly Star* of Montreal, which has a large circulation in the United States and Canada. She has been writing only a year and a half, and only at odd times, as she is a very busy woman.

Harrison S. Morris, author of the poem, "Compline," in the October *Harper's*, is the managing director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He was born in Philadelphia in 1856. "I have found acceptance in the magazines beyond my deserts," he modestly writes, in response to an inquiry, "but I always think that the best things I have been lucky enough to do are in my book of verse called 'Madonna and Other Poems,' published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in 1894. To my charge are also laid 'Tales from Ten Poets' and 'Tales from Shakespeare,' being irreverent prosifications of English masterpieces, the latter a continuation of Charles and Mary Lamb's unfinished work. I am also responsible for four volumes called 'In the Yule-Log Glow,' comprising Christmas stories and an exhaustive collection of Christmas verses, and some books even more minor than these."

Charles Gordon Rogers, who wrote the story, "Carnations," in the *Canadian Magazine* for September, is Secretary to the Commissioner of Agriculture of Canada, Professor James W. Robertson. He was born in Pennsylvania, just before the Franco-Prussian war. Of his literary work he says: "I have sent manuscripts to all the magazines. In several instances the same manuscript has knocked at the bolted and barred doors of each mighty producer of the poetry of the period, though it did n't look the same when it came back from its last vain voyage as it had looked when it started out, fresh and beautifully clean, and carefully folded, and altogether hopeful of bringing a good price. I don't think I should call the great magazines the producers of the 'poetry' they print; but I did so because their verse reads as if it had been turned out on the premises by machinery—or even by the editor. I have contributed in the accepted and more pleasant sense of the word to the following periodicals: the *New England Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Independent*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *St. Nicholas*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Outing*, *Field and Stream*, the *Canadian Magazine*, *Saturday Night* (of Toronto), and others. I have found the editors of the two Boston publications named particularly kind and helpful, and I must always have a warm feeling for them. I began by writing verses, and the

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

greater number of these were printed in the *New England Magazine*. Then I got out of the flowery meadows of verse into the harrowed field of short stories; though I have no doubt the verses were harrowing, too. I have enough verse for a volume, as 'volumes' go nowadays, and several short stories just pining to be put between hard covers, or paper ones. My bread-and-butter position — in the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture — leaves me, of course, only the evenings in which to do any literary work; and as I write only when I feel quite inclined that way, and never try to write when not in the humor, my output is small. My plan is to map out a plot, almost to the detail of it; think it over as I smoke, thoroughly and seriously (just as if the story were to be of some real consequence), give the unwritten story a name, hang the name on a hook, and write the story when inclined, the name always reminding me of the plot. Of course, the plot of a story may be the fruit of an incident or a remark, and may be constructed and elaborated while the great author is taking a bicycle ride, or industriously sawing wood for the prosaic hired girl. I have made up lots of things that way. Sometimes the plot included the hired girl, and of course she was the chief victim. She was to die very early in the story, but she generally left before the story was written, and Mary Ellen the Second reigned in her stead. Or, again, a plot has been the result of a deliberate and premeditated resolve to construct one. In the November issue of *Field and Stream* (Joseph P. Burkhard, publisher, 220 Broadway, New York) there will be an article of mine on duck-hunting. Without having any designs on the purse of the reading sportsman for the benefit of the publisher of *Field and Stream*, I would strongly recommend a perusal of that article. I am not an authority on sporting matters, but there are some things in that article that should not be overlooked by the young gentleman who is sitting up nights loading cartridges, and telling his friends that he is going duck-shooting, in company with a friend who is a great shot."

Anne H. Woodruff, author of the poem, "**Memories**," in the *Home Magazine* for October, began her literary experience with some verses printed in the *Presbyterian Review* of Toronto, Can. Since then she has been writing verses which have appeared in different periodicals. *Good Housekeeping* and the *Home Guard* were the first to give her encouragement. The *Union Signal*, the *New York Home Journal*, the *Midland Monthly*, the Toronto *Saturday Night*, the *Advance* (Chicago), the *Housekeeper*, the *Home*, and other periodicals have accepted her work. A poem entitled "Regret," and signed Nannie H. Woodruff, appeared in *Godey's Magazine* last fall. A few short stories have been accepted by different publications, one by the *Youth's Advocate*, Nashville, Tenn. Miss Woodruff was born and lived all her life until last year in a small village called St. Davids, in Ontario, Can., near Niagara Falls. Her mother's father was Major David Secor, descendant of a French Huguenot family of that name, refugees who settled in New Rochelle, N. Y. He adhered to the crown, and came to Canada at the time of the Revolutionary War, was in command of the militia, 1812, and was returned to Parliament several times. Her great-grandfather was Ezekiel Woodruff, of Litchfield, Conn., a lawyer, a graduate of Yale. He also came to Canada early in the century. His son, Miss Woodruff's grandfather, was a successful merchant who invested largely in land. On one of his farms her father raised his family, and in that beautiful region, she says: "I received that love of the country and of nature that will never die."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Burroughs. — "When I was twenty-three I wrote an essay on 'Expression' and sent it to the *Atlantic*. It was so Emersonian in style, owing to my enthusiasm for Emerson at that time, that the editor thought some one was trying to palm off on him an early essay of Emerson's which he had not seen. He found that Emerson had not published any such essay, however, and printed it, though it had not much merit.

"If I ran after birds only to write about them, I should never have written anything

that any one else would have cared to read. I must write from sympathy and love, — that is, from enjoyment, — or not at all. I come gradually to have a feeling that I want to write upon a given theme. Whenever the subject recurs to me, it awakens a warm, personal response. My confidence that I ought to write comes from the feeling or attraction which some subjects exercise over me. The work is pleasure, and the result gives pleasure."

"And your work as a naturalist is what?"

"Climbing trees to study birds, lying by the waterside to watch the fishes, sitting still in the grass for hours to study insects, and tramping here and there, always to observe and study whatever is common to the woods and fields." —*Interview with John Burroughs, by Theodore Dreiser, for Success.*

Frederic. — Frederic planned his novels with the utmost regard to details. I have said that his plans changed as he worked on, but he never worked without a plan. I have seen his working draughts of a novel, which were almost as bulky as the novel itself. He was not afraid of labor. Harold Frederic and Eugene Field wrote the daintiest "copy" of any men I ever knew. "Dainty" is the word, and no other. Field's was the more embellished of the two. Gold leaf and colors frequently enhanced its inky delicacies. Frederic's copy was rarely so ornamental, but his book manuscripts were written in finest character with the finest pen. It was like the handiwork of a girl who has learned copperplate engraving. There were close lines and big margins. Blots, corrections, erasures, were abhorred. — *Arthur Warren, in New York Times.*

In talking with a reporter for the *London Sketch* two years ago, on the question as to how he turned out so much work, Mr. Frederic said: —

"System, my boy, system. I have working hours and playing hours. When I am at work, I shut myself up and nobody sees me; when I play, I am in evidence. As nobody sees me except when I am not working, I am supposed to be an easy-going lot."

"But when do you work?"

"Mornings and evenings. I have certain days for newspaper work and certain other days for novel writing, and a certain time every day for reading."

"Do you read much?"

"Yes, a great amount."

"Fiction?"

"A little."

"Poetry?"

"I'd rather saw wood."

"What then?"

"Whatever bears upon my work. You have no notion what the preparation of a novel means."

Some of the work involved in writing "Theron Ware" is shown in Mr. Frederic's account of the book. "One of the characters," he said, "is experimenting on Lubbock's and Darwin's lines. Although these pursuits are merely mentioned, I have got up masses of stuff on bees and the cross fertilization of plants. I have had to teach myself all the details of a Methodist minister's work, obligations, and daily routine, and all the machinery of his church. Another character is a priest, who is a good deal more of a pagan than a simple-minded Christian. He loves luxury and learning. I have studied the arts he loves as well as his theology; I have waded in Assyriology and Schopenhauer; pored over palimpsests and pottery; and, in order to write understandingly about a musician, who figures in the story, I have bored a professional friend to death getting technical musical stuff from him. I don't say this is the right way to build novels; only, it is my way."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, PHYSICIAN, SCIENTIST, AND AUTHOR. With frontispiece portrait. Talcott Williams. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

MARK TWAIN IN CALIFORNIA. With portrait. Noah Brooks. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN (Franklin's Family Relations.) Illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38c.) for November.

MARGARET CLYDE'S EXTRA (Newspaper story) Illustrated. Isabel Gordon Curtis. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for November.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.—III. Charles Townsend Copeland. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

CARLYLE AS A LETTER WRITER. Charles Townsend Copeland. *Atlantic* (38c.) for November.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A CHARACTER SKETCH. With frontispiece portrait. Ray Stannard Baker. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

LITERARY SHOP. Andrew Lang. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE AUTHOR? Annie Steger Winston. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

THE GOLDEN GIFT (Imagination.) Julie K. Wetherill. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

THE CRAZE FOR THE UNCONVENTIONAL. Jane Ellis Joy. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

THE REAL ZANGWILL. Theodore Dreiser. *Ainslee's Magazine* for November.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Illustrated. A. L. Samson. *Metropolitan Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

THE GREAT SECRETARY OF STATE INTERVIEW (A newspaper story). Jesse Lynch Williams. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

DEFECTIVE DICTIONARIES. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS IN THE WAR. With portraits. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November.

MY EXPERIENCES AT SANTIAGO. James Creelman. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November.

HOW RICHARD WAGNER WROTE HIS OPERAS. Illustrated. Houston Stewart Chamberlain. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for November.

A RAMBLE IN LITERARY LONDON. John D. Morgan. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

SIR ARTHUR SULLVIAN. With portrait. *Ledger Monthly* (8 c.) for November.

THE BYRON REVIVAL. William P. Trent. *Forum.* (38 c.) for October.

A DECADE OF MAGAZINE LITERATURE. Rev. Charles H. Eaton. *Forum* (38 c.) for October.

COLONEL T. W. HIGGINSON. With portrait. John Livingston Wright. *Self Culture Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

H. SIENKIEWICZ. With portrait. Ellen A. Vinton. *Self Culture Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Pompeo Molmenti. Reprinted from *Nuova Antologia* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 1.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 1.

SOME NOTES ON DICKENS. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Longmans' Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 8.

STEPHEN MALLARME. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Saturday Review* in *Living* Age (18 c.) for October 22.

VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS. With portrait. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 1.

THE PASSING OF THE POET. Elizabeth Gibson. Reprinted from *Chambers' Journal* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 15.

ON THE INTERPRETATION OF EMILY BRONTE. Angus M. Mackay. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 29.

ORATORY OF THE STUMP. Henry Watterson. In two parts. *Youth's Companion* (8 c. each) for October 13 and 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John Morley will write the authorized Life of Gladstone.

Miss Katharine Lee Bates, professor of English literature at Wellesley College, and writer of children's stories, is abroad for a year of rest and travel.

Herbert D. Ward and his wife (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), of Newton, Mass., observed the tenth anniversary of their marriage October 20.

The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is Charles Major, of Shelbyville, Ind.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Reminiscences will be published in the *Atlantic* during 1899.

The two volumes of the "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett" that Harper & Brothers are to publish shortly include every letter which passed between the two poets, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, from their first acquaintance until their marriage, with the exception of one letter, which was destroyed by common consent.

A delegation from the National Editorial Association will go to Paris in 1899, starting in June. Already 160 applications for tickets have been received. The trip will occupy fifty days and it is expected that the expense will be limited to $100 for each tourist. The next annual meeting of the association will be held at Portland, Ore.

The *Criterion* (New York) has been enlarged to thirty-two pages, and the price has been reduced to five cents a copy.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November is issued in its new form, the size of *Harper's Monthly*, and is sold for ten cents a copy. Mrs. Frank Leslie has resumed the editorship of the magazine.

The *New York Ledger* is now published monthly instead of weekly.

Vim (New York) has suspended publication.

Paul Tyner, of Denver, has bought a controlling interest in the *Arena*, and the October number has been published under his editorial direction.

The *Cosmopolitan* offers $250 for the best essay on the economic arrangement and construction of subways for carrying the sewers, water, gas, etc., of great cities.

The *Century Magazine* offers three prizes of $250 each, (1) for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines; (2) for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism; (3) for the best story of not fewer than 4,000 or more than 8,000 words, submitted before June 1, 1899, by any one who shall have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university of the United States during the commencement season of 1898. Of the similar prizes offered last year, that for the story is awarded to Miss Grace M. Gallagher, of Essex, Conn., Vassar, 1897; that for the poem, to Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, of New London, Conn., Smith, 1897; and that for the essay, to Miss Florence Hotchkiss, of Geneva, Ill., Vassar, 1897.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* will pay five dollars for any plan, suggestion, idea, or device, which it accepts, by which woman's work may be lightened. It will also pay for accepted photographs of old ladies whose age exceeds seventy years, and offers prizes for the best photographs of tables set for social occasions.

The *Ladies' Home Journal*, according to Mr. Bok, now has a circulation of 550,000 copies.

Paul Leicester Ford begins in the November *Century* a series of profusely illustrated papers on "The Many-Sided Franklin," the opening article dealing with Franklin's Family Relations.

Jesse Lynch Williams contributes another of his newspaper stories to the November *Scribner's*. It is called "The Great Secretary of State Interview," and describes an incident in the career of a young reporter.

With its November number *St. Nicholas* begins a new volume and celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday. In honor of this anniversary the magazine dons a special cover, bearing a birthday cake decorated with twenty-five candles. Isabel Gordon Curtis contributes an exciting story, called "Margaret Clyde's Extra," telling how a young girl who read proof on a morning paper scored a beat on the rival journals.

Any one having manuscripts for *Little Folks* will save time by forwarding them direct to its editor, Charles Stewart Pratt, Warner, N. H. The publication office is in Boston.

"Literary Shop," by Andrew Lang, in the *North American Review* for November, is a reply to W. H. Rideing's article on "Literary Life in London," published in the June *Review*.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for November closes the twelfth volume of the magazine, and contains a table of contents showing how full of artistic and literary treasures the numbers for the year have been.

James Creelman, the war correspondent, describes his adventures before Santiago in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November.

Clifton M. Nichols, a life-long friend of Coates Kinney, the author of "Rain on the Roof," writes interestingly in the *Woman's Home Companion* for November of the evolution of that celebrated song-poem through various versions.

The article on "Newspaper Correspondents in the War" in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November has portraits of Grover Flint, Henry Norman, James L. Creelman, Richard Harding Davis, F. L. Stickney, Frederic Remington, Julian Hawthorne, J. E. Chamberlin, Edward Marshall, Stephen Crane, Alexander C. Kenealy, John T. McCutcheon, Malcolm McDowell, Sylvester Scovel, Murat Halstead, and William R. Hearst.

Blanche Willis Howard Von Teuffel died in Munich, October 7, aged fifty-one.

Harold Frederic died at Henley, England, October 19, aged forty-two.

Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., died in New York October 29, aged sixty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XI. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1898. No. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

INDEXING THE SCRAPBOOK. *Clifton S. Wady.* . . . 177
MRS. FRANK LESLIE. *J. Montgomery McGovern.* . . 178
HONESTY AMONG NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS. *Hiram B. Myers.* 179
JUVENILE LITERATURE OLD AND NEW. *Ruth Hall.* . 180
EDITORIAL. 182
Untruthful Editing, 182 — The Chance of the New Writer Again, 182 — The *Century* Prizes, 182 — Notes. 183
QUERIES. 183
"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED. 183
THE SCRAP BASKET. 183
WRITERS OF THE DAY. 184
Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson, 184 — Truman A. De Weese, 184 — Elsie Hill, 184 — Albert J. Klinck, 184 — Harrison Robertson, 185 — Martha T. Tyler, 185 — Charles Welsh, 185 — James Cooper Wheeler. 186
PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS. 186
Thomas Hardy, 186 — Thomas Nelson Page, 186 — Charles Reade, 186 — James Whitcomb Riley. . . 186
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 186
NEWS AND NOTES. 187

INDEXING THE SCRAPBOOK.

A scrapbook that is n't indexed is like an unworked gold mine — the treasure is there, but not available.

Life is too short to classify exhaustively all the matter which may properly go into such a book; hence I suggest the following short-cut method of indexing: —

Get a large blank book, one page of which will take at least two columns in width (of newspaper clippings one and one-eighth inches wide), and use for pasting only the left-hand column of each page. Thus you will leave a blank column for comment, or for pasting in, at a later date, further kindred matter. You will also avoid pasting the printed matter back to back, and thus will keep the clippings in a condition to be removed to advantage if necessary. No more space is taken up, and reading is easier, than when all clippings are pasted close together.

If a clipping has reference to but one subject, you may give it a comprehensive title, and index only one line; but, as a matter of fact, almost every clipping refers to several subjects, which should each be indexed under its own head.

To cover the last-mentioned case, I suggest numbering at the side the paragraphs which represent the subjects. Separate the paragraphs by lines between. Index by such numbers right through the book, rather than by folios.

If you have a series of books, letter each from A, but number each book from 1 up, by subjects. If you have more than one book, the index must show both numbers and letters, thus: A 1, A 2, A 3, B 1, B 2, B 3, and so on.

The index may well be a separate volume — preferably of the patent kind in which the "first two letters" of title are employed, rather than a complicated vowel system.

Another advantage in pasting clips in alternation is that it renders unnecessary the use of "stub" pages to make the closed book of uniform thickness.

I suggest a set of books bound in cheap canvas, for durability. Buy fairly good manila paper in full sheets at the paper warehouse, — not the retailer's store, — and order the books made up with only such cutting as is necessitated by mere trimming of the pages. This saves for your own use the paper usually cut to waste.

Now, I wonder if I have made quite clear what I mean all this to accomplish in the way of ready and comprehensive reference?

I will give an illustration. Say, you paste into your book a single article on the late war with Spain. In its paragraphs you find matter for indexing under a dozen different headings. For instance, you have a cut and a brief description of a certain prominent general; also a bit of description of Cuba; also a short account of "how the machete is used"; also a lively description of the landing of troops through the surf, etc., etc. Many of these short things, which are really valuable for quick reference, would be lost if they were "lumped" under the first title of the article. One may call the process of indexing a dissection of clipped articles, each fragment being treated as complete in itself, and worthy of a title and a place in the index. It is hardly necessary to write titles on the pages with the printed matter — the index alone may be depended on.

One may paste away in a set of books thus conducted, regardless of classification, — that rock on which founder the good intentions of writers with limited time, — the indexing to be done at leisure.

Scrapbooks kept under some such system as is here described will offer continual sources of timely information, and prove a well-spring of inspiration to the writer who from the miscellaneous prints gathers wisely "leaves" for his second-hand tree of knowledge.

If you have something that's better than this — let's hear from you. *Clifton S. Wady.*

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

"A woman is young as long as she can love, laugh, and enjoy." This was Mrs. Frank Leslie's reply to a question asked her some time ago as to her opinion of the age at which a woman loses her youth. Meeting Mrs. Leslie now, one is involuntarily reminded of her own epigram. Certainly, in manner, appearance, and charm of bearing, she is as young to-day as she was ten years ago.

Mrs. Leslie's fame as a littérateur is known to the world, her great executive ability is generally recognized, but none except those who have met her know the personal magnetism, the winning fascination of voice and manner, the never-failing tact which have justly won for her the place in the social world that her pen has won in the literary world. In conversation Mrs. Leslie enters into any topic with the animation and keen interest of a girl, and discusses it with a breadth of mind and grasp of affairs truly masculine, combined with the polished, epigrammatic style of the brilliant woman of the world.

It is as the hostess in her own drawing-room that Mrs. Leslie is seen at her best socially. Her graciousness of manner extends to all present, making the most shy and awkward guest feel equally welcome with the most brilliant and courted. She is one of the few women who possess the happy faculty of always saying the right thing in the right place. Mrs. Leslie's versatility is perhaps one of her most striking social characteristics. With several languages perfectly at her command, she not infrequently carries on a conversation with two or three different persons at the same time, speaking to each in his own tongue and upon entirely different topics.

Combined with rare conversational powers, scintillating wit, and an ever-ready fund of entertaining anecdote and repartee, Mrs. Leslie has the personal beauty and the distinguished carriage which have made her social success abroad — particularly in Paris — so marked.

"Mrs. Frank Leslie's Thursday afternoons" have become proverbial, and to be invited means that one is to meet the upper-tendom of New York's fashionable Bohemia, men and women of the best literary and artistic set, who gather there to exchange ideas and to dis-

cuss books, music, art, politics, — a bit of everything that the world is talking about, — with their hostess and with each other. Unlike many successful literary women, — jealous of their own laurels, — Mrs. Leslie has always an encouraging word and a bit of practical advice for the struggling young aspirant for literary honors. Many a successful journalist or young novelist whose book is bringing him fame and fortune — more or less — owes it to Mrs. Leslie that he did not succumb to discouragement long ago, and add another to the list of the world's failures.

"Never give up," Mrs. Leslie has said to many a discouraged young writer, "until you have convinced *yourself* that you are a failure; don't take anybody else's word for that."

With women Mrs. Leslie is especially sympathetic, and to them she frequently recounts the story of her own youthful struggles, and of the odds against which she had to battle.

Of Mrs. Leslie's literary success it is not necessary to speak here. Every one is familiar with the able, vigorous style of her writings. Many of her epigrams are household expressions. Some of her most brilliant and successful literary efforts were made just after her husband's death — when her heart was weighed down with the double burden of personal bereavement and financial adversity.

Though a Southerner by birth, Mrs. Leslie left the South in her early girlhood, and it was in New York that her first literary triumphs were achieved. However, Mrs. Leslie is still loyal in her love for her own section, and her native city, New Orleans, has ever been ready to recognize and appreciate the talents of her gifted daughter, who has won such laurels and worn those laurels so well.

After three years' rest from editorial and active literary labors, Mrs. Leslie has resumed the editorship of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, which will no doubt be again raised to the high standard it occupied during the time that Mrs. Leslie was formerly editor.

New York, N. Y. *J. Montgomery McGovern.*

HONESTY AMONG NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

There is a good deal of talk about the untruthfulness of newspapers, but I believe that newspaper men as a rule do their best to get at the truth and the facts of every case they handle. There are some dishonest men engaged in newspaper work, just as there are dishonest men in many churches in the country.

The city reporter, being directly under the supervision of the managing editor, or the city editor, will soon be discovered in any attempt at dishonesty, and such a discovery means immediate dismissal. The out-of-town correspondent, however, being farther away from the watchful eye of the editor, has a greater opportunity than the local reporter to deceive his paper and to be dishonest. The correspondent must exercise judgment as to what he sends, and the news editor must know how far he can depend upon the writer's honesty and judgment, to determine how much prominence shall be given to his despatches.

Considering this necessity, the average metropolitan newspaper does not give enough care to the selection of its correspondents, and it is for this reason that great newspapers are sometimes imposed upon.

I remember one instance where the careful *New York Sun* was made a victim. There were several applicants for the position of local correspondent in a thriving little town in Western New York. The editor of the *Sun*, after looking over the various applications, decided to refuse them all. Finally, one man, by telegraphing "news" which appeared to be good reading matter, — and, perhaps, would have been, if it had been true, — was appointed local

correspondent. Subsequently there was a golf tournament held near Niagara on the lake, and this young man was given permission to cover the tournament for the *Sun*, and was paid eight dollars a column for what he wrote. He was situated some eighteen miles from where this tournament was held, and I am positive that he never once visited the golf grounds, and did not know a golf link from an Odd Fellows' link. In spite of all these drawbacks, however, he managed to supply the *New York Sun* with full reports of the game, and this is how he did it. He had a friend who was night operator in one of the telegraph offices, and over whose lines Associated Press reports were being sent. There was an Associated Press man at the tournament, who was telegraphing full reports of it, and as he was an able man the reports were good. This fellow eighteen miles away had his friend tap the wire, and take off the reports of the tournament. The correspondent then re-wrote them, and sent them on to the *New York Sun*, and received pay for his valuable services.

Another piece of dishonest work by a correspondent that has been flashed by wire all over the country, and read with interest by hundreds, was the item sent out not long ago to the effect that a Miss Hull and a Miss Pingree, of a certain inland city, were in the matrimonial market, and that their fathers were offering rewards of $10,000 and $25,000, respectively, to any young men who would marry them. The writer fixed up the story so well that he had the full names of the young ladies, the full names of their parents, and their ages. The girl whose husband was to receive $10,000 for marrying her was but sixteen years old, while the one whose father was to get rid of her and $25,000 at the same time was nearer thirty. The yarn was a "fake" from the start, but newspapers accepted it and published it, believing it to be true. To show how the story spread, there were more than 500 letters received at the post-office in the city where the young ladies were alleged to live, and as the girls were wholly mythical, these letters were turned over to the Dead Letter office.

It is plain, therefore, that newspapers need to take care to have a trustworthy correspondent in every city and town in the country, for it is a pretty small town that does not occasionally furnish a good newspaper item. The time to find a correspondent in these distant cities is not during a riot or during a fire, but when the editor has plenty of time to find out just what kind of a man his applicant is. If the same care were taken in the selection of correspondents as in the selection of bank clerks, it would be the better for all concerned.

Hiram B. Myers.

DORCHESTER, Mass.

JUVENILE LITERATURE OLD AND NEW.

Caroline Healey Dall in the *Springfield Republican* for November 20 expressed some views which deserve further scrutiny. Her contention was: "The sensational books of travel published thirty years ago" [obviously "Oliver Optic's"] "did as much harm to growing boys as the Prudy books later did to little maids. . . . 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The French Cabin Boy,' and 'The Swiss Family Robinson' had no such effect, for the adventures they related were wholesome and instructive. They stimulate an interest in natural history, just as 'Harry and Lucy' excite a vivid interest in natural philosophy. No one who, with mature mind, re-reads the 'Arabian Nights' . . . can desire that any boy should read that book after he is ten years old."

The pregnant sigh: "O'er many modern notions!" comes to one's mind as one hears such theorizing as this, which would take the

"Arabian Nights" away from little readers by the time they learn to read. From my own rather wide experience, I don't believe children are so wise in evil or so susceptible to its subtlety as to be contaminated by reading the expurgated editions — the only ones I ever saw or heard of as in circulation for family reading — of those classic fairy tales. Nor can I think that fancy and sentiment count for nothing in education. We are seeing already some of the effects of a Gradgrind training in the hardness and practicality of this generation. I prophesy we shall see further far-reaching evils from the influence of a tendency to smother the imagination for the supposititious benefit of the memory.

Again, I have seen "The Swiss Family Robinson" criticised harshly in high places as a very "sensational book of travel." Assuredly the interest in natural history which it stimulates, according to Mrs. Dall, will find strange food in its mad jumble of animal and vegetable life of all climates and conditions met together upon one marvelous island. The regents have barred "Oliver Optic's" books from the free libraries of New York state, on the ground that they give boys an unwise idea of their own powers. This would appear to be Mrs. Dall's idea, but one wonders at the works she brings forward in contrast. Where were ever "smarter" youths than those of the Crusoe literature? And, if one shall count by the boys who have run away to sea, lured by the magic call of their pages, what children's books have wrought more disaster?

Thirdly, if juvenile literature is simply to amuse, no child of to-day will read Miss Edgeworth, for duller stuff does not exist. If her stories are beyond amusement (and I heartily agree with Mrs. Dall that far more than mere amusement should be required), Miss Edgeworth is not the teacher appointed by modern standards. Whatever our shortcomings now-a-days, we do try to inculcate right for right's sake, or, if there be recompense, the ideal is not at the consequent defeat of another, but with what all may obtain. The present day-schools even carry this altruism so far that they call the old-fashioned "prizes" selfish, and offer, instead, "rewards," not for the highest marks, but for all who get more than a certain percentage. Poor, good Maria Edgeworth knew nothing of this. In truth, her experience with her host of step-brothers and sisters taught her some crude lessons to pass on to possible small readers of "Simple Susan," and "Harry and Lucy," and "Lazy Laurence," and the others. Her young heroes invariably are contrasted by very black little foils, whose misdeeds are always exposed, to the great glorification of the virtuous child. The latter never fails to be overheard in the pious speech, or observed in the pious act, by the unfailing squire's wife, or vicar's daughter, or pleased mamma; and payment is prompt in shillings, or sweets, or fulsome laudation. The child reared in the Edgeworthian school would be a greedy, affected, and self-centered prig, who looked to life to distribute cakes and ale invariably and instantly, according to merit. It is not hard to foresee what character this impression forms, or what surprises await it.

At the expense of such lessons the Prudy books are decried! Their influence, forsooth, is pernicious! Now these unpretentious tales deal with every-day little ones, and the every-day happenings of home and school. The parents are drawn — and this is no small part of the author's beneficent teaching — as always in the right. There are no abnormal scrapes retailed to suggest novel forms of mischief. Small sins, in every instance, are discovered and punished, or they so weigh upon the perpetrator's conscience as to be freely confessed. No one is unnaturally good, and no one is very bad, but right and wrong are clearly separated, and justly dealt with.

I know nothing of "Sophie May" excepting through her books. In common with many a woman, I owe her a debt of gratitude for the good she blended with the delicious fun of "Little Prudy" and "Dotty Dimple." I gladly repay a small part of that obligation in this denial that she taught, thereby, any save sweet and innocent lessons of duties and obligations in the Tiny World to which once we all belonged, and upon which, now that we are shut out, we look back longingly still in the juvenile literature of to-day.

Ruth Hall.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9-14, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9-14),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1898. NO. 12.

The *New York Sun* is generally a well-written paper, and its news columns as a rule are impartial and accurate, but in reporting Colonel Roosevelt's testimony before the War Investigating Commission it violated the rule that the specific is better than the general, and at the same time made a display of petty feeling against a worthy young man such as one would expect to find only in its editorials. In quoting Colonel Roosevelt verbatim the *Sun* made him say: "A newspaper man was on the line with me." What Colonel Roosevelt did say was: "Richard Harding Davis was on the line with me." In other words, the desk editor of the *Sun* changed the shorthand report, to avoid giving deserved credit to the daring correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and by so doing made its report inaccurate and violated a rhetorical rule — for such a paper two serious offenses.

* * *

There is still another side, apparently, to the competition of the famous personage with the unknown writer in making contributions to the magazines. Sometimes the article solicited by the editor from the famous personage is written by the unknown writer, if the story that a gossiper in the *Washington Post* tells is true. "If you will take out the magazines that came last month," he says, "or perhaps the month before, — it would n't do for me to specify too closely, — you will find in one of them an article signed by a certain great statesman whom everybody in Washington knows. The editor of that magazine wrote to the great man, asking him to contribute. The great man knew nothing whatever about the subject suggested. He is n't nearly so wise as he is famous, anyway, and he asked a newspaper man he knew to write the article for him. The newspaper man was busy, but he spoke to a member of his family, a female member, and she — well, she just exactly sat down and wrote an article that has already been quoted far and wide. The great man received the credit, but I fancy the woman received something more substantial. Anyway, she is wearing a new fur collarette that fairly makes one's mouth water."

* * *

The fact that all three of the prizes for manuscripts offered by the *Century* this year were won by young women supports the assertion of the editor of the magazine, that "the contents of American magazines offer continuous proof that in the field of periodical literature there is no discrimination on account of sex." THE WRITER called attention to the same thing some time ago, noting then that, while in most other fields of activity men get more favor and higher pay than women, in literary work women seem to stand in all respects on an equality with men. Exceedingly interesting is the *Century's* statement that nearly all of the manuscripts submitted in the competition "contained some justification of the impulse to

write, and a large proportion revealed a talent for what, in these days of typewriting machines and fast presses, may be called literary production." "That the proportion of manuscripts lacking form was so small," the editor of the *Century* goes on to say, "may reasonably surprise the practical editor, who, for a comparison, has always before his mind the mass of immature contributions brought to his table by the ubiquitous mail. Yet in the chaff is now and then found a manuscript abounding in freshness and vigor, which might not have been produced except for the wide spread impulse among our people to think on paper." The most encouraging feature of the result of the competition is the evidence it affords that the college students of the present day not only are generally taught how to express themselves with vigor and in proper form, but are trained to habits of independent thinking that enable them to produce good literary work.

* * *

Is n't the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* a little flippant when he says, in the press notice of his magazine: "It is not often that a contributor to a magazine spends five millions or so of dollars in fitting himself to write knowingly of a subject. But, if popular report be true, that is, approximately, the sum which Joseph Leiter expended in the acquisition of the information necessary to prepare the article which appears over his signature in the November *Cosmopolitan* on 'Wheat.'"

* * *

The easiest way to get into the magazines is to contribute something to the advertising pages.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

I recently called the attention of an editor to the repeated use of the ungrammatical phrases "He don't" and "It don't" in his magazine. He writes in reply: "There are few writers or publishers who will not regard these expressions as permissible. They are universally used in colloquial English, even by well-educated and careful people." I would not have believed that any one so high in his profession as a writer and a critic of writers would make such an assertion. The abbreviated form "don't" for "do not" is "dictionarily" correct, but who can find it in his heart — even if the phrase might slip from his tongue occasionally — to write "He do not"? L. MC C.

["He don't" is as gross a vulgarism as "it ain't" or "I be," and should never pass the lips of any person having even a common school education. It is not true that "well-educated and careful people" use the phrase, even in careless conversation. In writing, except in reporting the conversation of ignorant and uncultivated people, the use of "don't" with a singular subject is absolutely inexcusable. — W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The instructor in physical culture insisted upon them wearing divided skirts. Miss Barnard has had charge of this — *Baltimore Special in New York Herald.*	The instructor in physical culture insisted upon their wearing divided skirts. Miss Barnard has had charge of this.
He considers three thousand words a good day's work. — *Boston Transcript.*	He regards three thousand words as a good day's work.
When folding the catalogues for the post one afternoon, a customer happened to come in. — *W. Roberts, in Literature*	When he was folding the catalogues for the post one afternoon, a customer happened to come in.
The Fifth Regiment has the least percentage of sickness of any regiment in the corps. — *Colonel Whitney's Report to Governor Wolcott.*	The Fifth Regiment has a smaller percentage of sickness than any other regiment in the corps.
Ill soldiers. — *New York Herald.*	Sick soldiers.
Jim Burnham and his boodle did not beat Jabez Stevens after all his dirty work, with *Foster's Democrat* to help him. — *Dover (N. H.) Enquirer.*	[The right way to edit such an item as this is to edit it into the waste basket.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

With reference to the article on "Theological Terms Misapplied" which appeared in the September WRITER, will you permit me to point out that the writer thereof has fallen into error in making the following statement: "In Great Britain a town having a cathedral is a 'city,' however small, and no town without one is a

city, however large or important." Any town, although having no cathedral, may be created a city by royal patent; and, as a matter of fact, the following cities were so created; viz., Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield.

Albert Porter.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson, whose poem "Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships," was published in *Scribner's* for October, has written all her life, as her ancestors have done, from the days of William Ellery, the "classic signer" of the Declaration. Her grandfather was William Ellery Channing, the founder of Unitarianism; her father is Dr. Channing, the inventor of the fire alarm system, and a writer on many scientific subjects. The Channings are New Englanders, but Mrs. Stetson has for years had a home in Southern California, whither she went an invalid. She has written for magazines and papers for some years. Her first book was a compilation of extracts from unpublished writings of her grandfather, "Dr. Channing's Note-Book," published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Four years ago Stone & Kimball published in their Green Carnation Series her "Sister of a Saint," a collection of stories, largely Italian, which have had a literary success, and have been favorably reviewed in Italy and partly translated there. They are said to be true sketches of the Italian peasantry, among whom Mrs. Stetson spent some years. She has just returned from another visit to Europe with her husband, Charles Walter Stetson, the artist. Mr. and Mrs. Stetson expect to remain in their Southern home for the present, busy with painting and writing. Mrs. Stetson's poems are now in press, and will be published shortly. The poem in *Scribner's*, "Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships," was written on the shores of the Mediterranean last summer. *Scribner's* has published many of Mrs. Stetson's best poems, and her first hit was made in its pages by a little California story, "The Basket of Anita," which took the popular fancy. This tale is included in the volume published by Stone & Kimball. Mrs. Stetson has recently associated herself, with other enthusiastic Westerners by adoption, with the *Land of Sunshine*, published by Charles F. Lummis. the well-known writer and Indian authority.

Truman A. De Weese, author of the paper entitled "Journalism: Its Rewards and Opportunities," in the December *Forum*, was born near Troy, Ohio, in 1860, and received his education in the Dayton high school, supplemented by special university courses in political economy and the sciences. On leaving school he immediately embarked in journalism, for which he early demonstrated natural aptitude. His journalistic experience has embraced all departments of the newspaper business. Mr. De Weese was for a time on the staff of the *Indianapolis Journal*, under Major Elijah Halford, afterward private secretary to President Harrison. In order to familiarize himself with public-school methods, he became principal of schools in the southern suburbs of Indianapolis. His connection with the daily press in Indiana and Illinois gave him wide familiarity with politics; and it was while conducting a daily paper at Aurora that his work in behalf of the "McKinley Movement" in the West secured for him the offer of an editorial position on the *Chicago Times-Herald*, which he accepted and still retains.

Elsie Hill, author of the verses. "A Warning to Mothers," in *St. Nicholas* for October, is a graduate of Smith College. Since her graduation she has done some writing, chiefly verses, and has contributed, under her own and another name, to the *Chap Book*, the *Review of Reviews*, the *New England Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, and other periodicals. Among the *St. Nicholas* verses are "The Rhyme of the King and the Rose," "A Summer Journey," "When the Sewing Club Meets," "A Narrow Escape," and "The Prince's Cake," and other rhymes after the fashion of "A Warning to Mothers" are to appear in the magazine.

Albert J Klinck, author of the story, "The Ten O'Clock Lady," in the *Home Magazine* for October, lives in Buffalo, N. Y. "My literary career began so short a time ago," he says in reply to an inquiry, "that there is very little

to tell. I wrote for pastime at first. I never did newspaper work of any kind, except to contribute a poem now and then, but at once plunged into writing for magazines. Had I engaged in journalism, the work would perhaps not have been so hard. Such work must be admirable schooling for one who intends to take up writing. My first work was along "heavy" lines, but I have since turned to lighter work, of which the "Ten O'Clock Lady" is a sample. This field is not only more favored at present, but is also more remunerative. One of my short stories has been dramatized, and was successfully produced by amateurs a year or so ago. I am now engaged upon my first long work, — a novel, — which I hope to put into the publisher's hands in the early spring.

Harrison Robertson, author of the story, "Drummed Out," in *Scribner's* for October, is the associate editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and his time is mainly occupied with work for his paper. He has contributed several stories to *Scribner's*, the best known of which is "How the Derby was Won."

Martha T. Tyler, whose poem, "On the Presidio Hills," appeared in the September *Overland Monthly*, is a Virginian by birth, and though she retains her love for the traditions of the "Old Dominion," yet she likes the freedom of the West. She makes her home in San Francisco, where she holds a responsible position in the public library. She is a granddaughter of President Tyler, and a cousin of Molly Elliot Seawell. Miss Tyler writes only occasionally, as the inspiration comes. Her poems have appeared in the San Francisco and Boston papers, in *Harper's Young People*, *Judge*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Overland Monthly*.

Charles Welsh, whose interview with Dr. Hepworth regarding the *New York Herald* was published in the November WRITER, has had a long and varied career as a publisher and littérateur, and has special knowledge of the literary taste and requirements of the public on both sides of the Atlantic. Scarcely forty-five years old, he has had more than a quarter of a century's experience of books and booksmen. At the age of eighteen he was assisting the publisher of the *British Trade Journal* and reporting on the machinery at the various agricultural exhibitions, a task for which his previous experience in the Southeastern Railway factory at Ashford in Kent had fitted him. Two years afterward, when Henry S. King, after his separation from Smith & Elder, founded the house of Henry S. King & Co., now known as Kegan Paul & Co., he called Mr. Welsh to his aid, and for seven years Mr. Welsh worked side by side with Mr. King, assisting at the birth of the International Scientific Series and many other, some of them less fortunate, ventures of that enterprising publisher, and coming in contact with all of the literary celebrities who found their way to the famous publishing house in Cornhill, where Nathaniel Hawthorne's last and his son Julian Hawthorne's first romance saw the light in England. On the death of Mr. Griffith, of Griffith, Farran, & Co., of the historic book-shop at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, Mr. Welsh joined his fortunes with the remaining partner, and after managing and developing the business for seven years was made a partner. It would require a great deal of space to tell all that he did for the old firm. He himself is its historian from 1744 to 1800, and he intends some day to continue the history of the firm. In his biography of its founder, John Newbery, Goldsmith's publisher, entitled "A Bookseller of the Last Century," will be found the true story of the sale of the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield," which sheds an entirely new light on the old story about Goldsmith's irate landlady, Dr. Johnson, and the famous bottle of Madeira. For two years Mr. Welsh had charge of the business management and assisted in the editorship of the *Art Amateur* (New York). He is one of the best living authorities on juvenile literature, both of the past and the present century; his "Notes on the History of Juvenile Literature," contributed to the *Newbery House Magazine*, are of the highest value and interest, and may some day see the light in book form. He is at present engaged with a well-known Boston firm on an important work in connection with this subject, and he has meanwhile been making researches

into the early history of juvenile books in New England — on which subject a long and exhaustive article from his pen will be published in the *New England Magazine* before long.

James Cooper Wheeler, whose story, "His Wife," appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for September, lives in the State of Washington. He comes of good literary stock, A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") being his first cousin, and Candace Wheeler (of the Associated Artists, New York city) his mother, but he has never contemplated serious literary work until within the last two years. Within that time, after a lifetime spent in scribbling for newspapers, he has become an aspirant for recognition in the field of fiction. He has written a number of short stories, and is now just finishing a juvenile book of adventure, the scene of which is laid on Puget Sound.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hardy. — Thomas Hardy writes his novels with copying ink, so that he always has a duplicate of each story on hand without invoking the services of a copyist. He considers three thousand words a good day's work. As everybody knows, it was "Tess" that brought him with a rush from the ranks of the well-known novelists into that more limited class who are "great" because they have made a sensation. It was owing to a happy coincidence connected with the name of his second book that Hardy obtained almost his earliest encouragement. "Under the Greenwood Tree" was lying neglected on a second-hand bookstall when Frederick Greenwood, at that time editor of the *Cornhill*, chanced to see it. Attracted by the sight of his own name, Mr. Greenwood picked it up, saw its worth, and gave its author an order which resulted in "Far from the Madding Crowd?" —*Boston Transcript.*

Page. — There is the greatest difference in the world between authors in the matter of correcting proofs. Some writers make few changes in galley proofs, and none to speak of in page proofs. Thomas Nelson Page is not one of these. He is never tired of reconstructing his sentences and rearranging his phraseology — all in the effort to give a more effective form of expression to his idea. He spent several years in writing "Red Rock," but even after the appearance of the novel in magazine form he made so many changes in the proofs of the book that he became the despair of the printers.

Reade. — Reade's use of the English language, too, was eccentric, not to say ludicrous. In "A Simpleton," when he wishes to signify that two people turned their backs on each other in a fit of temper, he wrote, "They showed napes." Describing the complexion of the Newhaven fishwives in "Christie Johnstone," he says: "It is a race of women that the northern sun peachifies instead of rosewoodizing." In "Readiana" he describes a gentleman giving a lunch to two ladies at a railway restaurant as follows: "He souped them, he tough-chickened them, he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other," brandy and cochineal, and brandy and burnt sugar being Reade's euphemisms for port and sherry respectively.— *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Riley. — James Whitcomb Riley has learned from experience that it pays to make copy plain for the compositor. "I don't write," he says, "I print. It's a safeguard, you know. When a man writes dialect poetry he gets into the habit of thinking that the dialect is important. This may be a mere affectation on his part, but he is apt to stick to it. In this regard he meets with no sympathy from the compositor, a fact which he very soon discovers. Therefore, I stopped writing and devoted myself to print. It's slow, but it's fairly sure."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN (Franklin's Physique, Illnesses, and Medical Theories). Illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK. *St. Nicholas* (28c.) for December.

SOME OF LEWIS CARROLL'S CHILD FRIENDS. With unpublished letters by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," and a portrait of the original "Alice." S. D. Collingwood. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.— IV. Charles Townsend Copeland. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THE WHOLESOME REVIVAL OF BYRON. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND. Ellery Sedgwick. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE — I. Julia Ward Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. With portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for December.

STEVENSON AT PLAY. With an introduction by Lloyd Osbourne. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ARTIST. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC. Gustav Kobbé. *Forum* (38 c.) for December.

JOURNALISM — ITS REWARDS AND OPPORTUNITIES. Truman A. De Weese. *Forum* (3[illegible] c.) for December.

ON HISTORICAL NOVELS PAST AND PRESENT. Harold Frederic. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

NAMES. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF RICHARD HOVEY, I. — PLAYS. With portrait. Curtis Hidden Page. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

WHEN LOUISA ALCOTT WAS A GIRL. Edward W. Emerson. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for December.

SIGNATURE IN NEWSPAPERS. Alfred Balch. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

HOW ZION'S HERALD IS MADE. Adelaide S. Seaverns. Illustrated. *Zion's Herald* (13 c.) for September 7.

A RAMBLE IN LITERARY LONDON. Illustrated. John De Morgan. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

ARTHUR W. PINERO. With portrait. George Merriam Hyde. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for November.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH. With portrait *Gentlewoman* (13 c.) for November.

FRANK R. STOCKTON. With portrait. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for November 3.

COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 12.

DAVID AMES WELLS. With portrait. Worthington C. Ford. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 19.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS CHARACTERIZED. Arnold White. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 19.

AMERICA AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. William Archer. Reprinted from *Pall Mall Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 19.

RELIGIOUS NOVELS — MARIE CORELLI AND HALL CAINE.— I. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thomas Hardy is preparing for publication a volume containing about fifty pieces of verse that have been written by him from time to time during the last thirty years. Fewer than half a dozen of these pieces have ever been printed.

A fine full-page portrait of Mrs. Frank Leslie appears in the *Boston Home Journal* for November 26.

Hazlitt A. Cuppy has assumed the management of *Public Opinions* (New York).

Professor George Adam Smith, of the University of Glasgow, is engaged to deliver the Lyman Beecher course at Yale next year. A friend of Mr. Smith said to him recently that the writing of the biography of so great a friend as the late Henry Drummond must have been a most enjoyable task. "So it would have been," replied the professor, "but for my knowledge that Henry never wanted a biography written, and my feeling that when we meet in heaven he may be displeased."

Frederic Lawrence Knowles will be the literary adviser of the new publishing firm, Brown & Co., Boston.

The *New York Home Journal* for November 23 has an editorial article showing that C. Frank Dewey, who signed his name to an article entitled "The Tyroleans" in the *Cosmopolitan* for September, is a rank plagiarist.

A new weekly paper called the *Verdict* is soon to be started in New York, with Alfred Henry Lewis as the editor. The paper will be devoted largely to both local and national politics, as well as to general matters of popular interest.

The *Arcadian* replaces *Outdoors and In*, beginning with November. "It will be devoted to general literary matters and useful hints, appealing to the great masses."

The *Eclectic Magazine* will be consolidated with the *Living Age* January 1, and will be known after that as the *Eclectic Magazine and Monthly Edition of The Living Age.*

The *Penny Magazine* (New York) has been sold to Thomas C. Quinn, representing Chauncey M. Depew and a majority of the stockholder and creditor interests. Mr. Quinn has been the moving spirit of the magazine from its foundation in the spring of 1896. The publication of the magazine will be continued without interruption.

Beginning with the number issued January 1, *Truth* (New York) will become a monthly.